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FABLES,

O F

ÆSOP

And other Eminent

MYTHOLOGISTS:

WITH

Morals and Reflections.

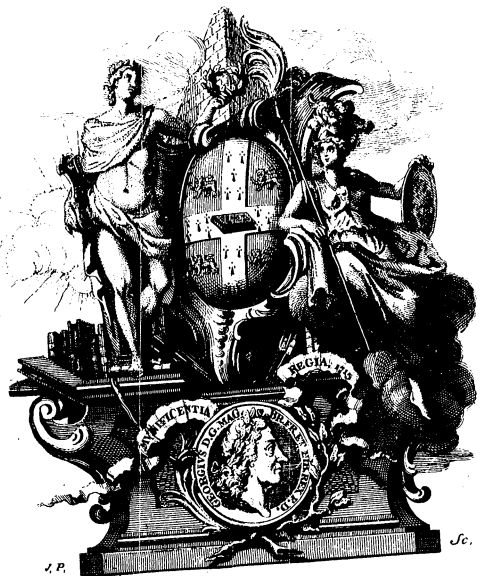
By Sir Roger L'Estrange, Kt.

The Second Edition Corrected and Amended.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Sare, B. Took, M. Gillyflower, A. & J. Churchill,
J. Hindmarsh, and G. Sawbridge, 1694.

THE PREFACE.



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WE have had the History of Æsop so many times over and over, and dress'd up so many several Ways; that it would be but Labour Lost to Multiply Unprofitable Conjectures upon a Tradition of so Great Uncertainty. Writers are divided about him, almost to all manner of purposes: And particularly concerning the Authority, even of the greater part of Those Compositions that pass the World in his Name: For, the Story is come down to us so Dark and Doubtful, that it is Impossible to Distinguish the Original from the Copy: And to say, which of the Fables are Æsop's, and which not; which are Genuine, and which Spurious; Beside, that there are divers Inconsistencies upon the Point of Chronology, in the Account of his Life, (as Maximus Planudes, and Others have Deliver'd it) which the whole Earth can never Reconcile. Vavalor the Jesuite, in a Tract of his, de Ludicra Dictione, takes Notice of some four or five Gross Mistakes of This Kind. [Planudes (says he) brings Æsop to Babylon, in the Reign of Lycerus; where there never was such a Prince heard of, from Nabonassar (the first King of Babylon) to Alexander the Great. He tells also of his going into Ægypt in the Days of King Neftenabo; which Neftenabo came not into the World till well nigh Two Hundred Years after him. And so he makes him Greet his Mistress upon his first Entrance into his Master's House, with a Bitter Sentence against Women out of Euripides; (as he pretends) when yet Æsop had been Dead, a matter of Fourscore Years, before T'other was Born. And once again, He brings him in, Talking of the Pyrean Port, in his Fable of the Ape and the Dolphin: A Port, that the very Name on't was never thought of, till about the Seventy Sixth Olympiad: And Æsop was Murder'd, in the Four and fifti'th.] This is enough in All Conscience, to Excuse any Man from laying over-much Strefs upon the Historical Credit of a Relation, that comes so Blindly, and so Variously Transmitted to us: Over and above, that it is not one jot to our Business (further than to Gratify an Idle Curiosity) whether the Fact be True or False; whether the Man was Streight, or Crooked; and his

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The P R E F A C E.

Name, Elop, or (as some will have it) Lochman: In all which Cases, the Reader is left at Liberty to Believe his Pleasure. We are not here, upon the Name, the Person, or the Adventures of this Great Man; but upon the Subject of his Apologies and Morals; And not of His alone, but of several other Eminent Men that have Written after his Copy; and abundantly Contributed in those Labours, to the Delight, Benefit, and Instruction of Those that were to come after them.

There are, 'tis True, a Certain Set of Morose and Untractable Spirits in the World, that look upon Precepts in Emblem, as they do upon Gays and Pictures, that are only fit for Women and Children, and look upon them to be no better than the Fooleries of so many Old Wives Tales. These are a sort of People that are Resolv'd to be pleas'd with nothing that is not Unsociably Soure, Ill Natur'd, and Troublefome; Men that make it the Mark as well as the Prerogative of a Philosopher, to be Magisterial, and Churlish; As if a Man could not be Wise and Honest, without being Inhumane; or, I might have said, without putting an Assrant upon Christian Charity, Civil Society, Decency and Good Manners: But they are not aware All this while, that the Foundations of Knowledge and Vertue are laid in our Childhood; when Nothing goes Kindly down with us, that is not Season'd and Adapted to the Palate and Capacity of those Tender Years. 'Tis in the very Nature of us, first, to be Inquisitive, and Hankering after New and New Sights and Stories: And 2dly, No less Sollicitous to Learn and Understand the Truth and Meaning of what we See and Hear: So that betwixt the Indulging and Cultivating of This Disposition, or Inclination, on the One hand, and the Applying of a Profitable Moral to the Figure, or the Fable, on the Other, here's the Sum of All that can be done upon the Point of a Timely Discipline and Institution, toward the Forming of an Honourable, and a Vertuous Life. Most Certain it is, that without This Early Care and Attention, upon the Main, we are as good as Lost in our very Cradles; for the Principles that we Imbibe in our Youth, we carry commonly to our Graves; and it is the Education, in short, that makes the Man. To speak All, in a Few Words, Children are but Blank Paper, ready Indifferently for any Impression, Good or Bad (for they take All upon Credit) and it is much in the Power of the first Comer, to Write Saint, or Devil upon't, which of the Two He pleases. Wherefore let the Method of Communication be never so Natural and Agreeable; the Better, the Worse still, if the Matter be not Suited to the Prudence, the Piety, and the Tenderness that is Requisite in the Exercise of such a Function. Now This is a Nicety that Depends, in a Great Measure, upon the Care, Providence, Sobriety, Conduct and Good Example of Parents, Guardians, Tutors, &c. Nay it Descends

The P R E F A C E.

to the very Choice of such Nurses, Servants, and Familiar Companions, as will apply themselves Diligently to the Discharge of This Office.

As it is beyond All Dispute, I suppose, that the Delight and Genius of Children, lies much toward the Hearing, Learning, and Telling of Little Stories; So this Consideration holds forth to us a kind of Natural Direction to begin our Approaches upon that Quarter, toward the Initiating of them into some sort of Sense, and Understanding of their Duty. And This may most properly be done in a way of History and Moral; and in such a manner, that the Truth and Reason of Things, may be Artificially and Effectually Insinuated, under the Cover, either of a Real Fact, or of a Supposed One: But when These very Lessons Themselves may be Gilt and Sweeten'd, as we Order Pills and Potions; so as to take off the Disgust of the Remedy; for it holds, both in Vertue, and in Health, that we love to be Instructed, as well as Physick'd, with Pleasure. This is an Article that would both Bear and Require a Volume: But without Dwelling any longer upon it, I shall content myself with some short General Touches, and so Proceed.

It may be laid down in the First Place, for an Universal Rule, never to suffer Children to Learn any thing, (now Seeing and Hearing, with Them, is Learning) but what they may be the Better for All their Lives after. And it is not sufficient neither, to keep them clear of any Thought, Word or Deed, that's Foul, Scandalous, and Dishonest; but there are Twenty Insipid Twittle-Twattles, Frothy Jest, and Jingling Witticisms, that look, as if they had no Hurt in them; and yet the Wanting of us to the Use and Liking of These Levities, Leads, and Inures us to a Mis-understanding of Things, which is no less Dangerous than a Corruption of Manners. Beside, that there's no need of Entertaining them with These Fopperies, having so much Choice of Useful Matter at hand, and as Good Cheap. Briefly, in the Case of This Method of Instruction and Institution, let but the Fancy or the Figure be Clear and Pertinent, and the Doctrine in the Direction of it can never fail of being so too. But without this Guard and Caution upon the Conduct of the Affair, This Humour of Mythology may turn to a Poyson instead of a Nourishment: And under the Pretext of a Lecture of Good Government, Degenerate into an Encouragement to Vanity and Debauche. For while the Memory is Firm, and the Judgment Weak, it is the Director's Part to Judge for the Pupil, and it is the Disciples to Remember for Himself; And we are also to take This along with us, that when a Child has once Contracted an Ill Train or Habit, it will Cost as much time to Blot out what he is to Forget, as to Possess him of what he is to Retain in his Memory.

The P R E F A C E.

Let it not be Understood now, as if the Thing it self were Childish, because of the Application of it; or as if Boys and Men were not Indifferently of the same Make, and Accountable more or less for the same Faculties and Duties. So that the Force and Dignity of This way of Operation, holds good in all Cases alike; For there's Nothing makes a Deeper Impression upon the Minds of Men, or comes more Lively to their Understanding, than Those Instructive Notices that are Convey'd to them by Glances, Insinuations, and Surprise; and under the Cover of some Allegory or Riddle. But, What can be said more to the Honour of This Symbolical Way of Moralizing upon Tales and Fables, than that the Wisdom of the Ancients has been still Wrapt up in Veils and Figures; and their Precepts, Councils; and salutary Monitions for the Ordering of our Lives and Manners, Handed down to us from all Antiquity under Innuendo's and Allusions? For what are the Egyptian Hieroglyphicks, and the whole History of the Pagan Gods; The Fables, and Fictions of the Wise Men of Old, but in Effect, a kind of Philosophical Mythology: Which is, in truth, no other, than a more Agreeable Vehicle found out for Conveying to us the Truth and Reason of Things, through the Medium of Images and Shadows. But what needs any thing more be said for the Reputation and Authority of This Practice and Invention, considering the Frequent and the Edifying Use of Apologues in Holy Writ: And that our Blessed Saviour Himself, has not only Recommended, but inculcated, This way of Teaching by Parables, both in his Doctrine and Example, as the Means that Divine Providence made use of for the Gaining of Idolaters and Infidels over to the Christian Faith? What was it that brought, even David himself to a Sight and Detestation of his Sin in the Matter of Uriah, and to a Sense of his Duty, by the Prophet Nathan's telling him a Story at a Distance (and by God's Own Direction too) of a Rich Man that had a World of Sheep himself, and forc'd away a Poor Man's Only Lamb from him, that he Lov'd as his Own Soul? How did David take Fire at This Iniquity in Another Man, till upon second Thoughts his Conscience brought it home to his Own Case, and forc'd him to pass Judgment upon Himself? Now This is but according to the Natural Biass of Human Frailty, for every Man to be Partial to his own Blind-side, and to Exclaim against the very Counterpart of his Own Daily Practice. As what's more Ordinary, for Example, than to have the most arbitrary of Tyrants, set up for the Advocates and Patrons of Common Liberty; or for the most Profligate of Scoffers and Atheists, to Value themselves upon a Zeal for the Power, and Purity of the Gospel? In two Words, What's more Familiar than to see Men Fighting the Lord's Battels (as they call it) against Blasphemy, and Prophaneness, with One hand; and at the same time offering

The P R E F A C E.

offering Violence to his Holy Altars, Church and Ministers with the Other! Now These People are not to be dealt withal but by a Train of Mystery and Circumlocution; a Downright Admonition looks liker the Reproach of an Enemy, than the Advice of a Friend; or at the Best, it is but the Good Office of a Man that has an Ill Opinion of us: And we do not Naturally Love to be Told of our Faults, by the Witenesses of our Failings. Some People are too Proud, too Stubborn, too Impudent, too Incurable, either to Bear, or to Mend upon the Liberty of Plain Dealing. Others are too Big again, too Powerful, too Vindictive, and Dangerous, for either Reproof, or Counsel, in Direct Terms. They Hate any Man that's but Conscions of their Wickedness, and their Misery is like the Stone in the Bladder; there are Many Things Good for't, but there's no coming at it; and neither the Pulpit, nor the Press, Dares so much as Touch upon't. How much are we Oblig'd then, to those Wise, Good Men, that have furnish'd the World with so sure, and so Pleasant an Expedient; for the Removing of All These Difficulties! And to Elop in the First Place, as the Founder, and Original Author, or Inventer of This Art of Schooling Mankind into Better Manners; by Minding Men of their Errors without Twitting them for what's Amis, and by That Means Flashing the Light of their Own Consciences in their Own Faces. We are brought Naturally enough, by the Judgment we pass upon the Vices and Follies of our Neighbours, to the Sight and Sense of our Own; and Especially, when we are led to the Knowledge of the Truth of Matters by Significant Types, and Proper Resemblances; for we are much more Affected with the Images of things, than with the True Reason of them. Men that are Short-free against All the Attaques of Honour, Conscience, Shame, Good Faith, Humanity, or Common Justice, have yet some Weak side or other, like Achilles's Heel, that was never dipt; and This Contrivance of Application, by Hints and Glances, is the Only way under the Heavens to Hit it. [Who shall say to a King, What dost thou?] comes up to the very Strefs of This Tom-pique. There's no Meddling with Princes, either by Text, or Argument. Morality is not the Province of a Cabinet-Council: And Ghostly Fathers Signify no more than Spiritual Bug-bears, in the Case of an Unaccountable Privilege. Tell the Houle of Israel of their Sins, and the Houle of Jacob of their Transgressions: was a Guide, Undoubtedly, like an Old Almanack, for the Year 'twas Writ in; but Change of Times and Humours, calls for New Measures and Manners; and what cannot be done by the Dint of Authority, or Perswasion, in the Chappel, or in the Closet, must be brought about by the Side-Wind of a Lecture from the Fields, and the Forrests. As the Fable of the Raging Lion Preaches Caution, and Moderation,

The P R E F A C E.

to the Extravagances of Cruel, and Ambitious Rulers, by shewing them that Tyranny is the Scourge of Humane Nature, in Opposition to All the Blessings of a Well-Order'd Government; and that they do but Plague other People, to their Own Infamy, and Ruin. The Old Lion in Disgrace, Reads a Lesson to us of the Improvidence, and the Desperate Consequences of a Riotous, and a Careless Youth. The Fox in the Well, holds forth to us upon the Chapter of a Late Repentance. The Frogs Petitioning for a King, bids People have a care of Struggling with Heaven for they know not what. It is Certainly True, that the most Innocent Illustrations of this Quality may lie open to a Thousand Abuses and Mistakes, by a Distorted Mis-application of them to Political, or Personal Meanings; but Those Capricious Fault-Finders, may as well pick a Quarrel with the Decalogue it self, upon the same Pretence; if they shall come once to Apply to This or That Particular Wicked Man, the General Rules that are Deliver'd for the Government of Mankind, under such and such Prohibitions; as if the Commandments that Require Obedience, and Forbid Murder, Uncleannels, Theft, Calumny, and the like, were to be Struck out of the Office, and Indicted, for a Libellous Innuendo upon All the Great Men that come to be Concern'd in the Pains and Forfeitures therein Contain'd. In fine, 'tis the Conscience of the Guilty, in All These Cases, that makes the Satyr. Here is enough said, as to the Dignity, and Usefulness of This way of Informing the Understanding what we Ought to do, and of Disposing the Will to Act in a Conformity to that Perception of Things; having so Clear an Evidence of Divine Authority, as well as the Practice of the Best of Men, and of Times, together with the Current of Common Consent, Agreeing all in favour of it. I shall now Wind up what I have to say, as to the Fables Themselves, the Choice, the Intent, and the Order of them, in a very Few Words.

When I first put Pen to Paper upon This Design, I had in my Eye only the Common School-Book, as it stands in the Cambridge and Oxford Editions of it, under the Title of [Æsopi Phrygis Fabulæ; unâ cum Nonnullis Variorum Autorum Fabulis Adjectis:] Propounding to my self at that Time, to follow the very Course and Series of that Collection; and in One Word, to Try what might be done, by making the Best of the Whole, and Adapting Proper and Useful Doctrines to the several parts of it, toward the turning of an Excellent Latin Manual of Morals and Good Counsels, into a Tolerable English One. But upon Jumbling Matters and Thoughts together, and laying One thing by Another; the very State and Condition of the Case before me, together with the Nature and the Reason of the Thing, gave me to Understand, that This way of Proceeding

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The P R E F A C E.

would never Answer my End. Inasmuch, that upon this Consideration, I Consulted other Versions of the same Fables, and made my Best of the Choice. Some that were Twice or Thrice over, and only the self-same Thing in other Words; These I struck out, and made One Specimen serve for the rest. To say Nothing of here and there a Trivial, or a Loose Conceit in the Medley, more than This; that such as they are, I was under some sort of Obligation to take them in for Company; and in short, Good, Bad, and Indifferent, One with Another, to the Number in the Total, of 383 Fables. To these, I have likewise subjoin'd a Considerable Addition of other Select Apologues, out of the most Celebrated Authors that are Extant upon that Subject, towards the Emphasis of the Work. As Phædrus, Camerarius, Avienus, Neveletus, Aphthonius, Gabrias, or Babrias, Baudoin, La Fontaine, Ælope en Belle Humeur, Audin, &c.

Another Man in my Place now, would perhaps take it for a Notable Stroke of Art, and Good Breeding, to Complement the Reader with Twenty Fooleries of Apology, and Excuse, for such an Undertaking: As if the Honestest, and the most Necessary Part of a Man's Life, and Business, were a thing to be Asham'd of. Now All that I have to say upon this Common Place, is in Three Words, that I meant well in what I have done; and let the Performance be what it will, I Com-charge my self yet in the Conscience of a Good Intention. I shall not I have not wanted Earnest and Powerful Instances and Encouragements to proceed upon This Work; over and above the Impulse of a Natural Curiosity and Inclination that led me to't. But these were Temptations that I could have Easily have Resisted, or put by, in favour of a Carcass that's in a manner, past Labour; if it had not been for Another Motive, that I shall now tell the Reader in Confidence, and so Conclude.

This Rhapsody of Fables is a Book Universally Read, and Taught in All our Schools; but almost at such a Rate as we Teach Pyes and Parrots, that Pronounce the Words without so much as Guessing at the Meaning of them: Or to take it Another way, the Boys break their Teeth upon the Shells, without ever coming near the Kernel. They Learn the Fables by Lessons, and the Moral is the least part of our Care in a Child's Institution: so that take Both together, and the One is stark Non-sense, without the Application of the Other; beside that the Doctrine it-self, as we have it, even at the Best, falls infinitely short of the Vigour and Spirit of the Fable. To supply This Defect now, we have had several English Paraphrases and Essays upon Æsop, and Divers of his Followers, both in Prose and Verse: the Latter have perchance Ventur'd a little too far from the Precise Scope of the Author upon the Privilege of a Poetical License: And for the Other of Ancient Date, the Mo-

ral's

The P R E F A C E.

als are so Insipid and Flat, and the Style and Diction of the Fables, so Coarse and Uncouth, that they are rather Dangerous, than Profitable, as to the Purpose they were Principally Intended for; and likely to do Forty times more Mischief by the One than Good by the Other. An Emblem without a Key to't, is no more than a Tale of a Tub; and that Tale silly told too, is but One Folly Grafted upon Another. Children are to be Taught in the first Place, what they Ought to do. 2dly, The Manner of Doing it: And in the third Place, they are to be Inmur'd by the Force of Instruction and Good Example, to the Love and Practice of Doing their Duty; whereas on the Contrary, One Step out of the way in the Institution, is enough to Poison the Peace, and the Reputation of a whole Life. Whether I have, in this Attempt, Contributed or not, to the Improvement of these Fables, either in the Wording, or the Meaning of them, the Book must stand or Fall to it self: But this I shall Adventure to Pronounce upon the whole Matter, that the Text is English, and the Morals, in some sort, Accomodate to the Allegory; which could hardly be said of All the Translations, or Reflexions before-mention'd, which have serv'd, in truth, (or at least some of them) rather to teach us what we should Not do, than what we should. So that in the Publishing of these Papers, I have done my Best to Obviate a Common Inconvenience, or, to speak Plainly, the Mortal Error of pretending to Erect a Building upon a False Foundation: Leaving the whole World to take the same Freedom with Me, that I have done with Others: Provided that they do not Impute the Faults, and the Mis-Pointings of the Press, to the Author, and that they Consult the Errata for other Mistakes.

T H E

THE
L I F E
O F
Æ S O P.

CHAP. I.

Of Æsop's Countrey, Condition, and Person.

Æ S O P (according to *Planudes*, *Camerarius* and Others) was by birth, of *Ammorius* a Town in the *Greater Phrygia*; (though some will have him to be a *Thracian*, others a *Samian*) of a mean Condition, and in his person deformed, to the highest degree: Flat-Nos'd, Hunch-Back'd, Blobber-Lipp'd; a Long Mishapen Head; His Body Crooked all over, Big-Belly'd, Baker-Legg'd, and his Complexion so swarthy, that he took his very Name from't; for *Æsop* is the same with *Æthiop*. And he was not only Unhappy in the most scandalous Figure of a Man, that ever was ever heard of; but he was in a manner Tongue-Ty'd too, by such an Impediment in his speech, that People could very hardly understand what he said. This Imperfection is said, to have been the most sensible part of his Misfortune; for the Excellency of his Mind might otherwise have Atton'd in some Measure, for the Uncouth Appearance of his Person (at least if That Part of his History may pass for Current.) There goes a Tradition, that he had the good Hap to Relieve certain Priests that were Hungry, and out of their way, and to set them Right again, and that for that good Office, he was upon their Prayers, brought to the Use of his Tongue: But *Camerarius* whom I shall Principally follow, has no Faith in the Miracle, And so he begins his History with the

(a) tracing



tracing of him to *Samos*, and from thence Prosecutes it through the most Remarkable Passages of his Life, to the Last Barbarous Violence upon him at *Delphos*. As to his Impediment in his speech, whether there were any such thing or Not, or how he came to be cur'd of it, the Reader is at Liberty what to Believe and what Not. And so likewise for Twenty Other Passages up and down this History; Some of them too Trivial, and others too Gross to be taken Notice of, Upon this Argument and Occasion: Let it suffice, that (according to the Common Tradition) he had been Already Twice Bought and Sold; and so we shall Date the Story of his Adventures; from his Entrance into the Service of at least a Third Master.

As to the Age he liv'd in, it is Agreed upon among the Antients, that it was when *Crasus* Govern'd *Lydia*; as also that *Xanthus*, a *Samian*, was his Master. *Herodotus* will have it to be one *Jadmon* a *Samian* too; but still according to the Current of most Writers, *Xanthus* was the Man.

CHAPTER II.

Æsop and his Fellow-slaves Upon their Journey to Ephesus.

IT was *Æsop's* Fortune to be sent to *Ephesus*, in Company with other Slaves to be sold. His Master had a great many Burdens to Carry, and *Æsop* begg'd of his Companions not to over Charge him. They found him a Weakling, and bad him please himself. The Parcel that he Pitch'd upon was a Panier of Bread; and twice as heavy as any of the rest. They called him a thousand Fools for his pains, and so took up their Luggage, and away they Trudg'd together. About Noon, they had their Dinner deliver'd out of *Æsop's* Basket, which made his Burden Lighter by one half in the Afternoon, than it had been in the Morning: And after the next Meal he had Nothing left him to Carry, but an Empty Basket. His Fellow-Slaves began Now to Understand, that *Æsop* was not so Arrant a Fool as they took him for; and that they Themselves had not half the Wit they Thought they had.

CHAPTER III.

Æsop is accus'd by False Witnesses for Stealing his Master's Figs; and brings himself off by his Wits, to the Confusion of his Accusers.

ÆSOP was not of a *Make* to do his Master much Credit in the Quality of a *Household-Servant*: So that he rather sent him abroad into the *Fields* a Digging, and to take care of his *Husbandry*. By the time he had been there a While, his Master went out after him to see how he went on with his Work; and found Every thing done much to his Satisfaction. In This *Interim* comes a Countryman to him with a Present of most Delicious *Figs*; which he was so Wonderfully delighted with, that he gave them in Charge to his Boy *Agathopus* to see them carefully laid up till he came back again from the *Bath*, whither he was then a going. *Æsop*, it seems, was now gone home upon some Particular Business, and *Agathopus* laid hold of This Occasion to tell One of his Companions, of a Design he had, both upon the *Figs*, and upon their *Fellow-Servant*. *What have we more to do, says he, than to Stuff our Guts with These Figs our selves, and then lay the Roguery upon Æsop, who is at This Instant in the House where they are? And then, when our Master comes to Examine the Matter, we are Two Witnesses to One against him, which will make it so clear a Case, that the Silly Cur will not have the Face to Deny the Fact.* The Plot, in short, was Agreed upon; and to work they went, upon the *Figs*, making themselves Merry upon Every Bit they Swallow'd, to Consider how *Æsop's Carcase* was to pay for All.

The Master, upon his coming from the *Bath*, call'd immediately for his *Figs*, and hearing that *Æsop* had been beforehand with him, he sent for him in a Rage, and Rattled him with a Thousand *Traytors* and *Villains*, for Robbing his House, and Devouring the Fruit that he had set apart for his own Palate. This Miserable Wretch, heard, and understood All that was said; but by Reason of an Imperfection in his Speech, he was not able to speak one Word in his Own Defence. His Enemies in the mean time Insulting over him, and calling for *Justice* upon so Insolent a Cheat. They were now advancing from Reproches to Blows, When *Æsop* cast himself at his Master's Feet, and begg'd his Patience only till he might go out, and come in again. He

went his way immediately, and fetch'd a Vessel of Warm Water; took a Large Draught of it, in his Master's Presence, and with his Finger in his Throat brought it all Clear up again without any Other Mixture. After This Experiment upon *Himself*, he gave his Master to Understand, that if he would be pleas'd to put his *Accusers* to the Same Test, he should quickly see what was become of his *Figs*. The Proposal seem'd so Reasonable, that he Order'd *Agathopus* and his *Fellow* to do the Like. They made some Difficulty at first of following *Æsop's* Example; but in the end, upon taking a Soup of the same Liquor, their Stomachs Wambled, and up came the *Water, Figs and all*. Upon This Evidence of the Treachery and Falshood of *Agathopus* and his *Companion*, the Master Order'd them to be Soundly Lash'd, and made good the Old Saying, *Harm Watch, Harm Catch*.

C H A P. IV.

The Sale of Æsop to Xanthus.

UPON the Merchants Arrival at *Ephesus*, he made a quick Riddance of All his Slaves but Three. That is to say, a *Musician*, an *Orator*, and *Æsop*. He dress'd up the Two Former in Habits answerable to their Profession, and Carry'd them to *Samos*, as the Likeliest Place for a Chapman. He shew'd them there in the open Market, with *Æsop* for a Fool betwixt them; which some People took much offence at. While they were attending upon the Place, there came among other *Samians*, one *Xanthus* an Eminent Philosopher of that City, with a Train of his Disciples at his Heels. The Philosopher was mightily pleas'd with the Two Youths, and ask'd them one after another about their Profession, and what they could do. The one told him he could do *any thing*, the other that he could do *ev'ry thing*; and this set *Æsop* a laughing at 'em. The Philosopher's Pupils would Needs know what it was that made *Æsop* so merry. Why says he, if the Question had been put by your Master, I should have told him the reason of it.

Xanthus in the mean time was beating the Price of the Two other Slaves, but the Terms were so high, that he was just upon turning about to go his way, Only the Pupils would needs have him put the same Questions first to the Ill favour'd Fellow, that he had done to the other Two; and so *Xanthus*, for the Humour sake,

take; Interrogated *Æsop* what *He* could do. *Nothing at all*, says he. How comes That says the Philosopher? My *Companions*, says the Other, Undertakes every thing, and there's Nothing left for me to do. This gave them to Understand, that the Man knew well Enough what he said, and what he Laugh'd at. Well! says *Xanthus*, but if I should give Money for you Now, would you be Good and Honest? I'll be That, says *Æsop* whether you Buy me or No. Ay, but tell me again says the Philosopher, Won't you run away? Pray says *Æsop*, did you ever hear of a Bird in a Cage that told his Master he Intended to make his Escape? *Xanthus* was well enough pleas'd with the Turn and Quickness of his Wit; but says he, That Unlucky Shape of yours will set People a Hooting and Gaping at you wherever you go. A Philosopher says *Æsop* should Value a man for his Mind, Not for his Body. This preference of Thought gave *Xanthus* a High Opinion of the Wisdom of the Man; and so he bad the Merchant set him his Lowest Price of That Miserable Creature. Why says he, you had as good Cheapen a Dunghil; but if you'll bid me like a Chapman for either of the Other Two, you shall have this Phantome into the Bargain. Very good says the Philosopher; and without any more ado what's your selling Price? The Merchant speaks the Word, The Philosopher pays the Money; and takes *Æsop* away with him.

C H A P. V.

Xanthus Presents Æsop to his Wife.

XANTHUS had no sooner made his Purchase, and carry'd his Jewel home with him, but, having a kind of a Nice Froward Piece to his Wife, the Great Difficulty was how to put her in humour for the Entertainment of this Monster, without throwing the House out at the Window. My Dear, says he, You have been often complaining of Careless Servants; And I have bought you one Now that I am Confident will fit your Turn. He shall Go and Come and Wait and do Every thing as you would have him; Oh, your Servant Sweet heart says she, but what did he Cost you? Why Truly very Reasonable; but at Present He's a Little Tann'd and out of case you must know, with his Journey, says the Husband, and so he Order'd him to be Call'd in. The Cunning Gippy smook'd the Matter presently. Some Monster

Monster says she, I'll be Hanged else. Wife, Wife, says *Xanthus*, If you are a good Woman That that Pleases Me Must Please You too. While These Words were between his Lips, up comes *Æsop* towards them, she gave him a Fierce Look, and Immediately discharg'd her Choler upon her Husband. Is this a *Man*, or a *Beast*? says she, and what Clearer Proof in the World Could You have given me Now, of an Insufferable Hatred and Contempt? *Æsop* said not one Word all This While; 'till *Xanthus* Row'd him with a Reproof. Oh Villain! says he; to have a Tongue and Wit at Will upon All other Occasions, and not one Diverting Syllable Now at a Pinch, to Pacify your Mistress! *Æsop*, after a short Pause upon't, Bolted out an old Greek Saying, which is in *English* to this Effect, *From Lying at the Mercy of Fire, Water, and a Wicked Woman, Good Lord Deliver us.* If the Wife was heartily angry before, This Scomm made her Stark Mad, and the Reproach was so Cutting too, that *Xanthus* himself did not well know how to take it. But *Æsop* brought himself off again from the Malice of any ill Intention, by a Passage out of *Euripides* to this Purpose. *The Raging of a Tempestuous Sea; The Fury of a Devouring Fire, and the Pinching Want of Necessaries for Life, are Three Dreadful Things, and a Body might reckon up a Thousand more; but all this is Nothing to the Terrible Violence of an Impetuous Woman, and therefore* says he, Make your self as Glorious on the other side, in the Rank of Good Women. *Vavasor* the Jesuite, in his *De Ludicra Dictione*, takes Notice of a Blunder here in the Chronology of the Story. For *Æsop* was Murder'd at least Fourscore Years before *Euripides* was Born. But to follow the Thred of the Relation; Upon this Oblique Admonition, the Woman came to her self again, And took *Æsop* into her good Graces, who render'd his Master and Mistress All the Offices of a Faithful Servant.

C H A P. VI.

Æsop's Answer to a Gard'ner.

SOME Two or Three Days after the Encounter above mentioned, *Xanthus* took *Æsop* a long with him to a Garden to buy some Herbs, and the *Gard'ner* seeing him in the Habit of a Philosopher, told him the Admiration he was in, to find how much faster Those Plants shot up that Grow of their own Accord, than Those that he set Himself, though he took never so much

Care

Care about them. Now you that are a Philosopher, Pray will you tell me the meaning of This? *Xanthus* had no better answer at hand, than to tell him, That Providence would have it so: Whereupon *Æsop* brake out into a Loud Laughter. Why how now Ye slave You, says *Xanthus*, what do you Laugh at? *Æsop* took him aside and told him, Sir, I Laugh at your Master, that Taught You no better: for what signifies a Gen'ral Answer to a Particular Question? And 'tis no News Neither that Providence orders All Things: But if you'll turn him over to me, You shall see I'll give him another sort of Resolve. *Xanthus* told the *Gard'ner*, that it was below a Philosopher to busy his head about such Trifles; but says he, If you have a Curiosity to be better Inform'd, you should do well to ask my Slave here, and see what he'll say to you. Upon This, the *Gard'ner* put the Question to *Æsop*, Who gave him this Answer. The Earth is in the Nature of a *Mother* to what She brings forth of her Self out of her own Bowels; Whereas She is only a kind of a *Step-Dame*, in The Production of Plants that are Cultivated and Assisted by The Help and Industry of Another: so that it's Natural for her, to Withdraw her Nourishment from the One, towards The Relief of the Other. The *Gard'ner*, upon this, was so well satisfied, That he would take no Money for his Herbs, and desired *Æsop* to make Use of his Garden for the future, as if it were his own.

There are several Stories in *Planudes*, that I shall pass over in this Place (says *Camerarius*) as not worth the while: Particularly The Fables of the *Lentills*, the *Bath*, the *Sow's Feet*, and several Little Tales and Jest's that I take to be neither well Laid, nor well put together; Neither is it any matter, in Relations of this Nature, Whether they be True or False, but if they be Proper and Ingenious; and so contriv'd, that the Reader or the Hearer may be the better for them, That's as much as is required: Wherefore I shall now Commit to Writing Two Fables or Stories, One about the bringing his Mistress home again, when she had left her Husband; Which is drawn from the Model of a Greek History set out by *Pausanias* in his Description of *Bœtia*; The Other, upon the Subject of a Treat of *Neats Tongues*, which was taken from *Bias*, as we have it from *Plutarch* in his *Convivium Septem Sapientum*.

C H A P. VII.

Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistress back again to her Husband, after she had Left him.

THE Wife of *Xanthus* was well-born and wealthy, but so Proud and Domineering withal, as if her Fortune and her Extraction had Entituled her to the Breeches. She was Horribly Bold, Medling, and *Expensive*; (as that sort of Women commonly are) Easily put off the Hooks, and Monstrous hard to be pleas'd again: Perpetually chattering at her Husband, and upon All occasions of controversy, Threatning him to be gone. It came to this at Last, That *Xanthus's* stock of Patience being quite spent, he took up a Resolution of going another way to Work with her, and of trying a Course of Severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by Kindness. But this Experiment, instead of mending The matter, made it worse; for upon harder Usage, The Woman grew Desperate, and went away from him in Earnest. She was as Bad 'tis true as Bad might well be, and yet *Xanthus* had a kind of *Hankering* for her still: Beside that there was matter of Interest in the Case: and a Pestilent Tongue she had, that the Poor Husband Dreaded above all things Under the Sun: but the man was willing however to make the Best of a Bad Game, and so his Wits and his Friends were set at Work, in the fairest Manner that Might be, to get her home again. But there was No good to be done in't it seems; and *Xanthus* was so visibly out of Humour upon't, that *Æsop* in Pure Pity bethought himself Immediately how to Comfort him. Come Master (says he) Pluck up a good heart; for I have a Project in my Noddle that shall bring my Mistress to you back again, with as good a Will as ever she went from you. What does me *Æsop*, but away Immediately to the Market among the Butchers, Poulterers, Fishmongers, Confectioners, &c. for the Best of Every thing that was in Season. Nay he takes private People in his way too, and Chops into the very house of his Mistresses Relations, as by Mistake. This Way of Proceeding set the whole Town a Gog to know the Meaning of all this Bustle, and *Æsop* innocently told every body That his Master's Wife was run away from him, and he had Marry'd another: His Friends up and down were all Invited to come and make Merry with him, and This was to be the Wedding Feast. The News flew like Lightning, and happy were they could carry the First Tydings of
it

it to the *Ran-away-Lady*: (for every body knew *Æsop* to be a Servant in That Family.) It Gathered in the Rolling, as all Other Stories do in the Telling: Especially where Womens Tongues and Passions have the spreading of them. The Wife, that was in her Nature Violent, and Unsteady, order'd her Chariot to be made ready Immediately, and away she Posts back to her Husband: falls upon him with Outrages of Looks and Language; and after the Ealing of her mind a Little; No *Xanthus*, says she, Do not you Flatter your self with the hopes of Enjoying another Woman while I am alive. *Xanthus* look'd upon this as one of *Æsop's* *Master-pieces*; and for that Bout All was well again betwixt Master and Mistress.

C H A P. VIII.

An Entertainment of Neats Tongues.

SOME few days after the Ratification of This Peace, *Xanthus* Invited several Philosophers of his Acquaintance to Supper with him; and Charges *Æsop* to make the Best Provision he could think of, for their Entertainment. *Æsop* had a Wit wag-gish Enough, and This General Commission furnished him with Matter to work upon. So soon as ever the Guests were set down at the Table, *Xanthus* calls for Supper, and Expected no less than a very Splendid Treat. The First Service was *Neats Tongues* sliced, which the Philosophers took Occasion to Discourse and Quibble upon in a Grave Formal way, as *The Tongue* (for the purpose) is the Oracle of Wisdom, and the like. *Xanthus*, upon This, calls for a Second Course, and after That for a Third, and so for a Fourth, which were All *Tongues*, ovet and over again still, only several ways Dressed: Some Boil'd, Others Fry'd, and some again serv'd up in Soupe, which put *Xanthus* into a Furious Passion. Thou Villain, says he, Is this according to my Order, to have Nothing but *Tongues upon Tongues*? Sir says *Æsop*, without any hesitation, Since it is my Ill fortune to fall under this Accusation, I do Appeal to All These Learned Persons, whether I have done Well, or Ill, and pay'd that Respect to your Order which I ought to do.

Your order was, That I should make the Best Provision that I could think of for the Entertainment of These Excellent Persons, and if the *Tongue* be the Key that Leads Us into All Knowledge,

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what

what could be more proper and suitable than a *Feast of Tongues for a Philosophical Banquet*?

When *Xanthus* found the Sence of the Table to be on *Æsop's* side; Well my Friends says he; Pray will You Eat with me to Morrow, and I'll try If I can mend your Chear; and Mr. *Major Domo*, says he to *Æsop*, let it be the Care of your Gravity and Wisdom to provide us a Supper to Morrow, of the very worst Things You can Think of.

CHAP. IX.

A Second Treat of Tongues.

XANTHUS's Guests met again The Next day according to The Appointment; and *Æsop* had provided them the very same Services of *Tongues and Tongues over and over*, as they had the night before: Sirrah (says *Xanthus* to his Servant) what's the Meaning of This; That *Tongues* should be the *Best* of Meats One Day, and the *Worst* the Other? Why Sir says he, There is not any Wickedness under the Sun, That the *Tongue* has not a part in. As Murders, Treasons, Violence, Injustice, Frauds, and All Manner of Lewdness; for Counsels must be first Agitated, The Matter in Question Debated, Resolv'd upon, and Communicated by Words, before the Malice comes to be executed in Fact. *Tongue Whither wilt Thou!* (says the Old Proverb) I go to *Build* (says the *Tongue*;) and I go to *pull down*.

This Petulant Liberty of *Æsop*, Gall'd his Master to the very Soul of him, and one of the Guests, to Help forward his Evil Humour; Cry'd out, *This Fellow is enough to make a Body Mad*. Sir (says *Æsop*) you have very Little Business to do of your own I perceive, by the Leisure you have to Intermeddle in Other Peoples Matters; You would find some other Employment else, than to Irritate a Master against his Servant.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Æsop brings his Master a Guest That had no sort of Curiosity in him.

XANTHUS laid hold of the Present Occasion, and was willing enough to be furnished with a Staff to beat a Dog. Well Sirrah, says he, since this Learned Gentleman is too *Curious*; go you your ways and find me out a Man that has no *Curiosity* at All, or I'll Lace your Coat for ye. *Æsop*, the next day, Walked the whole Town over on This Errand; and at Last, found out a Slovenly Lazy Fellow, Lolling at his Ease, as if he had Nothing to do, or to take care for; and so up to him he went in a Familiar Way, and Invited him to his Master's to Supper. The Clown made no Ceremony of promising, but fell Presently to asking what kind of Man his Master was? And what, says he, are we going just now? (for this Poor Devil look'd upon a Meal's Meat *Gratis*, as a Blessing: Dropt into his Mouth out of the Skies) Come (says *Æsop*) we are going this very Moment; and Wonderfully Glad he was to find by the Booby's Discourse, That he had met with a Man so fit for his Purpose. Away they went together, and so strait into the Parlour, where the Blockhead Throws Himself down Dirty and Beastly as he was, Upon a Rich Couch. After a very little While, in comes *Xanthus* to Supper, and asks *Æsop* who That Man was? Why This is the Man, says *Æsop*, that you sent me for; that is to say a Man that has no *Curiosity* in him at All. Oh that's very well, says *Xanthus*, and then told his Wife in her ear, That if she would but be a Loving and Obedient Wife to him; and do as he bid her, he would now save her Longing, for, says he; I have been a Great while Seeking for an Occasion to pick a Quarrel with *Æsop*, and I have found it at last. After this Whisper, *Xanthus* takes a Turn in the Parlour, and calls aloud to his Wife: Heark ye Sweet Heart, says he, go fetch some Water, and Wash the Feet of my Guest here. Away she goes, brings a Basin to the side of the Couch, where the Clown was laid at his Length, and bad him put forth his Feet for her to Wash them. *Xanthus* Little thought he would have done it. But the Clown, after a Little Stumble within himself, that 'twas fitter for the Maid to do't, than the Mistress; Well says he, If it be the Custom of the Family, 'tis not for me to be against it: and so he stretch'd forth his Feet to the *Washing*.

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So soon as ever the Company had taken off the Edge of their Stomachs; *Xanthus* calls for a Bumper, and puts it into the hands of the Clown, making No doubt but he would have Allowed his Host the Honor of being his Taster. The Fellow, without any Scruple, Whips up the Drink, and gives *Xanthus* the Pot again Empty, who was now the Second Time Disappointed upon the Matter of *Curiosity*, or *No Curiosity At All*. He had a Mind still to be upon Poor *Æsop's* bones, and made another Tryal of the Humour of his Guest. There was a particular Dish that the Clown fed very Heartily upon: *Xanthus* fell into a Rage against the Cook for the Ill-Dressing of it, and Threat'ned to have him brought and Lash'd in the very Parlour. The *Bumpkin* took no Notice of it at All, but without speaking one Word on the Cooks Behalf; It was Nothing to him he thought, what other People did with their Servants.

They were come Now to their Cakes and Pyes, and the Clown Guttled Upon them without mercy. *Xanthus* Resolves then upon Another Tryal; Calls for his *Pastry-Cook* and tells him, Sirrah, says he, you spoil every thing that goes through your hands. There's neither Spice, nor any other Seasoning here. The Cook told him, That if they were either Over or Under-Bak'd, it was his Fault; But for the Spice and Seasoning, it was his *Mistresses*, for it was All put in that she Deliver'd. Nay Wife, says *Xanthus*, if it sticks there, By All that's Sacred, I'll Treat you no better than if you were a Slave bought with my Money. Wherefore Strip Immediately and Prepare for a Dog-Whip. *Xanthus* thought with himself; that if any thing in the World could move this Barbarous Brute, he would have put in a World at Least to save a Woman of Honour from so Scandalous an Indignity, But says this Loggerhead to himself; There's an old saying; *What have We to do to Quench other Peoples Fires?* And I'll e'en keep my self Clear of Other Peoples Matters; Only he took *Xanthus* by the Hand indeed, and told him if he would but Stay a Little, he'd go fetch his own Wife too, and so they might take the Lash by Turns. In one word, *Xanthus* missed his Aim at last; and though he was troubled at the Mischance, he could not but Laugh yet at the Simplicity of the Man, and Confess, that *Æsop* was in the Right, in bringing a Person to him that had no Curiosity at all.

C H A P.

C H A P. XI.

Æsop's Answer to a Magistrate.

IT happened some few days after the Last Passage above, that *Xanthus*, having some Business at the Publick Hall, sent *Æsop* to see if there were any Great Throng of Men there; a Magistrate meets him Upon the Way, and Asks him whether he was going? Why truly, says *Æsop*, I am going I know not whither. The Magistrate took it that he Banter'd him, and bad an Officer take him into Custody and Carry him to Prison. Well, says *Æsop*, to the Magistrate; Is it not true Now, that I did not know Whither I was going? Can you Imagine, that when I came out of the house this Morning, I had any thoughts of going to Prison? The Magistrate was well enough pleased at the fancy, and Discharg'd him Upon it, and so he went forward to the Hall; Where among a world of People, he saw one Man arrest another upon an Action of Debr. The Debtor Pleaded Poverty; but if he would Compound for half, it should go hard but he'd make a Shift to Pick it up, he said. Well with all my Heart, says the Creditor, Lay down the Money upon the Nail, and the Business is done: for a man had better Content himself with Half, than Loose All, And I reckon that Money as good as lost, that a Man must go to Law for; *Æsop* upon this, went back and told his Master, that he had been at the Hall, and saw but one Man there; This was a Riddle to *Xanthus*; Infomuch that he went himself to Learn the Truth of the Matter. When he came to the Place, he found the Court extremely Thronged, and turning short upon *Æsop*, in great Indignation, Sirrah, says he, are All these People come since you told me there was but one Man here? 'Tis very true, says *Æsop*, There was a Huge Crowd, and yet but one Man that I could see in That vast Multitude. This seems to be taken out of the Life of *Diogenes*.

C H A P. XII.

Xanthus undertakes to Drink the Sea dry.

THERE happened not Long after This, to be a Merry Meeting of Philosophers; and *Xanthus*, one of the Company. *Xanthus* had already gotten a Cup too much; and *Æsop* finding

finding they were like to set out his hand; Sir, says he, 'tis the Humour of *Bacchus*, they say, first to make men *Cheerful*, and when they are past That, to make 'em *Drunk*, and in the Conclusion, to make them *Mad*. *Xanthus* took Offence at *Æsop*; and told him, That was a Lecture for Children. (*Laertius* makes this to be the saying of *Anacharsis*) The Cùps went round, and *Xanthus* by this Time had taken his Load, who was mightily given to talk in his Drink; and whatever was uppermost, out it came, without either Fear or Wit. One of the Company observing the weak side of the Man, took the Opportunity of Pumping him with several Questions. *Xanthus* (says he) I have read somewhere, that it is Possible for a Man to Drink the Sea Dry; but I can hardly believe it. Why says *Xanthus*, I'll venture my House and Land upon't, that I do't my self. They Agreed upon the Wager, and presently off went their Rings to Seal the Conditions. But Early the next Morning, *Xanthus* missing his Ring, thought it might be slipt off his Finger, and asked *Æsop* about it. Why truly says *Æsop*, I can say Nothing to the Losing of your Ring; but I can tell you that you Lost your House and Land last Night: and so *Æsop* told him the Story on't, which his Master it seems had utterly forgotten. *Xanthus* began now to Chew upon the Matter, and it went to the Heart of him to consider, That he could neither do the thing, nor yet get quit of his Bonds. In this trouble of Thoughts he Consults *Æsop*, (whose advice before he had rejected) what was to be done in the Case. I shall never forget, says *Xanthus*, how much I owe you for your Faithful Services; and so with fair Words *Æsop* was prevailed upon to Undertake the bringing of him off. 'Tis Impossible to do the thing, (says he) but if I can find a way to Dissolve the Obligation, and to gain you Credit by it over and Above, That's the Point I suppose that will do your business. The Time appointed, says *Æsop*, is now at hand, Wherefore do you set a bold face upon it, and go to the Sea-side with all your Servants and your Trinkets about you, and put on a Countenance, that you are just Now about to make good your Undertaking. You'll have Thousands of Spectators there, and When they are got together, let the Form of the Agreement and the Conditions be read, Which runs to this Effect. That you are to Drink up the Sea by such a Certain Time, or to forfeit your House and Land, upon Such or Such a Consideration. When This is done, call for a Great Glass, and let it be filled with Sea-Water, in the Sight of the Whole Multitude: Hold it up then in your Hand, and say as Follows. You have heard Good People, what I have Undertaken to do, and upon what Penalty if I do

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not go Thorough with it. I confess the Agreement, and the Matter of Fact as you have heard it; and I am now about to drink up the Sea; not the Rivers that run into't. And therefore let All the Inlets be Stopt, that there be Nothing but pure Sea left me to drink, And I am now ready to perform my part of the Agreement, But for any drinking of the Rivers, There is nothing Of that in the Contract. The People found it so clear a Case, That they did not only agree to the Reason and Justice of *Xanthus's* Cause, but hissed his Advertery out of the Field; Who in the Conclusion made a Publique Acknowledgment, that *Xanthus* was the Wiser and Better Man of the Two; But desired, the Contract might be made void, and offer'd to Submit Himself further to such Arbitrators as *Xanthus* Himself should direct. *Xanthus* was so well pleased with the Character his Adversary had given him, of a Wise Man, That All was Passed over, And a final End made of the Dispute. *Plutarch* makes this to have been the Invention of *Bias*.

C H A P. XIII.

Æsop Baffles the Superstition of Augury.

IN the days of *Æsop*, The World was mightily addicted to *Augury*; that is to say, to the Gathering of Omens from the Cry and Flight of Birds. Upon this Account it was, that *Xanthus* one Day sent *Æsop* into the Yard, and bad him look well about him. If you see Two Crows (says he) you'll have good Luck after it, but if you should Chance to spy One Crow Single, 'tis a Bad Omen, and some Ill will betide you. *Æsop* stept out and came immediately back again, and told his Master that he had seen Two Crows. Hereupon *Xanthus* went out himself, and finding but One (for the Other was flown away) he fell Outragiously upon *Æsop* for making Sport with him, And order'd him to be soundly Lash'd for't, but just as they were stripping him for the Execution, In comes One to Invite *Xanthus* abroad to Supper. Well Master, says *Æsop*, and where's the Credit of your *Augury* Now? When I, that saw Two Crows, am to be beaten like a Dog, and You, that saw but One, are going to make merry with your Friends? The Reason and Quickness of this Reflexion, Pacified the Master for the Present, and sav'd the Poor Fellow a sound Whipping.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

Æsop finds hidden Treasure.

AS *Xanthus* was Walking once among certain Monuments, with *Æsop* at his Heels; and Plodding upon several *Epitaphs*, there was one Inscription in *Greek Letters*, that *Xanthus* with all the Skill he had, could not tell what to make of. Well, says *Æsop*, let me see a Little If I can Uncypher it. And so after laying Things and Things together a While, Master, says he, What will you give me, If I find you out a Pot of Hidden Treasure now? One Half of it, says *Xanthus*, and your Liberty: So *Æsop* fell to Digging, a Matter of four Yards from the Stone that had the Inscription; and there found a Pot of Gold which he took up and Delivered to his Master; and Claimed his Promise. Well, says *Xanthus*, I'll be as good as my Word; but you must first shew me how you came to know there was Treasure, by the Inscription: for I had rather be Master of that Secret, than of the very Gold it self. *Æsop* Innocently opened the whole Matter to him. Look you Sir, says he, Here are these Letters. α; β; γ; δ; ε; ζ; η; θ; ι; κ; which are to be thus Interpreted, α stands for *δυνατός*; β for *βίαια*; γ for *πέντες*; δ for *οὐρανός*; ε for *εὐρύς*; ζ for *δοσεῖν*; η for *χρυσίον*; In English, *dig four Paces from this Place, and you shall find Gold*. Now says *Xanthus*, if you are so good at finding out Gold, you and I must not part yet. Come Sir, says *Æsop*, (perceiving that his Master play'd Fast and Loose with him) To deal freely with you, This Treasure belongs to King *Dionysius*. How do you know that? says *Xanthus*. Why by the very Inscription, says *Æsop*: for in That Sence, α stands for *ἀπό*; β for *βασιλεία*; γ for *δύο*; δ for *δραχμῶν*; ε for *εἰς*; ζ for *δοσεῖν*; η for *χρυσίου*. In English, *Give Dionysius the Gold you have found*. *Xanthus* began to be afraid when he heard it was The King's Money, and Charged *Æsop* to make no Words on't, and he should have the One Half. 'Tis well, says *Æsop*; but This is not so much your own Bounty yet, as The Intention of Him that Bury'd it; for the very same Letters direct the Dividing of it. As for Example once again Now. α stands for *ἀνελεῖσθαι*; β for *βαδίσαι*; γ for *διελεῖσθαι*; δ for *ὄν*; ε for *εὐρεῖν*; ζ for *δοσεῖν*; η for *χρυσίου*; In English, *Divide the Gold that you have found*. Why then, says *Xanthus*, let us go home and share it. No sooner were they got Home, but *Æsop* was presently laid by the Heels, for fear of Blabbing, crying out as Loud as he could, This

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comes of trusting to the Faith of a Philosopher; The Reproach Nettled his Master: But however he caused his Shackles to be taken off upon't, and Admonish'd *Æsop* to keep his Licentious Tongue in a Little better Order for the future, if ever he hoped to have his Liberty. For That, says *Æsop*, Prophetically, I shall not Need to Beg it of you as a favour, for in a very few days I shall have my Freedom, whether you will or no.

C H A P. XV.

Æsop Expounds upon an Augury, and is made Free.

ÆSOP had thus far born All the Indignities of a Tediou Slavery, with the Constancy of a Wife Man, and without either Vanity or Abjection of Mind. He was not Ignorant however of his own Value; Neither did he Neglect any honest Way or Occasion of Advancing his Name and his Credit in the World; as in One Particular Instance among the *Samians*, on a Strange Thing that happened There upon a Very Solemn Day. The Ring, it seems, that had the Town-Seal upon't was laid somewhere in Sight, Where an Eagle could come at it; She took it up in the Air, and dropt it into the Bosome of a Slave. The *Samians* took this for a Foreboding; that Threat'ned some dismal Calamity to the State, and in a general Consternation They presently called a Council of their Wise Men; and *Xanthus* in the first Place, to give their Opinions upon This Mysterious Accident. They were All at a Loss what to Think on't; only *Xanthus* desired some few Days time for further Consideration. Upon This, he betook himself to his Study, and the More he Beat his Brains about it, the further he found himself from any hope of Expounding The Secret. This put him into a deep Melancholly; which made *Æsop* very Importune, and Impatient, to know the Cause of it; with Assurances, That he would serve his Master in The Affair, Whatever it was, to the Uttermost of his Power. *Xanthus* hereupon laid the Whole Matter before him, and told him in Conclusion, that he was not only lost in his Reputation, but in Danger to be Torn to Pieces by the Rabble. When *Æsop* found how the Case stood, Never Trouble your Head any further, says he, Do but follow my Advice, and I'll bring you off as well now as ever I did before. When you Appear to Morrow to give in your Answer, I would have you Speak to the People after this Manner.

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I need not tell your *Wisdoms*, That so Many Heads so Many Minds, and so many several Men, so many several Conceptions of Things; Nay and further, that every several Art, or Profession requires a Distinct Faculty or Disposition, that is more or less Peculiar to it self. It is the Custom of the World for People in All Cases where They are either Ignorant or Doubtful, to Repair to Men that have the Reputation of Philosophers, for Counsel and Satisfaction. But this, under favour, is a Great Mistake; for it is with Philosophers, as it is, I say, with other Arts and Professions that have their Functions a part the One from the Other. Wisdom, 'tis true, may be called properly enough the Knowledge of Things Divine and Humane, but will you therefore expect that a Philosopher should do the Office of a Shoemaker or a Barber, because the Trades are conversant about Humane Things? No No Gentlemen, a Man may be a Great Philosopher without any Skill at All in the Handling of the Awl, or the Razor. But if the Question were Concerning the Government of Life and Manners, the Nature of Things Celestial or Terrestrial; The Duties that we owe to God or Man; you could not do better than repair to Philosophers for satisfaction. But for Reading upon *Prodigies*; or Commenting upon the Flight of Birds, or the Entrails of Beasts, These are Things quite Beside the Philosophers Business. If there be any thing you doubt of that falls under the Cognizance of Philosophy, I am ready to serve you in't; But your present Point being *Augury*, I shall take leave to Acquaint you that a Servant I have at home, is as likely to make a Right Judgment that way as any Man I know. I should not Presume to name a Servant; Neither Perchance would you think fit to make use of one; If the Necessity of your present Distress, were not a very Competent and Reasonable Excuse.

Here's your Speech, says *Æsop*; and your Credit sav'd whether They'll hear me or Not. If they send for me, The Honour will be yours, in case I Deliver my self to their Liking; and the Disgrace will be Mine then if I Miscarry. His Matter was pleas'd beyond Measure with the Advice, but he did not as yet Understand Whether it Tended.

Xanthus Presented himself Early the next Morning before the Council, Where he Dilated Upon The Matter according to his Instructions, and so refer'd Them to his Servant for the Clearing of the Difficulty. The People with one Voice cry'd out, Where is he? Why does not he Appear? Why has not his Master brought him along with him? In short, *Æsop* was immediately fetch'd into the Court, and at the very First Sight of him, They All burst out a Laughing by Consent. This Fellow, says one, may have Skill perhaps in Divining, but he has Nothing that's Humane about him. Another asked Where he was Born, and whether

whether or no Blocks had the Faculty of Speech in his Country. *Æsop*, upon This, Address'd himself to the Council.

You have here before ye, (says *Æsop*) an Ungracious Figure of a Man, which in truth is not a Subject for your Contempt, Nor is it a Reasonable Ground for your Despair, upon the Matter in Question. One Wise Man values Another for his Understanding, not for his Beauty; Beside that the Deformity of my Person is no Incapacity at All as to your Business. Did you never taste Delicious drink out of an Ill Look'd Vessel? or did you never drink Wine that was Vapid, or Eager, out of a Vessel of Gold? 'Tis Sagacity and Strength of Reason that you have Occasion for, not the force of Robust Limbs, nor the Delicacies of Colour and Proportion. Wherefore I must Beseech ye not to Judge of My Mind by my Body, nor to Condemn me Unheard. Upon this, they All cry'd out to him, If he had any thing to say for the Common Good, That he would speak it. With your favour, says he, It is for that End I presume, that ye have called me hither, and it is with a Great Zeal for your Service, that I stand now before ye: But when I consider the Weight of the Matter in hand, and the Office That I am now to Perform, it will as little stand with your Honors Perhaps, to take the Opinion of a Slave into your Councils and Debates, as it will with my Condition to offer it. Beside the Risque I run of my Master's Displeasure upon the Event. But All This may yet be Obviated, my Fears secured; my Modesty gratifi'd, and your own Dignity preserv'd, only by making me a Freeman before hand, to Qualify me for the Function. They all said it was a Most Reasonable Thing, and presently Treated about the Price of his Liberty, and order'd the *Questors* to pay down the Money. When *Xanthus* saw that the thing must be done, He could not Decently stand Higging about the Price; But making a Virtue of Necessity, he chose rather to Present *Æsop* to the Common-Wealth, than to Sell him. The *Samians* took it very kindly, And *Æsop* was Presently Manumiz'd and made a Citizen in Form, Proclaim'd a Freeman; and after this Ceremony, he Discourf'd upon the Subject of the Portent as follows.

I shall not need to tell so many Wise and knowing Men, that the Eagle is a Royal Bird, and signifies a Great King; that the Dropping of the Ring in the Bosome of a Slave that has no Power over himself, portends the Loss of your Liberties, if you do not look to your selves in Time; And that some Potent Prince has a Design upon ye. This put the *Samians* all a-fire to hear the Issue of the Prediction. In some short time after there came Ambassadors from *Cresus* the King of *Lydia*, to Demand a Tribute on the Behalf of their Master, and Threat'ned the *Samians* with a War in the Case of a Refusal. This Affair came to be Debated in the Council, where the Majority

was rather for Peace with Slavery, than for running the Risque of a Dispute; but they would not come to a Resolution yet, without first Consulting *Æsop* What They had best to do; Who gave Them his Thought upon't in Words to This Effect.

Every Man in this World has Two Ways before him, That is to say, First, The Way of Liberty, that's Narrow and Rugged at the Entrance, but plainer and Smoother still the further you go. Secondly, The Way of Servitude or Slavery, that seems to be Easier at first, but you'll find it afterwards to be full of Intolerable Difficulties. The *Samians*, upon These Words, Declared themselves Unanimously for Liberty, and that since they were at present Free, They would never make Themselves Slaves by their own Consent: So The Ambassadors Departed, and there was a War Denounced.

When *Cæsus* came to Understand the Resolution the *Samians* had taken, and how Inclinable they were to a Compliance, 'till *Æsop*, by the Power only of a few words, Diverted them from it, he Resolv'd to send for and Discourse with *Æsop*. So He made an Offer to the *Samians*, upon their sending *Æsop* to him, to put a Stop at present to the course of his Arms. When *Æsop* came to hear of their Proposition, he told them That he was not against their sending of him, Provided only that he might tell them One Story before he Left them.

In Old Time, (says he) when some Beasts talked better Sense than Many Men do now a days, there happened to be a Fierce War betwixt the Wolves and the Sheep, And the Sheep, by the help of the Dogs, had rather the Better on't. The Wolves, upon This, offer'd the Sheep a Peace, on Condition only that they might have their Dogs for Hostages, The Silly, credulous Sheep agreed to't, and as soon as ever they had parted with the Dogs, The Wolves brake in upon them, and Destroy'd them at pleasure. See *Fab. 45.*

The *Samians* quickly smelt out the Moral of this Fable, and cry'd out, One and All, that they would not part with *Æsop*: But this did not hinder *Æsop* however from putting himself aboard, and taking a Passage for *Lydia* with the Ambassadors.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVI.

Æsop Presents himself before the King of Lydia.

Immediately Upon *Æsop's* Arrival in *Lydia*, he Presented himself before the King, who looking upon him with Contempt, Hatred, and Indignation; Is This a Man says he, to hinder the King of *Lydia* from being Master of *Samos*? *Æsop* then with a Reverence after the *Lydian* Fashion, deliver'd what he had to say.

I am not here (says he, Great King) in the Quality of a Man that's Given up by his Country, or under the Compulsion of any force; But it is of my own Accord that I am now come to lay my self at your Majesty's feet, and with this only Request, that you will vouchsafe me the Honour of your Royal Ear, and Patience but for a few words.

' There was a Boy hunting of Locusts, and he had the Fortune to take a Grasshopper. She found he was about to kill her, and Plead'd after this Manner for her Life. Alas (says she) I never did any Body an Injury, and never had it either in my Will or in my Power to do't. All my Business is my Song; and what will you be the Better for my Death? The Youth's Heart relented and he set the Simple Grasshopper at Liberty.

Your Majesty has now that Innocent Creature before you: There's Nothing that I can pretend to but my Voice, which I have ever employ'd so far as in me Lay, to the Service of Mankind. The King was so Tenderly moved with the Modesty and Prudence of the Man, That he did not only give him his Life, but bad him ask any thing further that he had a Mind to, and it should be Granted him. Why then, says *Æsop*, (with that Veneration, Gratitude and Respect that the Case required) I do most humbly implore your Majesties favour for my Country-Men the *Samians*. The King Granted him his Request, and Confirmed it under his Seal; Beside that the Piety of making that Petition his Choice, was a further Recommendation of him to his Royal Kindness and Esteem.

Æsop, soon after This, returned to *Samos* with the News of the Peace, where he was Welcomed with All the Instances of Joy and Thankfulness Imaginable; Insomuch that they Erected a Statue for him, with an Inscription upon it, in Honour of his Memory. From *Samos* he returned afterwards to *Cæsus*, for whose Sake he Compos'd several of *Those Apologues* that Pass in the World to This Day under his Name. His Fancy lay extremely to Travelling;

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velling; but above All other Places, he had the Greatest Mind to see *Babylon*: To which End he got Letters of Recommendation from *Croesus* to the King there: who, according to *Herodotus*, was a Friend, and an Ally of *Croesus's*, and his Name, *Labyntus*; not *Lycerus*, as *Planudes* has Handed it down to us upon a Great Mistake. But his Curiosity led him first to pass through *Greece*, for the sake of the *Seven Wise Men*, whose Reputation was at That Time Famous All over the World. He had the Good Hap in his Travels to find them at *Corinth*, together with *Anacharsis*, and several of their Followers and Disciples, Where they were All Treated by *Periander* at a *Villa* of his not far from the Town. This Encounter was to the Common Satisfaction of the Whole Company; the Entertainment Philosophical, and Agreeable, and among other Discourses, they had some Controversy upon the Subject of Government; and which was the most Excellent Form: *Æsop* being still for *Monarchy*, and the Rest for a *Common-wealth*. He Travell'd thence, a while after into *Asia*, and so to *Babylon*, according to his first Intention.

CHAP. XVII.

Æsop Adopts Ennus. Ennus's Ingratitude and Falseness, and Æsop's Good Nature.

IT was the Fashion in those Days for Princes to Exercise Trials of Skill in the Putting and Resolving of Riddles, and Intricate Questions; and He that was the Best at the Clearing or Untying of Knotty Difficulties carry'd the Prize. *Æsop's* Faculty lay notably that way, and render'd him so serviceable to the King, that it brought him both Reputation and Reward. It was his Unhappiness to have No Children, for the Comfort and Support of his Old Age; So that with the King's Consent, he Adopted a young Man, who was Well Born, and Ingenious enough, but Poor; His Name was *Ennus*. *Æsop* took as much care of his Institution as if he had been his own Child, and Train'd him up in those Principles of Virtue and Knowledge that might most probably render him Great and Happy. But there's no working upon a Flagitious and Perverse Nature, by Kindness and Discipline, and 'tis time lost to think of Mastering so Incurable an Evil: So that *Ennus*, after the Manner of other Wicked Men, heaping One Villany

Villany upon another, Counterfeits his Fathers Name and Hand to Certain Letters, wherein he Promises his Assistance to the Neighbour Princes against *Labyntus*. These Letters *Ennus* carry's to the King, and Charges his Father with Treason, though in Appearance, with All the trouble and unwillingness that was possible, Only a Sense of his Duty to his King and his Country, swallow'd up All other Respects of Reverence and Modesty that a Son owes to a Father. The King took All these Calumnies for Instances of *Ennus's* Affections to him, without the Least Suspicion of any Fraud in the Matter: So that without any further Enquiry, he ordered *Æsop* to be put to Death. The Persons to whom the Care of his Execution was Committed, being well Assured of his Innocence and of the Kings Ungovernable Passions, took him out of the way, and gave it out that he was Dead. Some few Days after this, there came Letters to *Labyntus* from *Amasis* the King of *Egypt*, where *Labyntus* was Desired by *Amasis* to send him a certain Architect that could raise a Tower that should Hang in the Air, and likewise Resolve All Questions. *Labyntus* was at a Great Loss what answer to return, and the Fierceness of his Displeasure against *Æsop* being by This time somewhat Abated, he began to Enquire after him with Great Passion, and would often Profess, That if the Parting with One half of his Kingdom could bring him to Life again, he would Give it. *Hermippus* and Others that had kept him out of the Way, told the King upon the Hearing of This, that *Æsop* was yet Alive; so They were Commanded to bring him forth; which they did, in All the Beattiness he had Contracted in the Prison. He did no sooner Appear, but he made his Innocence so manifest, that *Labyntus* in Extreme Displeasure and Indignation, commanded the False Accuser to be put to Death with most Exquisite Torments; But *Æsop*, after All this, Interceded for him, and Obtained his Pardon, upon a Charitable Presumption, that the Sence of so Great a Goodness and Obligation would yet Work upon him. *Herodotus* tells this Story of *Cambyfes* the Son of *Cyrus*, and *Croesus*, and with what Joy *Cambyfes* received *Croesus* again, after he was supposed to be put to death by his own Order; but Then it Vary's in This, that he Caused Those to be put to Death, that were to have seen the Execution done, for not Observing his Commands.

C H A P. XVIII.

Æsop's Letters of Morality to his Son Ennus.

UPON Æsop's coming again into Favour, he had the King of Egypt's Letter given him to Consider of, and Advised Labyrinthus to send him for Answer, That Early the next Spring he should have the Satisfaction he Desired. Things being in this State, Æsop took Ennus Home to him again, and so order'd the Matter, that he wanted neither Counsels nor Instructions, nor any other Helps or Lights that might Dispose him to the Leading of a Virtuous Life, as will Appear by the Following Precepts.

My Son (says he) Worship God with Care and Reverence, and with a Sincerity of Heart void of All Hypocrisie or Ostentation: Not as if that Divine Name and Power were only an Invention, to Fright Women and Children, but know That God is Omnipresent, True and Almighty.

Have a Care even of your Most Private Actions and Thoughts, for God sees Thorough you, and your Conscience will bear Witness against you.

It is according to Prudence, as well as Nature, to pay that Honour to your Parents that you Expect your Children should pay to you.

Do All the Good you can to All men, but in the First Place to your Nearest Relations; and do no Hurt however, where you can do no Good.

Keep a Guard upon your Words as well as upon your Actions, that there be no Impurity in Either.

Follow the Dictates of your Reason, and you are Safe; and have a Care of Impotent Affections.

Apply your self to Learn More, so long as there's any Thing Left that you do not know, and Value Good Council before Money.

Our Minds must be Cultivated as well as our Plants; The Improvement of our Reason makes us like Angels, whereas the Neglect of it turns us into Beasts.

There's no Permanent and Inviolable Good, but Wisdom and Virtue, though the Study of it Signifies Little without the Practice.

Do not think it impossible to be a Wise Man, without looking Sour upon it. Wisdom makes Men Severe, but not Inhumane.

It is Virtue not to be Vicious.

Keep Faith with All Men. Have a Care of a Lye, as you would of Sacrilege. Great Bablers have No Regard either to Honesty or Truth.

Take

Take Delight in, and frequent the Company of Good Men, for it will give you a Tincture of their Manners too.

Take heed of that Vulgar Error, of thinking that there is any Good in Evil. It is a Mistake when Men talk of Profitable Knavery, or of Starving Honesty; for Virtue and Justice carry All that is Good and Profitable along with them.

Let Every Man mind his own Business, for Curiosity is Restless.

Speak Ill of No body, and you are no more to Hear Calumnies than to Report them: Beside that, they that Practice the One, Commonly Love the Other.

Propose Honest Things, Follow Wholesome Counsels, and Leave the Event to God.

Let no man Despair in Adversity, nor Presume in Prosperity, for All Things are Changeable.

Rise Early to your Business, Learn Good Things, and Oblige Good Men; These are three Things you shall never Repent of.

Have a Care of Luxury and Gluttony; but of Drunkenness Especially; for Wine as well as Age makes a Man a Child.

Watch for the Opportunities of doing things, for there's Nothing Well done but what's done in Season.

Love and Honour Kings Princes and Magistrates, for they are the Bands of Society, in Punishing of the Guilty, and Protecting the Innocent.

These, or such as these, were the Lessons that Æsop read daily to his Son; but so far was he from mending upon Them, that he grew Every Day worse and worse, shewing that it is not in the power of Art or Discipline to Rectify a Perverse Nature, or (as Euripides says) to Make a Man Wise that has no Soul. But however, according to Neveletus, he came soon after to be Touched in Conscience for his Barbarous Ingratitude, and Dyed in a Raging Remorse for what he had done.

The Spring was now at Hand, and Æsop was preparing for the Task he had Undertaken About the Building of a Tower in the Air, and Resolving All Manner of Questions: But I shall say no more of That Romantick part of the History, than that he went into Egypt, and Acquitted himself of his Commission to Amasis with Great Reputation. From thence back again to Labyrinthus, Laden with Honours and Rewards; from whom he got leave to Return into Greece; but upon Condition of Repassing to Babylon by the First Opportunity.

CHAP. XIX.

Æsop's Voyage to Delphos; his Barbarous Usage There, and his Death.

WHEN Æsop had almost taken the Whole Tower of Greece, he went to Delphos, either for the Oracle sake, or for the sake of the Wise Men that frequented that Place. But when he came thither, he found Matters to be quite otherwise than he expected, and so far from deserving the Reputation they had in the World for Piety and Wisdom, that he found them Proud, and Avaritious, and Hereupon Deliver'd his Opinion of Them under this Fable.

I find (says he) the Curiosity that brought me Hither, to be much the Cause of People at the Sea-side, that see something come Hulling toward them a great way off at Sea, and take it at first to be some Mighty Matter; but upon Driving Nearer and Nearer the Shore, it proves at last to be only a heap of Weeds and Rubbish. See Fab. 189.

The Magistrates of the Place took Infinite Offence at this Liberty and presently enter'd into a Conspiracy against him to take away his Life, for fear he should Give them the same Character elsewhere in his Travels, that he had done there upon the Place. It was not so Safe they thought, nor so Effectual a Revenge to make him away in private; but if they could so contrive it, as to bring him to a shameful End, under a Form of Justice, it would better answer their Business and Design. To Which Purpose they caus'd a Golden Cup to be secretly convey'd into his Baggage, when he was packing up to Depart. He was no sooner out of the Town upon his Journey, But Immediately Pursued and taken upon the way by the Officers, and Charged with Sacrilege. Æsop deny'd the Matter, and Laughed at them All for a Company of Mad Men; But upon the Searching of his Boxes, they took the Cup and shew'd it to the People, Hurrying him away to Prison in the Middle of his Defence. They brought him the Next Day into the Court, Where Notwithstanding the Proof of his Innocence, as clear as the Day, he was Condemned to Dye; and his Sentence was to be Thrown Head-long from a Rock, Down a Deep Precipice. After his Doom was past, he Prevailed upon Them,

Them, with much ado to be heard a few Words, and so told them the Story of the Frog and the Mole, as it stands in the Fable.

This wrought nothing upon the Hearts of the Delphians, but as they were Bawling at the Executioner, to Dispatch and do his Office, Æsop on a Sudden gave them the Slip, and Flew to an Altar hard by there, in hopes that the Religion of the Place might have Protected him, but the Delphians told him, that the Altars of the Gods were not to be any Sanctuary to those that Robbed their Temples; Whereupon he took Occasion to tell them the Fable of the Eagle and the Beetle to this Following Effect, As it stands in the Book, Num. 378.

Now, says Æsop, (after the telling of this Fable) you are not to Flatter your Selves that the Prophaners of Holy Altars, and the Oppressors of the Innocent, shall ever Escape Divine Vengeance. This Enraged the Magistrates to such a Degree, that they commanded the Officers Immediately to take Æsop from the Altar, and Dispatch him away to his Execution. When Æsop found that Neither the Holiness of the Place, nor the Clearness of his Innocence was Sufficient to Protect him, and that he was to fall a Sacrifice to Subornation and Power, he gave them yet one Fable more as he was upon the Way to Execution.

There was an Old Fellow (says he) that had spent his Whole Life in the Countrey without ever seeing the Town, he found himself Weak and Decaying, and Nothing would serve, but his Friends must needs shew him the Town once before he Dyed. Their Asses were very well Acquainted with the Way, and so they caus'd them to be made Ready, and turned the Old Man and the Asses Loose, without a Guide to try their Fortune. They were overtaken Upon the Road by a Terrible Tempest, so that what with the Darkeness, and the Violence of the Storm, the Asses were Beaten out of their Way, and Tumbled with the Old Man into a Pit, where he had only time to Deliver his Last Breath with This Exclamation. Miserable Wretch that I am, to be Destroy'd, since Dye I must, by the basest of Beasts; by Asses. And that's my Fate now in suffering by the Hands of a Barbarous, Sottish People, that Understand Nothing either of Humanity or Honour; and Act Contrary to the Tyes of Hospitality and Justice. But the Gods will not suffer my Blood to lie Unrevenged, and I doubt not but that in Time the Judgment of Heaven will give you to Understand your Wickedness by your Punishment. He was speaking on, but they Pushed him Off Head-long from the Rock, and he was Dashed to Pieces with the Fall.

The

The *Delphians*, soon after This, were visited with Famine and Pestilence, to such a Degree, that they Went to Consult the Oracle of *Apollo* to know what Wickedness it was had brought these Calamities upon Them. The Oracle gave them this Answer, That they were to Expiate for the Death of *Æsop*. In the Conscience of their Barbarity, they Erected a *Pyramid* to his Honor, and it is upon Tradition, that a Great Many of the Most Eminent Men among the *Greeks* of that Season, went afterwards to *Delphos* upon the News of the Tragical End of *Æsop*, to Learn the Truth of the History, and found upon Enquiry, That the Principal of the Conspirators had laid Violent hands upon Themselves.

THE

A N

Alphabetical Table,

Referring to the NUMBER of the Respective

FABLES.

A.		F A B.	F A B.
A NT and Fly.	34	Ass to Jupiter.	208
Ant and Pigeon.	203	Ass in a Lyons Skin.	224
Ant and Grasshopper.	217	Ass and Two Travellers.	376
Ant formerly a Man.	188	Ass and Country-man (Alarum.)	262
Ape wanting a Tail, and Fox	51	Ass puts in for an Office.	306
Ape and Fox King.	116	Ass, Sick and Wolfe.	314
Ape and two Brats.	248	Asses Wish.	317
Apes Dancing.	375	Ass Green and a Widow.	332
Ape and Dolphin.	169	Ass, Lyon and Hare.	346
Ape and Mountebank.	397	Ass Lyon and Cock.	150
Ape Judge, Fox and Wolfe.	415	Ass Wild and Tame.	190
Ape and Lyon in's Kingdom.	416	Asses to Jupiter.	191
Apes Kingdom.	413	Ass and Frogs.	192
Apples and Horse-Turds.	134	Ass Gall'd and Raven.	193
Arion and a Dolphin.	382	Ass, Lyon and Fox, [Treachery.]	194
Aristotles Tyrant.	189	Ass and Old Man.	358
Ass and Lyon Hunting	7	Ass to be Taught Grammar.	263
Ass Braying and Lyon.	10	Asses and Country man.	372
Ass and Whelp.	15	Ass, Lyon and Wolves.	396
Ass and Mastiffe.	191	Two Asses Laden with Salt and Spunge.	408
Ass and Ungrateful Master.	24	Ass Judge of Musick.	414
Ass, Ape and Mole.	26	Asses Two. Laden. [Oats and Money.]	417
Ass and Wolfe.	36	Ass Challeng'd by a Boar.	418
Ass and Pamper'd Horse.	38	Ass and Shadow.	321
Ass Laden and Horse.	63	Asses Skin.	437
Ass, Lyon and Fox Hunting.	206	Ass carrying an Image.	487
		Astrologer and Traveller.	94
		d	Bat

An Alphabetical Table.

B.		F A B.	F A B.
Bat and Weazle.	39	Cardinal and an Old Friend.	276
Bat, Birds and Beasts.	40	Christian and Pagan.	362
Bat Bramble and Cormorant.	144	Cock and Diamond.	x
Belly and Members.	50	Cock and a Fox [Case.]	400
Bear and Two Friends.	227	Cock and Horses.	439
Beasts and Fishes League.	274	Cocks and Partridge.	84
Bear and Bees.	290	Cock and Two Young Men.	58
Three Things better for Beating.	316	Collier and Fuller.	64
Bever Hunted.	89	Country-man and Snake Frozen.	9
Bee Master.	166	Country-man Snake and Child.	30
Becwent over to the Drones.	461	Country man and Fortune.	231
Bees and Drones.	474	Country man and an Oxe.	242
Birds and Beetles.	289	Country man and a Boar.	244
Bitches Bed-maker.	463	Country-man and Hercules.	246
Bitch ready to Puppy.	323	Country-man and Hawk.	257
Bishop and Curate.	356	Country-man and River.	259
Blackbird afraid of a Kite.	409	Country-man and Mouse.	280
Bladder with Beans.	423	Country-man and Kid.	340
Blinkard Buying of Wheat.	371	Country-fellow Climbing a Tree.	369
Washing a Black-a-more.	159	Country-man and Flog.	360
Boar and Horse.	56	Country man and Jupiter.	460
Boy and False Alarums.	74	Country-man and Panther.	490
Boy and Fortune.	233	Coverous-man and an Envious.	238
Boy and Thief.	241	Coverous Embassador.	275
Boy and Goldfinch.	295	Counfel of Birds for Chusing Kings.	309
Boy and his Mother.	98	Cockle and Jupiter.	322
Boy and Snake.	131	Corrupt Officer.	344
Boy and Cocksles.	163	Cocks Fighting.	123
Boys and Frogs.	398	Cock and Fox [Pesce.]	353
Boy would not learn his Book.	454	Counfel of Beasts.	399
Boar and Fox.	319	Cobler turn'd Doctor.	401
Brother and Sister.	473	Cobler and Financier.	402
Bustard and Cranes.	212	Country-fellow and a River Running.	422
Bull and Goat.	218	Consultation about securing a Town.	448
Bull and Mouse.	245	Crow and Muscle.	12
Bull and Ram.	331	Crow and Pitcher.	239
Bull and Gnat.	450	Crow and Raven [foreboding.]	178
		Crow and Dog.	179
		Crow and Raven.	462
		Crab Old and Tong.	221
		Crows and Pigeons.	386
		Cuckow and Hawk.	261
		Cunning Woman.	93
		Cuckow and Little Birds.	419

Daw

An Alphabetical Table.

D.		F A B.	F A B.
Daw and Borrow'd Feathers.	33	Enemies Two at Sea.	91
Daw and Pigeons.	181	Efritch, Birds and Beasts.	41
Daw with a String at's Foot.	182		
Demades the Orator.	253	F.	
One willing to put off Death.	350	Father and his Sons [Unity.]	62
Death and an Old Man.	113	Father and Sons [Industry.]	108
Devil Refus'd to Marry.	459	Farmer and his Dogs.	69
Demetrius and Menander.	447	Fawn and Stag.	124
Dog and Shadow.	6	Farmer and his Servant.	170
Dog and Thief.	21	Fisherman with Little Fish.	216
Dog Old and his Master.	25	Fishermans Good Luck.	110
Dog, Sheep and Wolfe.	29	Fishermen Disappointed.	112
Dog and Butcher.	59	One at a Fish-Dinner.	407
Dog in a Manger.	76	Fisherman and Pipe.	109
Dog with a Bell.	226	Fishing in Troubled Waters.	168
Dog and Lyon.	250	Fir and Bramble.	237
Dog run away from his Master.	288	Fishes and Frying-Pan.	273
Dog invited to Supper.	106	Fig Tree and Thorn.	466
Dog and a Wolfe.	119	Fly upon a Wheel.	270
Dog and Cock on a Journey.	143	Flea and Man.	139
Dog Trusty and his Master.	464	Flea and Hercules.	140
Dog and his Master.	484	Florentine and Horse-Courser.	361
One Bit by a Dog.	88	Flattery, No Law against it.	480
Dog and Cat.	488	Fox and Lyon.	13
Dogs and a Raw Hide.	420	Fox and Stork.	31
Dogs Town and Country.	284	Fox and Carv'd Head.	32
Dr. and Patient [All's well.]	95	Fox and Sick Lyon.	54
Dr. and Patient [sore Eyes.]	114	Fox and Weazle.	55
Drs. and a Sheep.	485	Fox and Lyon [first fight.]	71
Dr. Vintner and Botcher.	494	Fox and Hare to Jupiter.	79
Droll and a Bishop.	296	Fox and Leopard.	252
Droll and a Crooked Old Man.	277	Fox and Worm.	225
		Fox and Cat.	374
		Fox and Hedge-Hog.	254
		Fox and Gossips.	263
		Fox and Sick Cock.	315
		Fox and Hare.	325
		Fox Praising Hares Flesh.	338
		Fox and Goat.	83
		Fox that lost his Teyl.	101
		Fox and Bramble.	102
		Fox and Crocodile.	103
		Fox and Huntsman.	104
		Fox and Grapes.	129
		Fox and Crab.	175
		Fox Condemn'd.	406
		Fox and Wolfe.	410
		Fox and Cock [sore Eye.]	432
		Fox and Dragon.	475

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Fowler

An Alphabetical Table.

	F A B.		F A B.
Fowler and Pigeon.	66	Horfe Skittish.	479
Fowler and Chaffinch.	291	Horfe-man's Wig Blown off.	228
Fowler and Blackbird.	96	Hound and Mastiff.	172
Fowler and Partridge.	132	Husband-man and Stork.	73
Fool and a Hot Iron.	438	Husband-man and Ceres.	256
Fool and a Stive.	465	Husband-man turn'd Soldier and Merchant.	305
Fortune-Teller.	92	Husband, Wife, and Ghostly Father.	357
Fortune and Two Friends.	453	Husband and Wife twice Marry'd.	302
Frog and Mouse.	4	Hunts man and Currier.	500
Frog Chase a King.	19	Husband Jealous.	312
Frog and Ox.	35	Hypocrite.	497
Frogs and Tortoises.	286		
Frogs wanting Water.	142	I	
Frogs Two Neighbors.	168	Image Expos'd to Sale.	446
Frogs and Bulls.	404	Impertinent and a Philosopher.	327
Frogs and Sun.	405	Impertinent Doctor and Patient.	205
Fryer, Laique and Wolf.	366	Impostor to the Oracle.	86
Friends Few.	486	Industry and Sloth.	352
One had a mind to Try his Friends.	337	Joy and Sorrow near a kin.	433
G		Jupiter and an Ape.	213
Gard'ner and his Dog.	151	Jupiter and a Bee.	125
Gard'ner and his Landlord.	387	Jupiter and an Serpent.	138
Gard'ner and Mole.	440	Jupiter and Frauds.	183
Gnat and Bee.	345	Jupiter and Modesty.	184
A Man Refuses a Glyster.	313	Jupiter's Wedding.	185
Gnat and a Lion.	201	Jupiter and a Herds-man.	200
One Dreamt he found Gold.	359	Jupiter's Altar Robb'd.	385
Goat and Vine.	149	Jupiter and a Farmer.	435
Gourd and Pine.	380	Jupiter's Two Wallets.	388
Goose and Gofslin.	222	K	
H		Kite Sick and her Mother.	17
Hares and Frogs.	27	Kite, Hawk and Pigeons.	20
Hare and Sparrow.	431	King and a Rich Subject.	389
Hare and Tortoise.	133	Kingsfisher.	167
Hares, Foxes and Eagles.	187	L	
Two Men and a Halter.	477	Lark and her Young.	52
Hen and Golden Eggs.	247	Lark in a Net.	145
Hermit and Soldier.	301	Lapwing Prefer'd.	297
Hedge-Hog and Snake.	324	Lad Robbing an Orchard.	342
Hen and Swallow.	195	Large Promises.	111
Hedge destroy'd.	449	Lamb, Wolf and Goat.	384
Sick Hermit.	281	Laconique Try'd and Cast.	492
Hercules and Plato.	455	Lady in Tears for a Set of Horfes.	496
Horfe and Lyon.	37		Luck
Horfe and Hog.	299		

An Alphabetical Table.

	F A B.		F A B.
Luck Good and Bad.	230	Moon begs a New Gown.	425
Lyon and Bear.	5	Mule Boasting.	418
Lyon Old.	14	Mufician.	176
Lyon and Mouse.	16	N	
Lyon and Frog.	202	Nightingale and Hawk.	343
Lyon and Goat.	210	Nightingale and Bat.	462
Lyon and Bulls.	236	One would here no Ill News.	457
Lyon and Man.	240	Nurse and Wolf.	219
Lyon and Mouse.	303	O	
Lyon and Hog.	344	Oak and Reed.	430
Lyon and Bull.	120	Old Fellow and Young Wench.	215
Lyon in Love.	121	Owl and Little Birds.	278
Lyon, Fox and Wolfe.	156	Owl and the Sun.	379
Lyon and Man in the Wood.	430	Ox and Heifer.	434
Lyon, Boar and Vulturs.	456	Oxen and Timber.	249
Lyon Generous.	472	Oxen and a piece of Timber.	294
Lyon Raging.	412	One carry'd his Plough to Ease his Oxen.	265
M			373
Man and Satyr.	243	P	
Man Wicked and the Devil.	308	Peacock to Juno.	80
One that Cur'd Mad men	368	Peacock and Pye.	204
Man and Weazle.	127	Peacock and Crane.	234
Man and a Swallow.	441	Peach-Apple and Black-berry	135
Man and a Wooden God.	105	Pigeon and Pye.	260
Man and the Picture of a Lyon.	100	Pigeon and Picture.	196
Man and Two Wives.	141	Pigeon and Crow.	197
Unhappy Match.	173	Pigeons Reconcile the Hawks.	347
Young Fellow about to Marry.	425	Pike sets up for Sovereignty.	334
Matchiavel Condemn'd.	493	Plain Horfe wins the Prize.	339
Mercury and Fishermen.	377	One that Lost his Money at Play.	370
Mercury and a Traveller.	97	Priest and Pears.	298
Mercury and a Carpenter.	128	Priest and Epiphany.	364
Mercury and a Statuary.	170	Priest and Sick man.	367
Mercury and Tiresias.	171	Two Pots.	229
Marchant and a Sea-man	390	R	
Mice and Oak.	287	Raven and Wolves.	381
Mice, Cat and Bell.	391	Raven and Swan.	160
Miller and Ratt.	500	Rats that Eat Copper.	451
Miller burying his Gold.	146	Raven and Snake.	180
Miller and his Bags.	351	Reason of State.	482
Miller and Rotten Apples.	458	River Fish and Sea Fish.	251
Mountain in Labour.	23	River and Fountain.	307
Mountebank and Bear,	478		Rich
No to Morrow.	495		
Mouse in a Chest.	255		
Mouse City and Country.	11		
Mouse and Kite.	321		
Mole and her Dam.	136		

An Alphabetical Table.

	F A B.		F A B.
Rich Man would be no Richer.	400	Trees Streight and Crooked.	266
Rich Man and Poor.	468	Travellers and a Bag of Money.	164
Rich Man and Servant.	282	Travellers by the Sea-side.	189
S		Two Travellers of Differing Humors.	393
Satyr and Fire.	471	Two Travellers find an Oyster.	411
Sea-men Praying to Saints.	272	A Bragging Traveller.	85
Sheep and Crow.	77	Travellers Dreaming.	481
Sheep-biter Hang'd.	330	Trumpeter taken Prisoner.	67
Sheep Quarrels with the Shepherd.	335	Tyger and Fox.	235
Shepherd turn'd Merchant.	99	V.	
Shepherd and Wolves Whelp.	155	Usurers and Curryers.	392
Shepherd and Sheep.	199	Vulturs Invitation.	211
Shepherd, Wolfe and Fox.	443	W.	
Shipwrack of Simonides.	476	Wax and Brick.	304
Smith and his Dog.	117	Wasps in a Honey-Pot.	126
Snake and File.	44	Wasps, Partridges and Husbandman.	137
Snake to Jupiter.	285	Old Weazle and Mice.	81
Snake and Crab.	154	Wench parting with her Sweet-heart.	269
Soldiers and Two Horses.	292	A Creaking Wheel.	339
Son Singing at's Mother's Funeral.	311	The Inconfortable Widow.	208
Sow and Dog.	152	An Old Man gives over Whoring.	326
Sow and Bitch.	153	Widow had a mind to Marry.	283
Two Soldiers go Halves.	429	Wife and Drunken Husband.	157
The Incorrigeable Son.	329	Wolfe and Lamb.	3
Spider and Goat.	388	Wolfe and Crane.	8
Spaniel and Sow.	293	Wolfe and Sow.	22
Stag Drinking.	43	Wolfe, Kid and Goat.	28
Stag and Oxen.	53	Wolfe and Fox.	42
Stag and Horfe.	57	Wolves and Sheep League.	45
Stag with One Eye.	147	Wolves and Dogs agree.	394
Stag and Lyon.	148	Wolfe, Lamb and Goat.	60
Sun and Wind.	223	Wolfe and Kid.	207
Swallow and other Birds.	18	Wolfe and Porcupine.	320
Swallow and Spider.	258	Wolfe and Sheep-skin.	328
Swan and Stork.	267	Wolfe and Lyon.	130
Swan and Goose.	158	Wolfe and Kid.	174
Swallow and Crow.	161	Wolfe and Sheep.	186
T.		Wolfe turn'd Shepherd.	395
Taylor and his Wife.	354	Wolfe turns Religious.	436
A Tavern Bill paid with a Song.	365	Wolfe and Fox.	467
Thrush taken with Birdlime.	49	Wolfe and Hog.	469
Thrush and Swallow.	65	Wolfe and a Weak Young Man.	341
Thunny and Dolphin.	90	A Trepanning Wolfe.	499
Thieves that Stole a Cock.	177	A	
Tree and Wedge.	47		
Old Tree Transplanted.	82		

An Alphabetical Table.

	F A B.		F A B.
A Woman and her Maids.	209	Woman and Two Daughters.	198
An Old Woman and the Devil.	282	A Woman Drown'd.	355
A Woman would Dye for her Husband.	310	Woman Truſted with a Secret.	427
A Woman brought Fire into the Houſe.	348	Woman and Thrushes.	428
A Woman and a Fat Hen.	87	Woman, Cat and Mice.	442
		Woman Reviv'd with Beating.	452

THE

THE
FABLES
OF
ÆSOP, &c.

FABLE I.

A Cock and a Diamond.

A S a Cock was turning up a Dunghill, he spy'd a Diamond. Well (says he to himself) this sparkling Foolery now to a Lapidary in my place, would have been the Making of him; but as to any Use or Purpose of mine, a Barley-Corn had been worth Forty on't.

THE MORAL:

He that's Industrious in an Honest Calling, shall never fail of a Blessing. 'Tis the part of a Wise Man to Prefer Things Necessary before Matters of Curiosity, Ornament, or Pleasure.

REFLEXION.

THE Moralists will have *Wisdom* and *Virtue* to be meant by the *Diamonds*; the *World* and the *Pleasures* of it, by the *Dunghill*; and by the *Cock*, a *Voluptuous Man*, that Abandons himself to his *Lusts*, without any regard, either to the *Study*, the *Practice*, or the *Excellency* of Better Things.

Now, with favour of the *Ancients*, this Fable seems to me, rather to hold forth an Emblem of *Industry* and *Moderation*. The *Cock* lives by his *honest Labor*, and maintains his *Family* out of it; His *Scraping* upon the *Dunghill*, is but *Working* in his *Calling*: The *precious Stone* is only a *gawling Temptation* that *Fortune* throws in his way to divert him from his *Business* and his *Duty*. He would have been glad, he says, of a *Barley-Corn* instead on't; and so casts it aside as a thing not worth the heeding. What is all this now, but the passing of a true Estimate upon the matter in question, in preferring that which *Providence* has made and pronounc'd to be the *Staff of Life*, before a glittering *Gew-Gaw*, that has no other Value, then what *Vanity*, *Pride* and *Luxury*, have set upon't? The *Price* of the *Market* to a *Jeweller* in his *Trade*, is one thing, but the *intrinsic Worth* of a thing, to a *Man of Sense*, and *Judgment*, is another. Nay, that very *Lapidary* himself, with a coming *Stomach*, and in the *Cock's* place, would have made the *Cock's* Choice. The *Doctrin*, in short, may be this; That we are to prefer things *necessary*, before things *superfluous*; the *Comforts* and the

Blessing of Providence, before the dazzling and the splendid Curiosities of Mode and Imagination: And finally, that we are not to govern our Lives by *Fancy*, but by *Reason*.

F A B. II.

A *Cat* and a *Cock*.

IT was the hard Fortune once of a *Cock*, to fall into the Clutches of a *Cat*. *Puffs* had a Months Mind to be upon the Bones of him, but was not willing to pick a Quarrel however, without some plausible Color for't. *Sirrah* (says she) what do you keep such a bawling, and screaming a Nights for, that no body can sleep near you? Alas says the *Cock*, I never wake any body, but when 'tis time for People to rise, and go about their Business. Nay, says the *Cat*, and then there never was such an incestuous Rascal: Why, you make no more Conscience of Lying with your own Mother, and your Sisters — In truth, says the *Cock* again, that's only to provide Eggs for my Master and Mistress. Come come, says *Puffs*, without any more ado, 'tis time for me to go to Breakfast, and *Cats* don't live upon *Dialogues*; at which word she gave him a Pinch, and so made an end, both of the *Cock*, and of the *Story*.

F A B. III.

A *Wolf* and a *Lamb*.

AS a *Wolf* was lapping at the Head of a Fountain, he spy'd a *Lamb*, paddling at the same time, a good way off down the Stream. The *Wolf* had no sooner the Prey in his Eye, but away he runs open-mouth to't. Villain (says he) how dare you lye muddling the Water that I'm a drinking? Indeed, says the poor *Lamb*, I did not think that my drinking there *below*, could have foul'd your Water so far *above*. Nay, says t'other, you'll never leave your chopping of Logick, till your Skin's turn'd over your Ears, as your Fathers was, a matter of six Months ago, for prating at this sawcy rate; you remember it full well, *Sirrah*. If you'll believe me, Sir, (quoth the innocent *Lamb*, with fear and trembling) I was not come into the World then. Why thou Impudence, cries the *Wolf*, hast thou neither Shame, nor Conscience? But it runs in the Blood of your whole Race, *Sirrah*, to hate our Family; and therefore since Fortune has brought us together so conveniently, you shall e'en pay some of your Fore-Fathers Scores before you and I part; and so with-

out

out any more ado, he leapt at the Throat of the miserable helpless *Lamb*, and tore him immediately to pieces.

The MORAL of the Two *Fables* above.

'Tis an Easie Matter to find a Staff to Beat a Dog. Innocence is no Protection against the Arbitrary Cruelty of a Tyrannical Power: But Reason and Conscience are yet so Sacred, that the Greatest Villanies are still Countenanc'd under that Cloak and Color.

R E F L E X I O N.

PRIDE and Cruelty never want a Pretence to do Mischief. The Plea of *Not Guilty* goes for Nothing against Power: For Accusing is Proving, where Malice and Force are Joyn'd in the Prosecution.

When Innocence is to be oppress'd by Might, Arguments are foolish things; nay the very Merits, Vertues, and good Offices of the Person accus'd, are provid'd to his condemnation: As the industry and Watchfulness of the *Cock* here, in the calling of People out of their Beds to work when 'tis time to rise, is turn'd upon him as a Crime. Nay, such is the Confidence of a spiteful Cruelty, that People shall be charg'd (rather than fail) with things utterly impossible, and wholly foreign to the Matter in question. The *Lamb* it self shall be made malicious. And what is this now, but the lively Image of a perverse Reason of State, set up in opposition to Truth and Justice; but under the August Name and Pretence, however of Both? As Loyalty, for the purpose, shall be call'd Rebellion, and the Excrise of the most Necessary Powers of Government, shall pass for Tyranny and Oppression. Decency of Religious Worship shall be made Superstition; Tenderness of Conscience shall be call'd Phanaticism, Singularity and Faction; and the very Articles of the Christian Faith shall be condemn'd for Heresie. Villanies have not the same Countenance, when there are Great Interests, Potent Mediations Presents, Friends, Advocates, Plausible Colours, and Flourishes of Wit, and Rhetorique, Interpos'd betwixt the Sight and the Object. There are ways of Deceiving the Eyes, as well as of Blinding them; so that the Cause of the Innocent must be Remitted at last to that Great and Final Decision, where there is no longer any Place for Passion, Partiality, Corruption, or Error. But as to the Business of this World, when the *Cocks* and the *Lambs* lie at the Mercy of *Cats* and *Wolves*, they must never expect better Quarters; especially where the Hearts Blood of the One, is the Nourishment and Entertainment of the Other.

F A B. IV.

A *Frog* and a *Mouse*.

THere fell out a Bloody Quarrel once betwixt the *Frogs* and the *Mice*, about the Sovereignty of the Fenns; and whilst Two of their Champions were Disputing it at Swords Point, Down comes a *Kite* Powdering upon them in the *Interim*, and Gobbles up both together, to Part the Fray.

B 2

F A B.

F A B. V.

A *Lion* and a *Bear*.

THERE was a *Lion* and *Bear* had gotten a *Fawn* betwixt them, and there were they at it *Tooth and Nail*, which of the Two should carry't off. They Fought it out, till they were e'en glad to lie down, and take Breath. In which Instant, a *Fox* passing that way, and finding how the case stood with the Two Combatants, seized upon the *Fawn* for his Own Use, and so very fairly scamper'd away with him. The *Lion*, and the *Bear* saw the Whole Action, but not being in condition to Rise and Hinder it, they pass'd this Reflexion upon the whole matter; Here have we been Worrying one another, who should have the Booty, 'till this Curfed Fox has Bobb'd us Both on't.

The M O R A L, of the Two Fables above.

'Tis the Fate of All Gotham Quarrels, when Fools go together by the Ears, to have Knaves run away with the Stakes,

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is no more than what we see Dayly in Popular Factions, where Pragmatical Fools commonly begin the Squabble, and Crafty Knaves reap the Benefit of it. There is very rarely any Quarrel, either Publique, or Private, whether betwixt Persons, or Parties, but a Third Watches, and hopes to be the Better for't.

And all is but according to the Old Proverb, *While Two Dogs are Fighting for a Bone, a Third runs away with it. Divide and Govern*, is a Rule of State, that we see Confirm'd and Supported by Dayly Practice and Experience: So that 'tis none of the Slightest Arguments for the Necessity of a Common Peace, that the Litigants Tear one another to pieces for the Benefit of some Third Interest, that makes Advantage of their Disagreement. This is no more than what we find upon Experience through the whole History of the World in All Notable Changes, and Revolutions; that is to say, the Contentents have been still made a Pray to a Third Party. And this has not been only the Fate and the Event of Popular Quarrels, but the Punishment of them; for the Judgment still Treads upon the Heel of the Wickedness. People may talk of *Liberty, Property, Conscience, Right of Title, &c.* but the Main Business and Earnest of the World, is *Money, Dominion, and Power*, and how to Compas those Ends; and not a Rush matter at last, whether it be by Force, or by Cunning. Might and Right are Inseperable, in the Opinion of the World; and he that has the Longer Sword, shall never want, either Lawyers, or Divines to Defend his Claim. But then comes the *Kite*, or the *Fox*, in the Conclusion; that is to say, some Third Party, that either by Strength, or by Craft, Masters both Plaintiff and Defendant, and carries away the Booty.

F A B.

F A B. VI.

A *Dog* and a *Shadow*.

AS a *Dog* was crossing a River, with a Morfel of Good Flesh in his Mouth, he saw (as he thought) Another *Dog* under the Water, upon the very same Adventure. He never consider'd that the One was only the *Image* of the Other; but out of a Greediness to get Both, he Chops at the *Shadow*, and Loses the *Substance*.

The M O R A L.

All Covet, All Lose; which may serve for a Reproof to Those that Govern their Lives by Fancy and Appetite, without Consulting the Honor, and the Justice of the Case

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is the Case of unreasonable, and Insatiable Desires; as in Love, Ambition, and the Like; where People are still reaching at More and More, till they lose All in the Conclusion.

There are more Meanings of *Substance* and *Shadow*; of Mistaking One for T'other; and Losing All by Chopping at More; than the Bare Sense and Letter of the *Dog*, the *Flesh*, and the *Image* here in the Fable. Under these Heads are comprehended all Inordinate Desires, Vain Hopes, and Miserable Disappointments. What shall we say of those that spend their Days in Gaping after Court-Favours and Preferments; Servile Flatteries, and Slavish Attendances; That Live, and Entertain themselves upon Blessings in Vision? (For Fair Words and Promises, are no more than Empty Appearances) What is all This, but Sacrificing a Mans Honour, Integrity, Liberty, Reason, Body, Soul, Fortune, and All, for *Shadows*? We place our Trust in Things that have no Being; Disorder our Minds, Discompose our Thoughts, Entangle our Estates, and Sell our selves, in One Word, for Bubbles. How wretched is the Man that does not know when he's Well, but passes away the Peace and Comfort of his Life, for the Gratifying of a Fantastical Appetite, or Humour! Nay, and he Misses his Aim, even in That too, while he Squanders away his Interest, and Forfeits his Discretion, in the Pursuit of One Vanity after Another. Ambition is a Ladder that reaches from Earth to Heaven; and the First Round is but so many Inches in a Mans way towards the Mounting of All the Rest. He's never well till he's at the Top, and when he can go no Higher, he must either Hang in the Air, or Fall; For in This Case, he has nothing above him to Aspire to, nor any Foot-Hold left him to come down by. Every Man has what's Sufficient, at Hand, and in Catching at more than he can carry away, he loses what he Had. Now there's Ingratitude, as well as Disappointment, in all these Rambling and Extravagant Motions: Beside, that Avarice is always Beggerly; for He that Wants, has as good as Nothing. The Desire of More and More, rises by a Natural Gradation to Most, and after that, to All; Till in the Conclusion we find our selves Sick and Weary of All that's possible to be had; solicitous for something else, and then when we have spent our Days in the Quest of the Meanest Things, and at the

F e e t

Feet too of the Worst of Men, we find at the bottom of the Account, that all the Enjoyments under the Sun, are not worth Struggling for. What can be Vainer now, than to Lavish out our Lives and Fortunes in the Search and Purchase of Trifles; and at the same time to lye Carking for the Unprofitable Goods of this World, and in a restless Anxiety of Thought for what's to come. The Folly, in fine, of these Vexatious and Frivolous Pursuits, shews it self in all the Transports of our Wild and Ungovern'd Affections.

Here is further set forth in this Emblem, All the Fabulous Torments of Hell, even Above-Ground. Men that are Tainted with this Appetite are ready to dye of *Thirst*, with *Tantalus*, and the Water running at their very Lips. They are Condemn'd with the *Sisters*, to the Filling of *Tubs* with *Holes* in 'em; which is but a Lively Figure of so much Labor spent in Vain, upon the Gratifying of Unreasonable Desires. What's a Man's Contending with Insuperable Difficulties, but the Rolling of *Sisyphus's Stone* up the Hill, which is sure before-hand, to Return upon him again? What's an Eternal Circulation of the same Things, as well as the same Steps, without Advancing one Inch of Ground towards his Journey's End, but *Ixion* in the *Wheel*? And all this while, with Cares, and Horrors at his Heart, like the *Vultur* that's Day and Night Quarrying upon *Prometheus's Liver*.

But after all that's said upon this Subject, of our Mistake, and Punishment, the Great Nicety will lye in Rightly Distinguishing betwixt the *Substance*, and the *Shadow*; and in what degree of Preference the one stands to the other. Now this must be according to *Epicurus's* Distribution of Matters, into what we have in our own Power; and what not; and in Placing things Honest and Necessary, before other Subordinate Satisfaction. *Æsop's Dog* here was in the Possession of a very Good Breakfast, and he knew very well what he had in his Mouth; but still, either out of Levity, Curiosity, or Greediness, he must be Chopping at something else, that he neither wanted, nor Understood, till he lost All for a *Shadow*; that is to say, for just nothing at All.

F A B. VII.

A **Lion**, an **Ass**, &c. a Hunting.

A *Lion*, an *Ass*, and some other of their Fellow-Forresters, went a Hunting one day; and every one to go *share and share-like* in what they took. They pluck'd down a Stag, and cut him up into so many Parts; but as they were entering upon the Dividend, *Hands off* says the *Lion*: *This Part is mine by the Privilege of my Quality: This*, because I'll have it *in spite of your Teeth: This* again, because I took most *Pains* for't; and if you Dispute the *Fourth*, we must e'en Pluck a Crow about it. So the Confederates Mouchs were all stop't, and they went away as mute as Fishes.

The

The MORAL.

There's no Entering into Leagues or Partnerships, with those that are either too Powerful, or too Crafty for us. He that has the Staff in his Hand will be his Own Carver. Bought Wit is B ft.

R E F L E X I O N

SAVING the Incongruity of making the *Ass* a Beast of Prey, we are to learn from hence the Danger of Unequal Alliances; where the Poor and the Weak lye at the Mercy of the Rich and the Powerful; and no Remedy but Patience and Resignation.

People should have a care how they Engage themselves in Partnerships with Men that are too Mighty for them, whether it be in Money, Pleasure, or Business. *Find out something*, says a Court-Minion, and then upon the Discovery, he lays hands on't for himself. So Says, and so Does the *Lion* here to the *Ass* and his Companions. Now this is only a State-way of Fishing with Cormorants. Men in Power, Plunge their Clients into the Mud, with a Ring about their Necks; So that let them bring up what they will, nothing goes down with them that they shall be ever the Better for. And when they come in Conclusion to Cast up the Profit and Loss of the Purchase, or the Project; what betwixt Force, Interest, and Good Manners, the Adventurer escapes well if he can but get off at last with *his Labor for his Pains*.

Ambition, and the Insatiable Thirst of Money, Greatness, and Glory, know no other Bounds of Justice or Conscience, than the Measures of a Corrupt Appetite. Services are paid with Smoak and Fair Words; and there goes a World of Unprofitable Ceremony to the Mortifying of an Honest Man. Promises and Protestations are only Passages of Course, and meer Expletives; that in the Construction of Civility, and Good Breeding, signifie no more than [*Your Humble Servant Sir.*] All, in short, that the *Lion* says and does, in this Instance, is but according to the Practice of Men in Power in a Thousand other Cases.

F A B. VIII.

A **Wolf** and a **Crane**.

A *Wolf* had got a Bone in's Throat, and could think of no better Instrument to Eate him of it, than the Bill of a *Crane*; so he went and Treated with a *Crane* to help him out with it, upon Condition of a very considerable Reward for his pains. The *Crane* did him the Good Office, and then claim'd his Promise. Why how now Impudence! (says t'other) Do you put your Head into the Mouth of a *Wolf*, and then, when y'ave brought it out again safe and sound, do you talk of a Reward? Why Sirrah, you have your Head again, and is not that a Sufficient Recompence.

The

The MORAL.

One Good Turn they say requires another: But yet He that has to do with Wild Beasts (as some Men are No Better) and comes off with a Whole Skin, let him Expect No Other Reward.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable will bear Divers Morals; as First, That it is but Due Gratitude to be Thankful to our Preservers. Secondly, The *Crane's* Good Fortune can hardly Excuse his Facility. And then the *Crane* did Ill again to Insist upon a Reward; for a Good Office pays it self; neither was he reasonably to Expect that so Perfidious a Creature should keep Touch with him. Thirdly, Though the *Wolf* was to blame for not making Good his Promise, there is yet in Equity a kind of a Reward, in not Chopping off his Head when he had it at Mercy.

The Case of the *Crane* here, is a Case of Conscience; for 'tis a Nice Business to Determine, how far Wicked Men in their Distresses may be Reliev'd; How far they *Ought* to be Reliev'd; and to what Degree of Loss, Labor, and Difficulty, a Sober, a Wife, and a Good Man may Interpose to their Redress. He may *Give*; he may *Lend*, he may *Venture*, so far as Generosity and Good Nature shall prompt him; provided always that he go no farther than the Conscience of the Cause, or of the Action will Warrant him. A Man is at *Liberty*, 'tis true, to do many Kind and Brave Offices, which he is not *Bound* to do: And if the Largeness of his Heart shall carry him beyond the Line of Necessary Prudence, we may reckon upon it only as a more illustrious Weakness.

Here is a Fiction of *One Crane* that scap'd, that there might not want One Instance of an Encouragement to a Dangerous Act of Charity: But this One Instance is not yet sufficient to justify the making a Common Practice of it, upon the same Terms. 'Tis possible for One Blot not to be Hit; or to be Over-seen perhaps. And so 'tis as possible for One Ill Man, either not to think of the Mischief he could do, or to slip the Occasion of it; but such a Deliverance however, is a Thing to Thank Providence for, without standing upon a Reward for the Service. The Bone in the Throat of the *Wolf*, may be Understood of any sort of Pinch, or Calamity, either in Body, Liberty, or Fortune. How many do we see Daily, Gaping and Struggling with Bones in their Throats, that when they have gotten them drawn out, have Attempted the Ruin of their Deliverers! The World, in short, is full of Practices and Examples to Answer the Intent of this Fable; and there are Thousands of Consciences that will be Touch'd with the Reading of it, whose Names are not written in their Foreheads.

F A B. IX.

A Countryman and a Snake.

A Countryman happen'd in a Hard Winter to spy a Snake under a Hedge, that was half Frozen to Death. The Man was Good Natur'd and Took it up, and kept it in his Bosom, till Warmth brought it to Life again; and so soon as ever it

was

was in Condition to do Mischief, it bit the very Man that sav'd the Life on't. Ah thou Ungrateful Wretch! Says he, Is that Venomous Ill Nature of thine to be Satisf'd with nothing less than the Ruine of thy Preserver?

The MORAL.

There are Some Men like Some Snakes; 'Tis Natural to them to be doing Mischief, and the Greater she Benefit on the One side, the More implacable is the Malice on the other.

REFLEXION.

HE that takes an Ungrateful Man into his Bosom, is well nigh sure to be Betray'd; and it is no longer Charity, but Folly, to think of Obliging the Common Enemies of Mankind. But 'tis no New thing for good Natur'd Men to meet with Ungrateful Returns. Wherefore Friendships, Charities, and Kindnesses, should be well Weigh'd and Examin'd, as to the Circumstances of Time, Place, Manner, Person, and Proportion, before we Sign and Seal. A Man had much better take a *Tyger* into his Grounds, than a *Snake* into his Bosom. How many Examples have we seen with our own Eyes, of Men that have been pick'd up and Reliev'd out of Starving Necessities, without either Spirit, or Strength to do Mischief, who in requital have afterwards conspir'd against the Life, Honor, and Fortune of their Patrons and Redeemers. Did ever any of these *Human Snakes* lose their Venom for lying under some Temporary Incapacity of Using it? Will they be ever the less Dangerous and Malicious, when Warmth shall bring them to themselves again; because they were once frozen and Benumm'd with Cold? The very Credulity Encourages an Abuse, where the Will to do Mischief only waits for the Power, and Opportunity of putting it in Execution. Facility makes the Innocent a Prey to the Crafty: The *Snake*, after his Recovery, is the very same *Snake* still, that he was at first. How many People have we read of in Story, that after Pardon for One Rebellion, have been taken in Another with that very Pardon in their Pockets, and the Ink scarce Dry upon the Parchment? Now all this is no more than the *Proverb* in a *Fable*: *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll Cut your Throat.*

F A B. X.

A Lion and an Ass.

AN *Ass* was so Hardy once, as to fall a Mopping and Bray-ing at a *Lion*. The *Lion* began at first to shew his Teeth, and to Stomack the Affront; but upon Second Thoughts; Well! (says he) *Jeer on, and be an Ass* still. Take notice only by the way, that 'tis the Baseness of your Character that has sav'd your Carcass.

C

The

The MORAL.

It is below the Dignity of a Great Mind to Entertain Contests with People that have neither Quality nor Courage: Beside the Folly of Contending with a Miserable Wretch, where the very Competition is a Scandal.

REFLEXION.

SCOUNDRELS are apt to be Insolent toward their Superiors; but it does not yet become a man of Honor and Wisdom, to Contest with Mean Rascals; and to Answer Every Fool in his Folly. One Indignity is not to be Reveng'd by Another.

The very Contest sets the Master and the Man upon the Same Level; and the Lion was in the Right, not to Cast away his Displeasure upon an Ass, where there was only Reputation to be Lost, and None to be Gotten. The very Beasts of the Forrest will Rise up in Judgment against such men. Contempt in such a Case as This, is the only Honorable Revenge.

F A B. XI.

A City House and a Country House.

There goes an Old Story of a *Country Mouse* that Invited a *City-Sister* of hers to a Country Collation, where she spar'd for Nothing that the Place afforded; as Mouldy Crufts, Cheese-Parings, Musty Oatmeal, Rusty Bacon, and the like. Now the *City-Dame* was so well bred, as Seemingly to take All in Good Part: But yet at last, Sister (says she, after the Civilest Fashion) why will you be Miserable when you may be Happy? Why will you lie Pining, and Pinching your self in such a Lonesome Starving Course of Life as This is; when 'tis but going to Town along with Me; to Enjoy all the Pleasures, and Plenty that Your Heart can Wish? This was a Temptation the *Country Mouse* was not able to Resist; so that away they Trudg'd together, and about Midnight got to their Journeys End. The *City-Mouse* shew'd her Friend the Larder, the Pantry, the Kitchen, and Other Offices where she laid her Stores; and after This, carry'd her into the Parlour, where they found, yet upon the Table, the Reliques of a Mighty Entertainment of That very Night. The *City-Mouse* Carv'd her Companion of what she lik'd Best, and so to't they fell upon a Velvet Couch together: The Poor *Bumkin* that had never seen, nor heard of such Doings before, Bless'd her self at the Change of her Condition, when (as ill luck would have it) all on a Sudden; the Doors flew open, and in comes a Crew of Roaring Bullies, with their Wenches, their Dogs and their Bottles, and put the Poor *Mice* to their Wits End, how to save their Skins. The Stranger Especially, that had never been at This

Sport

Sport before; but she made a Shift however for the present, to sink into a Corner, where she lay Trembling and Panting 'till the Company went their Way. So soon as ever the House was Quiet again, Well: My Court Sister, says she, If This be the Way of Your Town-Gambles, I'll e'en back to my Cottage, and my Mouldy Cheese again; for I had much rather lie Knabbing of Crufts, without either Fear or Danger, in my Own Little Hole, than be Mistress of the Whole World with Perpetual Cares and Alarums.

The MORAL.

The Difference betwixt a Court and a Country Life. The Delights, Innocence, and Security of the One, Compar'd with the Anxiety, the Lewdness, and the Hazards of the Other.

REFLEXION.

THE Design of This Fable is to set forth the Advantages of a Private Life, above Those of a Publick; which are, certainly very Great, if the Blessings of Innocence, Security, Meditation, Good Air, Health, and sound Sleeps, without the Rages of Wine, and Lust, or the Contagion of Idle Examples, can make them so: For Every Thing there, is Natural and Gracious. There's the Diversion of All Healthful Exercises for the Body; The Entertainment of the Place, and of the Rivers, without any Base Interest to Corrupt, either the Virtue, or the Peace of our Lives. He that's a Slave in the Town is a kind of a Petty Prince in the Country. He loves his Neighbours, without Pride, and lives in Charity with the Whole World. Altho' he sees in his Own, as to the Delight of it, without Envying the Prosperity. His Doors are not Troubled with either Dunns, or Foools, and he has the Sages of All Times in his Cabinet for his Companions. He lives to Himself as well as to the World, without Brawles or Quarrels, of any sort whatsoever. He sees No Bloody Murders; He hears No Blasphemous Execrations; He lives free from the Plagues of Jealousie and Envy: And This is the Life in fine, that the Greatest, and the Wisest Men in the World, Have, or would have made Choice of, if Cares and Business had not Hinder'd them from so Great a Blessing.

'Tis against Common Justice to pass Sentence without hearing Both sides: And the Only way to come to a True Estimate upon the Odds betwixt a Publick and a Private Life, is to Try Both. Virtue is only Glorious in the Native Simplicity of it, and while it holds no Communication with Interest, Fancy, Sense, or Ornament: Wherefore Æsop has done Wisely to cast the Issue of the Question upon the Experiment, *Far from Jupiter* (says the Adage) *far from the Thunder.* What signifies the Splendor, and the Luxury of Courts, considering the Slavish Attendants, the Invidious Competitions, and the Mortal Disappointments that go along with it. The Frowns of Princes, and the Envy of those that Judge by Hearsay, or Appearance; without either Reason, or Truth! To say nothing of the Innumerable Temptations, Vices, and Excesses, of a Life of Pomp, and Pleasure. Let a man but set the Pleasing of his Palate against the Surfeits of Gluttony and Excess, The Starving of his Mind against a Pamper'd Carcase; The Restless Impertinities of Tale bearers and Back Friends, against Fair Words and Professions only from

the Teeth outward: Let him, Ifay, but set the One in Ballance against the Other, and he shall find himself Miserable, even in the very Glut of his Delights. To say All in a Word; Let him but set the Comforts of a Life spent in Noise, Formality, and Tumult, against the Blessings of a Retreat with Competency and Freedom, and then Cast up his Account.

What Man then, that is not stark Mad, will Voluntarily Expose himself to the Imperious Brow-beatings and Scorns of Great Men! to have a Dagger struck to his Heart in an Embrace; To be torn to pieces by Calumny, nay to be a Knave in his own Defence! for the Honester the Worse, in a Vicious Age, and where 'tis a Crime not to be like the Company. Men of that Character are not to be Read, and Understood by their Words, but by their Interests; their Promises and Protestations are no longer Binding than while they are Profitable. But *Baudoin* has done so well upon this Fable, that there needs no more to be said to't.

F A B. XII.

A Crow and a Muscle.

There was one of Your *Royston Crows*, that lay Battering upon a *Muscle*, and could not for his Blood break the Shell to come at the Fish. A *Carrion-Crow*, in this *Interim*, comes up, and tells him, that what he could not do by Force, he might do by Stratagem. Take this *Muscle* up into the Air, says the *Crow*, as High as you can carry it, and then let him fall upon that Rock there; His Own Weight, You shall see, shall break him. The *Roystoner* took his Advice, and it succeeded accordingly; but while the One was upon Wing, the Other stood Lurching upon the Ground, and flew away with the Fish.

The MORAL.

Charity begins at Home, they say; and most People are kind to their Neighbours for their Own sakes.

R E F L E X I O N.

IT is no longer an Amity of Virtue, but of Design, when we seek our Own Interest, under Colour of obliging Others; and men of Frankness and Simplicity, are the most easily Impos'd upon, where they have Craft and Treachery to deal withal. The Imposture, in Truth, can hardly Miscarry, where there is a full Confidence on the One side, and a Plausible Address and Disposition on the Other; wherefore 'tis good to be Wary, but so as not to be Inexorable, where there is but any place for Charity it self to hope for better things; Not but that a Supine, Credulous Facility exposes a man to be both a Prey, and a Laughing-stock, at once 'Tis not for us to judge of the good Faith of mens Intentions, but by the Light we receive from their Works. We may set up this for a Rule however, that where the Adviser is to be evidently the Better for the Council, and the Advised, in Manifest Danger to be the worse for't, there's no Medling. The *Crow's* Counsel was good enough in itself; but it was given with a fraudulent Intention.

F A B.

F A B. XIII.

A Fox and a Raven.

A Certain *Fox* spy'd out a *Raven* upon a Tree with a Morfel in his mouth, that set his Chops a watering; but how to come at it was the Question. Oh thou Blessed Bird! (says he) the Delight of Gods, and of Men! and so he lays himself forth upon the Gracefulness of the *Ravens* Person, and the Beauty of his Plumes; His Admirable Gift of *Augury*, &c. And now, says the *Fox*, If thou hadst but a Voice answerable to the rest of thy Excellent Qualities, the Sun in the Firmament could not shew the World such Another Creature. This Nauseous Flattery sets the *Raven* immediately a Gaping as Wide as ever he could stretch, to give the *Fox* a taste of his Pipe; but upon the Opening of his Mouth he drops his Breakfast, which the *Fox* presently Chopt up, and then had him remember, that whatever he had said of his *Beauty*, he had spoken Nothing yet of his *Brains*.

The MORAL.

There's hardly any man Living that may not be wrought upon more or less by Flattery: For we do all of us Naturally Overween in our Own Favour: But when it comes to be Apply'd once to a Vain Fool, it makes him forty times an Arranter Sot than he was before.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable shews us the Danger and the Nature of Flattery. It calls Good Things by Ill Names, and Ill by Good; but it will never be out of Credit, so long as there are Knaves to Give it, and Fools to Take it. It is never more Pernicious than in the Courts of Great Princes, because a good deal of it looks like Duty; as in private Cases, it carries a face of Friendship. The way to Rise is to Please, and whatever is gotten by't, comes by Treachery. 'Tis a Design that endangers both Body, Soul, and Estate; and not One Man of a Million that's Proof against it. But Great and Good Men will rather look for their Character in the Writings and Precepts of the Philosophers, than in the *Hyperboles* of their Flatterers. For they know very well that *Wise Books* are the Only True Friends.

There's a Fawning, Crafty Knave, and a Vain Easie Fool, well met, in this Fable of the *Fox* and the *Raven*; which is no more at last, than One sort of Rascal Cajoling Another; And then to shew us, both that Impudence will stick at nothing, and that a Self-Conceited Fop will swallow Any thing, the *Raven's* Beauty forsooth, and his Voice are the *Topiques*, that *Reynard* has made choice of to Dilate upon. The two main Ends of Flattery, are Profit, or Safety, though there are many others too that are less Principal; but in some respect or other, Reducible to these Heads. The One is too Mercenary, and the Other too Servile, for a man of Worth. There are also several sorts and degrees of it under this Division; and divers ways of Address and Application. But *Flattery* is *Flattery* still, and the Moral extends to All.

Tis

'Tis in it self an Unmanly, Slavish Vice; but it is much Worse yet for the Alliance it has to *Hypocrisie*: for while we make other people think Better of themselves than they Deserve, we make them think Better of Us too than We Deserve: For Self-love and Vanity on the One hand, Assists the Falshens and Confidence on the Other, while it serves to confirm weak Minds in the Opinion they had of Themselves before; and makes them Partics, effectually, in a Conspiracy, to their Own Ruin. The Measures, and the Artifices of it are Many, and in divers Cases so like Sincerity, that what betwixt Custom, and the Nature of the Thing, it looks, in truth, like a Virtue, and a Duty; that is to say, where it is so manag'd, as to be rather Instructive than puffing up. As for Example, for a body to say, [*This or That was Wisely foreseen,*] Or [*You intend, I presume, to go This or That Way to Work:*] and the like. Such an Insinuation as this is, carries the Force in it of a Tacite, and a prudent Advice; for it both serves to point out the Reason of the thing, and it preserves the Decency of that Respect which ought to go along with it. 'Tis a good Hint, the very suggesting of such or such a Precaution, though the consideration perhaps never came near the others Thoughts. But there is a certain Habitual Meanness of Soul, which has so far prevail'd in the World, that Common Civility is no less Tainted by Course and Custom, than Friendship and Conversation is by Corruption.

It is the Parasites Art to cast himself into all Shapes that may suit with the Figure of his Patron, in what Post, Function, or Administration soever; and to frame the Air and Countenance of his Words, Looks, and Actions accordingly, with a respect to his Power, Wisdom, Conduct, Bravery, Generosity, Justice, or what other Subject he thinks fit to treat upon. So that let him be never so Perfidious, Shallow, Rash, Timorous, Envious, Malicious, Proud, Covetous, &c. a Little *Court Holy Water* Washes off all Stains. And what is this upon the Main now, but an Exchange of Air for Substance, and parting with All that either is, or ought to be Dear to us, for a Song? The Flatterer, first Counsels his Patron to his Loss; and then betrays him into the making himself Ridiculous; as what can be more so, than for a *Raven* to Value himself upon his *Croaking*, or an *Ass* upon his *Braying*? The only Benefit, or Good of Flattery is this; that by Hearing what we are *Not*; we may be Instructed what we *Ought* to be.

F A B. XIV.

An Old Lion.

A Lion that in the Days of his Youth and Strength, had been very Outragious and Cruel, came in the end to be Reduced by Old Age, and Infirmary, to the last Degree of Misery, and Contempt: Inasmuch that All the Beasts of the Forest; some out of Insolence, others in Revenge, some in fine, upon One Pretence, some upon Another, fell upon him by Consent. He was a Miserable Creature to all Intents and Purposes; but Nothing went so near the Heart of him in his Distress, as to find himself Batter'd by the Heel of an *Ass*.

The

The MORAL.

A Prince that does not secure Friends to Himself while he is in Power and Condition to oblige them, must never expect to find Friends, when he is Old and Impotent, and no longer Able to do them any Good. If he Governes Tyrannically in his Youth, he will be sure to be Treated Contemptuously in his Age; and the Baser his Enemies are, the more Insolent, and Intolerable will be the Affront.

R E F L E X I O N.

This may serve for a Lesson to men in Power, that they Treasure up Friends in their Prosperity, against a time of Need; for He that does not Secure himself of a stock of Reputation in his Greatness, shall most Certainly fall Unpitied in his Adversity: And the Baser his Enemies are, the more insupportable is the Insolence, and the forwarder will they be to Trample upon him.

The Case of this Miserable *Old Lion* may serve to put Great Men in mind, that the Wheel of Time, and of Fortune is still Rolling, and that they themselves are to lie down at last in the Grave with Common Dust: And without any thing to support them in their Age, but the Reputation, Virtue and Conscience of a well-spent Youth. Nay Age it self, is well-nigh sufficient to Deface every Letter and Action in the History of a Meritorious Life. For Old Services are Bury'd under the Ruines of an Old Carcass: But there are None yet that fall so Unpitied; so Just, so Necessary, and so Grateful a Sacrifice to the Rage and Scorn of common People, as those that have rais'd themselves upon the Spoils of the Publick: Especially when that Oppression is Aggravated with a Wanton Cruelty, and with Blood and Rapine, for the very love of Wickedness. It is a kind of Arrogance, in such a case, to be Honest, where 'tis both a Fashion, and a Credit to be Other.

The *Lion* is here upon his Death Bed; Not a Friend left him, nor so much as an Enemy, with either Fangs or Claws, that does not stand Gaping and Waiting for a Collop of him. Here he lies, Faint, Poor, and Defenceless under the Judgment of Divine Vengeance, and the Animadversion of Humane Justice, both at once; stung in his own Thoughts with the Guilty Remembrance of the Pride and Riot of his Youth, Abandon'd and Despis'd, by the Righteous Retaliation of Heaven it self: All his Sins, as well as all his Adversaries; his Frauds, and Cruelties; Broken Vows, Promises and Contracts, his Tyranny and Hypocrisie, and the Iniquity, in fine, of All his Councils, and Practices for the Ruine of the Guiltless flying in the face of him.

F A B. XV.

An Ass and a whelp.

A Gentleman had got a Favourite *Spaniel*, that would be still Toying, and Leaping upon him, Licking his Cheeks, and playing a Thousand pretty Gamboles, which the Master was well enough pleas'd withall. This Wanton Humour succeeded so well with the *Puppy*, that an *Ass* in the House would needs go the same

same Gamefom Way to Work, to Curry favour for Himself too; but he was quickly given to understand, with a Good Cudgel, the Difference betwixt the One Play-Fellow and the Other.

THE MORAL.

People that live by Example, should do well to look very Narrowly into the Force and Authority of the President, without Saying, or Doing Things at a Venture: for that may Become One Man, which would be Absolutely Intolerable in Another, under Differing Circumstances.

REFLEXION.

Under the Allegory of the *Asse*, is Insinuated the Licence of a *Buffoon* There's Mischief and Scandal in the very Sport, and Humour of it. There are some men that seem to have Brutal Minds wrapt up in Humane Shaps, Their very Careffes are Rude and Importune, and with *Æsops Asse* here, their very Compliments deserve a Correction, rather than an Encouragement or a Reward.

All Creatures have somewhat in them peculiar to their Several *Species*; and that Practice is still the Best which is most Consonant to the Nature of them, by a Common Instinct. The *Fawnings* of an *Asse* are as Unnatural as the *Brayings* would be of a *Dog*, and a man would as soon Chuse him for his Bed-fellow as for his Play fellow. He that follows Nature is never out of his Way; and that which is Best for every Man, is Fittest for him too. He does it with Ease and Success, whereas all Imitation is Put'd, and Servile.

F A B. XVI.

A *Lion* and a *Moufe*.

UPON the Roaring of a Beast in the Wood, a *Moufe* ran presently out to see what News: and what was it, but a *Lion* Hamper'd in a Net! This Accident brought to her mind, how that she her self, but some few Days before, had fall'n under the Paw of a Certain Generous *Lion*, that let her go again. Upon a Strict Enquiry into the Matter, she found This to be That very *Lion*; and so set her self presently to Work upon the Couplings of the Net; Gnaw'd the Threads to pieces, and in Gratitude Deliver'd her Preserver.

THE MORAL.

Without Good Nature, and Gratitude, Men had as good live in a Wildernesse as in a Society. There is no Subject so Inconsiderable, but his Prince, at some time or Other, may have Occasion for him, and it holds through the Whole Scale of the Creation, that the Great and the Little have Need one of Another.

R E.

REFLEXION.

There is nothing so Little, but Greatness may come to Stand in need on't, and therefore Prudence and Discretion ought to have a place in Clemency, as well as in Piety and Justice. 'Tis *Doing as we would be done by*; and the Obligation is yet Stronger, when there is Gratitude, as well as Honour and Good Nature in the Case. The Generosity of the *Lion*, and the Gratitude of the *Moufe*; The Power, the Dignity, and the Emittance of the One, and the Meanness of the Other; do all Concur to the making of this a very Instructive Fable. Who would have thought that Providence should ever have laid the Life of a *Lion* at the Mercy of a *Moufe*? But the Divine Wisdom that brings the Greatest Ends to pass by the most Despicable Means, Orders the Reward of Virtue, and the punishment of Vice, by Ways only known to it self, in token of an Approbation of the One and a Dislike of the Other.

Here's a Recommendation of Clemency and Wisdom, Both in One, for the *Lion*, in sparing the Life of the *Moufe*, sav'd his Own; and has left us in this Fable, an Instance of a Grateful Beast, that will stand upon Record to the Confusion of many an Ungrateful Man; that is to say, against those that in their Prosperity forget their Friends, that to their Loss and Hazard, stood by and succour'd them in their Adversity. This is a Sin of so odious and Dangerous an Example, that it puts even Piety, and Gratitude it self out of Countenance. And then the Tenderness on the other side, is Matter of Interest, and ordinary Prudence, as well as of Virtue. If this *Lion* had kill'd the *Moufe*, what would the other *Mice* have said or Done afterwards, when they should have found the same *Lion* in the Toil? [Have a care Good People; for this is he that killed our Sister, and we cannot save His Life, without Hazarding our Own. If the Huntsman Kill Him, we are sure He'll never Kill Us; Beside that we shall have one Enemy the fewer for't, when he's gone.] Now the Reason of *Æsops Moufe* here, works quite Another way. This *Lion*, (says he) gave Me my Life, when he had it at Mercy, and it is now My Turn, and Duty, to do what I can to preserve His. No Flesh, in fine, can be so Great as not to tremble under the Force, and Consequences of this President.

F A B. XVII.

A Sick *Kite* and her *Mother*.

PRAY *Mother* (says a Sick *Kite*) Give over these Idle Lamentations, and let Me rather have your Prayers. Alas! my Child, (says the *Dam*) which of the Gods shall I go to; for a Wretch that has Robb'd All their Altars?

THE MORAL.

Nothing but the Conscience of a Virtuous Life can make Death Ease to us, Wherefore there's No trusting to the Distraction of an Agonizing, and a Death-bed Repentance.

D

THE

REFLEXION.

THE *Kite's* Death-bed Devotion and Repentance works like the Charity and Piety of a great many Penitents we meet with in the World; that after the Robbing of Temples, the prophaning of Altars, and other Violences of Rapine and Oppression, Build an Hospital perhaps, or some Little Alms-House, out of the Ruines of the Church, and the spils of Widows and Orphans; put up a Bill for the Prayers of the Congregation; Wipe their Mouths, and All's well again. But 'tis not for a Wicked Life to trust to the Hazzards of an Uncertain State, and Disposition at the point of Death. When Men come to that Last Extremity once, by Languor, Pain, or Sickness; and, to lie Agonizing betwixt Heaven and Hell, under the stroke either of a Divine Judgment, or of Human Frailty, they are not commonly so sensible of their Wickedness, or so Effectually touch'd with the remorse of a true Repentance, as they are Distracted with the terrors of Death, and the Dark Visionary Apprehensions of what's to come. People in that Condition do but discharge themselves of Burden on Reflexions, as they do of the Cargo of a Ship at Sea that has sprung a Leak: Every thing is done in a Hurry, and men only part with their Sins in the one Case, as they do with their Goods in the other; to Fish them up again, so soon as the storm is over. Grace must be very strong in these Conflicts, wholly to Vanquish the weaknesses of Distressed Nature. That certainly is none of the time to make Choice of for the Great Work of reconciling our selves to Heaven, when we are divided, and confounded betwixt an Anguish of Body, and of Mind: And the Man is worse than Mad that Ventures his Salvation upon that Desperate Issue. We have abundance of these *Sick Kites* in the World, that after a Sacrilegious Life, spent in the Robbing of the Church, would willingly be thought to Die in the Bosom of it.

F A B. XVIII.

A Swallow and other Birds.

There was a Country Fellow at work a Sowing his Grounds, and a *Swallow* (being a Bird famous for Providence and Foresight) call'd a company of *Little Birds* about her, and bad 'em take Good Notice what that Fellow was a doing. You must know (says the *Swallow*) that all the Fowlers Nets and Snares are made of *Hemp*, or *Flax*; and that's the Seed that he is now a Sowing. Pick it up in time for fear of what may come on't. In short, they put it off, till it took Root; and then again, till it was sprung up into the Blade. Upon this, the *Swallow* told 'em once for All, that it was not yet too Late to prevent the Mischiefs, if they would but bestir themselves, and set Heartily about it; but finding that no Heed was given to what she said; She e'en bad adieu to her old Companions in the Woods, and so betook her self to a City Life, and

and to the Conversation of Men. This *Flax* and *Hemp* came in time to be gather'd, and Wrought, and it was this *Swallows* Fortune to see Several of the very same *Birds* that she had forewarn'd, taken in Nets, made of the very Stuff she told them off. They came at last to be Sensible of the folly of slipping their Opportunity; but they were Lost beyond All Redemption first.

The MORAL.

Wise Men read Effects in their Causes, but Fools will not Believe them till 'tis too late to prevent the Mischiefs. Delay in these Cases is Mortal.

REFLEXION.

MANY and Many a time has this been our own Case, both publick and private, when we would not Believe the Danger of things till the Evil was come upon us: But Good Council is cast away, upon the Arrogant, and Self conceited, or the stupid, who are either too Proud to take it, or too Heavy to Understand it.

The Sowing of *Hemp seed*, and of *Plot seed* is much at one. The Design, and the End are Destruction, Both Alike. The *Swallow* proposes the Preventing of ill Consequences in their Causes, and Obviating the Mischiefs Betimes: But that Counsel is either thrown off with a Raillery, or not minded at all: *Governours would have enough to do, they Cry, to trouble their Heads with the Politiques of every Medling Officious Impertinent.* Well, It takes Root; shews it self in the Blade, Advances, and Ripens: And still the *Swallow* is but the same Fool overagain, for continuing the same Advice. The *Hemp* comes at last to be pluckt up, Pill'd, Drels'd, and Spun; The Nets and Snares made and laid; and yet all this while the *Birds* could never find a time to Bethink themselves, till they came to be Hamper'd, and Ruined past Recovery.

What is all this but a perfect Emblem of the Method of Destroying Kingdoms and States. Cautions, or the common Ways of Anticipating, or Defeating Conspiracies, are below the Wisdom of men of *Intrigue*, and *Cabal*; till at last, a Faction comes to be too hard for the Government. Now whether this befalls a Kingdom by Envy, Ignorance, Conspiracy, Treachery, or Presumption, it comes all to a case, so long as it does the Work. It is the Bane of Society, and in truth, even of particular Persons too, when betwixt Laziness and Neglect, men slip all the Opportunities, with the *Birds* here in the Fable, of a Safe, and of a Happy Life.

F A B. XIX.

The Frogs Chuse a King.

IN the days of Old, when the *Frogs* were All at liberty in the Lakes, and grown quite Weary of living without Government, they Petition'd *Jupiter* for a *King*, to the End that there might be

some Distinction of Good and Evil, by Certain Equitable Rules and Methods of Reward and Punishment. *Jupiter*, that knew the Vanity of their Hearts, threw them down a *Log* for their Governour; which, upon the first Dash, frighted the whole *Mobile* of them into the Mudd for the very fear on't. This *Panick* Terror kept them in Awe for a while, till in good time one *Frog*, Bolder than the Rest, put up his Head, and look'd about him, to see how Squares went with their *New King*. Upon This, he calls his Fellow-Subjects together; Opens the truth of the Case; and Nothing would serve them then, but Riding a-top of him; Inasmuch that the Dread they were in before, is now turn'd into Insolence, and Tumult. This *King*, they said, was too *Tame* for them, and *Jupiter* must needs be Entreated to send 'em Another: He did so, but Authors are Divided upon it, whether 'twas a *Stork*, or a *Serpent*; though whether of the Two soever it was, he left them neither Liberty, nor Property, but made a Prey of his Subjects. Such was their Condition in fine, that they sent *Mercury* to *Jupiter* yet once again for *Another King*, whose Answer was This: *They that will not be Contented when they are Well, must be Patient when Things are Amis with them; and People had better Rest where they are, than go farther, and fare Worse.*

THE MORAL.

The Mobile are Unease without a Ruler: They are as Restless with one; and the sfiner they Shift, the Worse they Are; So that Government, or No Government; a King of God's Making, or of the Peoples, or none at all; the Multitude are never to be satisfied.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable, under the Emblem of the *Frogs*, sets forth the Murmuring, and the Unsteadiness of the Common People; that in a State of Liberty will have a *King*: They do not like him when they have him, and to Change again, and grow Sicker of the next, than they were of the Former. Now the Business is only this: They are never satisfy'd with their present Condition; but their Governours are still either too Dull, or too Rigid. 'Tis a Madness for him that's Free, to put himself into a state of Bondage, and rather than bear a Less Misfortune to Hazzard a Greater.

This Allusion of the *Frogs* runs upon All Four (as they say) in the Resemblance of the Multitude, both for the Humor, the Murmur, the Importunity, and the subject-Matter of the Petition. Redress of Grievances is the Question, and the Devil of it is, that the Petitioners are never to be pleas'd. In one Fit they cannot be *Without Government*: In Another they cannot bear the *Yoke* on't. They find Absolute Freedom to be a Direct State of War; for where there's no Means of either preventing Strife, or Ending it, the Weaker are still a Prey to the Stronger. *One King* is too *Soft*, and *Ease* for them; *Another* too *Fier*! And then a *Third* Change would

would do Better they think. Now 'tis Impossible to satisfie people that would have they know not what. They Beg and Wrangle, and Appeal, and their Answer is at last, that if they shift again, they shall be still Worse; By which, the *Frogs* are given to Understand the very truth of the Matter, as we find it in the World, both in the Nature, and Reason of the Thing, and in Policy, and Religion; which is, That *Kings are from God*, and that it is a Sin, a Folly, and a Madness, to struggle with his Appointments.

F A B. XX

The Kite, Hawk, and Pigeons.

THE Pigeons finding themselves Persecuted by the *Kite*, made Choice of the *Hawk* for their Guardian. The *Hawk* sets up for their Protector; but under Countenance of That Authority, makes more Havock in the *Dove-House* in Two Days, than the *Kite* could have done in Twice as many Months.

THE MORAL.

Tis a Dangerous Thing for People to call in a Powerful and an Ambitious man for their Protector; and upon the Clamour of here and there a Private person, to hazard the Whole Community.

REFLEXION.

IT is Highly Dangerous, and Imprudent, for a People in War to call in an Enemy-Prince to their Defence. There's no Trusting a Perfidious Man, nor any Enmity like the Pretended Protection of a Treacherous Friend.

There is no Living in this World without Inconveniences, and therefore People should have the Wit, or the Honesty, to take up with the Least, and to bear the Lot, which is not to be Avoided, with Honour, and Patience. How many Experiments have been made in the Memory of Man, both in Religion, and in State, to mend Matters, upon pretence that they were *Unease*, by making them *Intolerable*. And whence is This, but from a Mistaken Opinion of the Present, and as False a Judgment of the Future! And all for want of Rightly Understanding the Nature and the Condition of Things, and for want of Foresight into Events. But we are Mad upon Variety, and so Sick of the Present, (how much soever Without, or Against Reason) that we Abandon the Wisdom, and the Providence of Heaven, and Fly from the Grievances of God's Appointment, to Blind Chance for a Remedy. This Fable in One Word was never more Exactly Moralized than in our Broils of Famous Memory.

The *Kite* was the *Evil Counsellor*; The *Free-Born People* that Complain'd of them were *Pigeons*; The *Hawk* was the Power or Authority that they Appeal'd to for Protection. And what did all this come to at Last? The very *Guardians* that took upon them to Rescue the *Pigeons* from the *Kite*, destroy'd the Whole *Dove-House*, devour'd the Birds, and shar'd the Spoil amongst Themselves.

A Dog and a Thief.

A Sa Gang of Thieves were at work to Rob a Houfe, a Mastiff took the Alarm, and fell a Baying: One of the Company spoke him fair, and would have Stopt his Mouth with a Cruft: No, says the Dog, This will not do, for Several Reafons. Firft, I'll take no Bribes to Betray my Mafter. Secondly, I am not fuch a Fool neither, as to fell the Eafe and Liberty of my Whole Life to come, for a piece of Bread in Hand: For when you have Rifled my Mafter; pray who fhall Maintain Me?

The MORA L.

Fair Words, Presents, and Flatteries are the Methods of Treachery in Courts as well as in Cottages, only the Dogs are Truer to their Masters than the Men.

R E F L E X I O N.

WHEN Ill Men take up a Fit of Kindnefs all on a fudden, and appear to be Better Natur'd than Ufual, 'tis Good Difcretion to fufpect Fraud, and to lay their Words, and their Practices together: The Greater the Truft, the Greater is the Treachery, and the Bafe is the Villany too. This Moral reaches to All forts of Truftees whatfoever.

It were well if All Two-Footed Servants were but as Faithful to their Masters as This Four-Legg'd Animal. A Loaf of Bread was as much to Him as a Bag of Guineas to a Great-Officer; And why fhould not the One make as much Confcience of Betraying his Patron for Gold, as the Other of doing it for a Cruft? Befide the Right Reafoning of the Dog upon the Confequence of Things. *If I take Your Bread, (fays he) I on'll Rob my Mafter.* But in the Other cafe it is not fo much a Deliberation of what will follow upon't, as a kind of Tacit Compofition, that does as good as fay [*For fo much Money I'll fhut my Eyes, and let You Rob my Mafter.*] Here's an Emblem now, of the Forefight, Fidelity, and Duty of a Truffy Servant, on the One hand, and of the Flattery, Arts and Practices that are Employ'd by Evil Men to Corrupt him on the Other.

Under the figure of This Faithful Truffy Servant; is Couch'd a Lecture to All men of Bufinefs; let them be Councillors, Confidents, Favourites, Officers, Soldiers, Traders, or what you will. For there are Good and Bad of All Kinds and Profefions. So that Æfop's Dog is a Reproach to False Men. Publick Perfons have their ways of Temptation, and Adrefs, as well as Private. And He that fuffers a Government to be Abus'd by Carelefsnefs, or Neglect, does the Same thing, with Him that Maliciously and Corruptly fetts himself to Cozen it. This holds as well too in the Private Cafe of being either Principal or Accessary to the Robbing of a Houfe; Only the Former, is a Treachery of a Decepr Dye. There are Loaves at the Gates of Courts and Palaces, as well as at the Door of a Cottage; and to encourage the Abuse, there are a Thousand Quirks to avoid the Stroke of the

the Law, though None to Avoid the Guilt of the Sin. There needs no Contract Exprefs; No Explicit Confederacy; for the Consent, and the Affiftance is ImPLY'd in receiving the Present; Or according to the Word in Fashion, the [*Acknowledgment*:] which is only a Softer Name for a Bribe. Now this *Acknowledgment* is of the Nature of a Direct Bargain, where the Sum, or the Reward is agreed upon before the Thing be done; though there's room yet for a Distinction, even in These Cafes, betwixt whats done Openly and Barefac'd, and a Thing that's done in *Flagger mugger*, under a Seal of Secrecy and Concealment. But the Confcience at laft is the Best Judg of the Fraud. And without any more Words, the Dog in the Fable perform'd All the Parts of a *Truffy Servant*.

A Wolf and a Sow.

A Wolf came to a Sow that was juft lying down, and very kindly offer'd to take care of her Litter. The Sow as Civily thank'd her for her Love, and desir'd she would be pleas'd to stand off a little, and do her the Good Office at a Distance.

The MORA L.

There are no Snares fo Dangerous as those that are laid for us under the Name of Good Offices.

R E F L E X I O N.

ALL Men are not to be Believ'd, or Trufted in All Cafes; for People Generally Speaking are kind to their Neighbours for their Own Sakes. [*Timeo Danaos, & Dona ferentes*] A Wife Man will keep himself upon his Guard againft the whole World, and mor Especially againft a Known Enemy, but moft of All againft that Enemy in the Shape of a Friend. As the Sow had more Wit than to Entertain a Wolf for her Nurfe.

A Mountain in Labour.

WHEN Mountains cry out, people may well be Excus'd the Apprehenfion of some Prodigious Birth. This was the Cafe here in the Fable. The Neighbourhood were All at their Wits end, to confider what would be the Ifsue of That Labour, and instead of the Dreadful Monster that they Expected, Out comes at laft a Ridiculous Mouse.

THE MORAL.

Much ado about Nothing.

REFLEXION.

WHAT are All the Extravagant Attempts and Enterprizes of Vain Man in the World, but Morals, more or less of this Fable? What are Mighty Pretences, without Consideration, or Effect, but the Vapours of a Dissembler, that like Sickly Dreams, have neither Issue nor Connexion? And the Disappointment is not All neither; for men make themselves Ridiculous, instead of Terrible, when this *Tympany* shall come to End in a *Blast*: and a *Mountain* to bring forth a *Mouſe*.

F A B. XXIV.

An *Ass* and an *Ungrateful Master*.

A Poor *Ass*, that what with Age, Labour, and Hard Burdens, was now worn out to the Stumps in the Service of an *Unmerciful Master*, had the Ill Hap one day to make a False Step, and to fall down under his Load. His Driver runs up to him immediately, and Beats him almost to Death for't. This (says the *Ass* to himself) is according to the Course of the *Ungrateful World*. One Casual Slip is enough to Weigh down the Faithful and Affectionate Service of a Long Life.

F A B. XXV.

An *Old Dog* and his *Master*.

A N *Old Dog*, that in his Youth had led his *Master* many a Merry Chase, and done him all the Offices of a Trusty Servant, came at last, upon falling from his Speed and Vigor, to be Loaden at every turn with Blows and Reproaches for it. Why Sir, (says the *Dog*) My Will is as Good as ever it was; but my Strength, and my Teeth are gone; and you might with as good a Grace, and Every jot as much Justice, Hang me up, because I'm *Old*, as Beat me because I'm *Impotent*.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

*The Reward of Affection and Fidelity must be the Work of another World:
Not but that the Conscience of Well Doing is a Comfort that may pass*

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for a Recompence even in This; in Despite of Ingratitude and Injustice.

REFLEXION.

THESE Fables are a Reproof to the *Ungrateful Cruelty* of those that will neither Forgive One Slip, nor Reward a Thousand Services, but take more Notice of a Particular Unlucky Accident, than of a General Laudable Practice. But One Scumble is enough to Deface the Character of an Honourable Life. It is a Barbarous Inhumanity in Great Men to Old Servants, to make the Failings of Age to be a Crime, without allowing the Past Services of Their Strength and Youth, to have been a Virtue. And This is found in Governments, as well as in Courts, and Private Families; with Masters and Mistresses, as well as in States.

'Tis a miserable Thing, when Faithful Servants fall into the hands of Insensible, and Unthankful Masters; Such as Value Services only by the Profit they bring them, without any regard to the Zeal, Faith, and Affections, of the Heart, and pay them with Blows, and Reproaches in their Age, for the Use, Strength and Industry of their Youth. Nay Humane Frailty it self is Imputed to them for a Crime, and they are Treated Worse than Beasts for not being More than Men. Here's an *Old Drudging Curr* turn'd off to Shift for Himself, for want of the very Teeth and Heels that he had lost in his *Masters Service*. Nay, if he can but come off for Starving too, it passes for an Act of Mercy. Under These Circumstances, the Bare Sense of a Calamity is call'd Grumbling, and if a man does but make a Face upon the Boot, he's presently a Male-Content. It may be a Question now whether the Wickedness, or the Imprudence of this Iniquity be the more Pernicious; for ovr and above the Inhumanity, 'tis a Doctrine of Ill Consequence to the *Master* Himself, to shew the World how Impossible a Thing it is for a Servant to Oblige and Please him: Nay, it is some sort of Temptation also to Impiety and Injustice, when Virtue and Duty came to be made Dangerous.

And yet is is not One *Master* perhaps of Twenty, all this while, that either directs, or takes Notice of These Indignities. It goes a Great Way, 'tis true, Barely to Permit them. One while perchance the *Master* is not Aware of what is done, and then in Other Cases, it may fall out Effectually to be his Own Act, even against his Own Will: That is to say, when the Passions of Imperious, and Ill-Natur'd Servants are Cover'd with the Name and Authority of their Patrons, in the Abuse of a trust that was Plac'd in 'em for Honeſter, and for Nobler Ends. It is Congruous enough yet to Apply the Moral of This Fiction, rather to the Driver of the *Ass*, and to the Huntsman that Manag'd the Chase, than to the *Master* Himself: But the *Ass* and *Dog* were Beaten however, for being *Old*, and spent, in Despite of All the Bonds and Inſin&s of Honour, Piety, and Good Nature.

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F A B.

F A B. XXVI.

An *Ass*, an *Ape*, and a *Mole*.

AN *Ass* and an *Ape* were Conferring Grievances. The *Ass* complain'd mightily for want of *Horns*, and the *Ape* was as much troubled for want of a *Tail*. Hold your Tongues Both of ye, says the *Mole*, and be Thankful for what you have, for the Poor *Moles* are Stark Blind, and in a Worse Condition than either of ye.

F A B. XXVII.

The *Hares* and the *Frogs*.

ONce upon a time the *Hares* found themselves mightily Unsatisfy'd with the Miserable Condition they Liv'd in, and call'd a Council to Advise upon't. Here we live, says one of 'em, at the Mercy of Men, Dogs, Eagles, and I know not how many Other Creatures and Vermin, that Prey upon us at Pleasure; Perpetually in Frights, Perpetually in Danger; and therefore I am absolutely of Opinion that we had Better Die once for All, than live at This rate in a Continual Dread that's Worse than Death it self. The Motion was Seconded and Debated, and a Resolution Immediately taken, *One and All*, to Drown Themselves. The Vote was no sooner pass'd, but away they Scudded with That Determination to the Next Lake. Upon this Hurry, there leapt a Whole Shoal of *Frogs* from the Bank into the Water, for fear of the *Hares*. Nay, then my Masters, says one of the Gravest of the Company, pray let's have a little Patience. Our Condition I find is not altogether so bad as we fancy'd it; for there are Those you see that are as much afraid of Us, as we are of Others.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

There's No Contending with the Orders and Decrees of Providence. He that Made us knows what's Fittest for us; and Every man's Own Lot (well Understood and Manag'd) is Undoubtedly the Best.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis the Intent of These Two Fables, to shew, that no People are so Miserable, but that at some Time or Other, in some Thing or Other, they have Reason to Account themselves Happy. And if they would but duly consider,

consider, how it is with many of their Neighbours, they would find it their Duty to be Thankful, that it is no Worse with Themselves. It is some Relief to the Miserable to shew them that there are Others yet more Miserable, and there is not any thing so Timorous, but something else is afraid of It. There are Those, 'tis True, that Die for the very Fear of Death, and Plunge themselves into Certain Misery, upon the Bare Apprehension of it: But this comes rather from their Spleen, than their Misfortune.

Since so it is, that Nature Provides for the Necessities of All Creatures, and for the Well-Being of Every One in it's kind: And since it is not in the Power of any Creature to make it self Other than what by Providence it was Design'd to be; what a Madness is it to Wilt our selves Other than what we Are, and what we Must continue to Be. Since the Thing is Bounded, and the Whole Matter Pre-determin'd. Every Atom of the Creation has its Place Assign'd. Every Creature has its Proper Figure, and there is No Disputing with Him that Made it so. *Why have not I This? and why have you I That?* are Questions, for a Philosopher of Bedlam to ask; and we may as well Cavil at the Motions of the Heavens, the Vicissitude of Day and Night, and the Succession of the Seasons, as Expostulate with Providence upon any of the rest of Gods Works. The *Ass* would have *Horns*, and the *Tinker* would fain be in Bed with my *Lady*. The *Ape* would have a *Tail*; and why should not a *Mountebank* Complain that he is not a *Minister of State or Justice*? But in short, the Poor, Wretched, Blind *Mole* puts in with her Doctrine to take up the Quarrel.

And what's the Case of the *Hares* now, but an Instance to Fortifie us against *Panick Frights* and *Terrors*, for Trivial Causes; where the Fears are a great deal more Terrible than the Dangers? In All These Cases, we fancy our selves much more Miserable than we Are, for want of taking a True Estimate of Things. We fly into Transports without Reason, and Judge of the Happinets, or Calamity, of Humane Life, by False Lights. A Strict Enquiry into the Truth of Matters will Help us in the One, and Comparison will set us Right in the Other. The *Dogs* and the *Eagles* Frighted the *Hares*; The *Hares* Frighted the *Frogs*, and the *Frogs*, Twenty to One, Frighted something else. This is according to the Course of the World, One Fears Another, and some body else is afraid of Him.

It may seem to be a kind of a Malicious Satisfaction, that One Man derives from the Misfortunes of Another. But the Philosophy of This Reflexion stands upon Another Ground; for our Comfort does not Arise from Other peoples being Miserable, but from This Inference upon the Ballance, That we suffer only the Lot of Humane Nature: And as we are Happy or Miserable, compar'd with Others, So Other People are Miserable or Happy Compar'd with Us: By which Justice of Providence, we come to be Convinc'd of the Sin, and the Mistake of our Ingratitude. What would not a man give to be Eas'd of the Gout or the Stone? Or supposing an Incurable Poverty on the One Hand, and an Incurable Madlady on the Other, Why should not the Poor Man think himself Happier in his Rags, than the Other in his Purple? But the Rich Man Envies the Poor Mans Health, without considering his Want; and the Poor Man Envies the Others Treasure without considering his Diseases. What's an Ill Name in the World to a Good Conscience within Ones self? And how much less Miserable upon the Wheel, is One man that is Innocent, than Another under the Same Torture that's Guilty? The Only Way

for *Hares* and *Asses*, is to be Thankful for what they Are, and what they Have, and not to Grumble at the Lot that they must bear in spite of their Teeth.

F A B. XXVIII.

A *Wolf*, *Kid*, and *Goat*.

A *Goat* that was going out one Morning for a Mouthful of Fresh Grass, Charg'd her *Kid* upon her Blessing, not to Open the Door till she came back, to any Creature that had not a Beard. The *Goat* was no sooner out of sight, but up comes a *Wolf* to the Door, that had Over-heard the Charge; and in a Small Pipe calls to the *Kid* to let her *Mother* come in. The *Kid* smelt out the Roguery, and bad the *Wolf* shew his *Beard*, and the Door should be Open to him.

The M O R A L.

There never was any Hypocrite so Disguis'd but he had some Mark or Other yet to be known by.

R E F L E X I O N.

HERE is Prudence, Caution, and Obedience, recommended to us in the *Kids* refusal to Open the Door; and here is likewise set forth in the *Wolf*, the Practice of a Fraudulent, and a Bloody Impostor. This Moral runs through the Whole Business of Humane Life, for so much as the Plot is carry'd on against the Simple and the Innocent, under False Colours, and Feigned Pretences. There are *Wolves*, in Policy, as well as in *Mythology*; and if the *Kids* Obedience had not been more than her *Sagacity*, she would have found, to her Cost, the Teeth of a *Wolf*, in the mouth of a *Goat*; and the malice of an Enemy cover'd under the Voice and Pretence of a Parent.

F A B. XXIX.

A *Dog*, a *Sheep*, and a *Wolf*.

A *Dog* brought an Action of the Case againg a *Sheep*, for some Certain Measures of Wheat, that he had lent him. The Plaintiff prov'd the Debt by Three Positive Witnesses, The *Wolf*, the *Kite*, and the *Vultur*. (*Testes Probi & Legales*). The Defendant was cast in *Costs* and *Damages*, and forc'd to sell the Wool off his Back to Satisfie the Creditor.

The

The M O R A L.

'Tis not a Straw matter whether the Main Cause be Right or Wrong, or the Charge True or False; Where the Bench, Jury and Witnesses are in a Conspiracy against the Prisoner.

R E F L E X I O N.

No Innocence can be Safe, where Power and Malice are in Confederacy against it. There's No Fence against Subornation, and False Evidence. What Greater Judgment can befall a Nation than for *Sheep* to be made *Trespassers*, and *Wolves*, *Kites*, and *Vultures* to set up for *Witnesses*! This is a Large Field, if a body would Amplifie upon it: But the History of the Age in Memory will be the Best Moral of This Fable. There's No Living however without Law: and there's No Help for't in many Cases, if the Saving Equity be Over rul'd be the Killing Letter of it. 'Tis the *Verdict* that does the Business; but 'tis the *Evidence*, True, or False that Governs the *Verdict*. So that, (as it sometimes falls but) the Honour of the Publick may come to be Concern'd in the Defence and Support of an Undetected Perjury. The only Danger is the giving too much Credit to the Oaths of *Kites* and *Vultures*. That is to say, of Witnesses so Profligate as to bring a Scandal even upon Truth it self, where it is so Asserted.

F A B. XXX.

A *Countryman* and a *Snake*.

T Here was a *Snake* that Bedded himself under the Threshold of a Country-House: A *Child* of the Family happen'd to set his Foot upon't; The *Snake* bit him, and he Di'd on't. The *Father* of the *Child* made a Blow at the *Snake*, but Miss'd his Aim, and only left a Mark behind him upon the Stone where he Struck. The *Countryman* Offer'd the *Snake*, some time after This, to be Friends again. No, says the *Snake*, so long as you have This Flaw upon the Stone in Your Eye, and the Death of the *Child* in your Thought, there's No Trusting of ye.

The M O R A L.

In Matters of Friendship and Trust, we can never be too Tender; but yet there's a Great Difference betwixt Charity and Facility. We may Hope Well in many Cases, but let it be without Venturing Neck, and All upon't, for New-Converts are Slippery.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis Ill Trusting a Reconcil'd Enemy; but 'tis Worse yet, to Proceed at One Step, from Clemency and Tenderness, to Confidence and Trust Especially where

where there are so many Memorials in Sight, for Hatred and Revenge to work upon. 'Tis Generous however to Forgive an enemy; though Extremely Hazardous to Grace him in the doing of an Ill Thing, with the Countenance of a Deference to his Merit. Nay, a Bare easiness of Pardoning has but too often the Force of a Temptation to Offend again. 'Tis a Nice Business to Indulge on the Left hand, without Punishing on the Right, for there must be No Sacrificing of a Faithful Friend to the Generosity of Obliging a Mortal Enemy. But the Case is then most Deploable when Reward goes over to the Wrong side, and when Interest shall be made the Test and the Measure of Virtue. Upon the whole Matter, the *Counsellor* was too Easie, in Proposing a Reconciliation; (the Circumstances duly Consider'd) and the *Snake* was much in the Right on the Other hand, in not entertaining it from a man that had so many Remembrances at Hand still, to Provoke him to a Revenge. Wherefore it is highly Necessary, for the one to know how far, and to Whom to Trust, and for the other to Understand what he is to Trust to. 'Tis a great Error to take Facility, for Good Nature: Tenderness, without Discretion is no better than a more Pardonable Folly.

F A B. XXXI.

A Fox and a Stork.

There was a Great Friendship once betwixt a Fox and a Stork, and the Former would needs Invite the Other to a Treat. They had Several Soups serv'd up in Broad Dishes and Plates, and so the Fox fell to Lapping Himself, and bad his Guest Heartily Welcom to what was before him. The Stork found he was Put upon, but set so good a Face however upon his Entertainment; that his Friend by All means must take a Supper with Him That night in Revenge. The Fox made Several Excuses upon the Matter of Trouble and Expence, but the Stork in fine, would not be said Nay; So that at last, he promis'd him to come. The Collation was serv'd up in Glasses, with Long Narrow Necks, and the Best of Every thing that was to be had. Come (says the Stork to his Friend) Pray be as Free as if you were at home, and so fell to't very Savourily Himself. The Fox quickly found This to be a Trick, though he could not but Allow of the Contrivance as well as the Justice of the Revenge. For such a Glas of Sweet-Meats to the One, was just as much to the Purpose, as a Plate of Porridge to the Other.

The MORAL.

'Tis allowable in all the Liberties of Conversation to give a Man a Rowland for his Oliver, and to pay him in his Own Coin, as we say; provided always that we keep within the Compass of Honour, and Good Manners.

RE-

REFLEXION.

Æsop has here given us the Fiction of a Case, wherein it may not be Amis to repay an Abuse in its own Kind. The Mockery of the Fox was a Reproach, as it Hit the Stork on the Weak side; but That which was Rudeness, and Ill Nature in the Aggressor, was only a Monitory Justice, and a Discreet Sharpness in the Other. But This is the Fate Commonly of Drolls and Buffoons, that while they think to make Sport with Others, they serve only in the conclusion for a Laughing-Stock themselves.

There's Nothing looks Sillier than a Crafty Knave Out-witted, and Beaten at his Own Play. The Foxes Frolick went too far, in regard it was both upon an Invitation, and under his Own Roof. Now the Return of the Stork was only a *Quid pro Quo*, and a Warrantable Revenge, even according to the Rules of Good Manners, and Good Fellowship; for the Fox's leading the Humour gave the Other not only a Provocation, but a kind of a Right to Requite him in his Own Way: Beside that it was the Cleverer Mockery of the Two. This may serve to Reprove Those Liberties in Conversation that pass the Bounds of Good Nature, Honour, Honesty, and Respect. When they Exceed These Limits, they Degenerate into Scurrility, Scandal, and Reproach: for in All Cases, an Eye must be had to the Due Circumstances of Measure, Time, Place, Occasion, and Person. The Laws of Humanity, and Hospitality must be kept Sacred upon any Terms: for the Wounding of a Friend for the sake of a Jest, is an Intemperance, and an Immorality, not to be Endur'd. There was somewhat of This in the Fox's leading the Frolick.

F A B. XXXII.

A Fox and a Carvd Head.

As a Fox was Rummidging among a Great many Carvd Figures, there was One very Extraordinary Piece among the Rest. He took it up, and when he had Consider'd it a while, Well, (says he) What Pity 'tis, that so Exquisite an Outside of a Head should not have one Grain of Sense in't.

The MORAL.

'Tis not the Barber or the Taylor that makes the Man; and 'tis No New Thing to see a Fine Wrought Head without so much as One Grain of Salt in't.

REFLEXION.

MANY a Fool has a Fair Outside, and Many a Man of Fortune, and Title has not so much as Common Sense. We have a Whole World of Heads to Answer the Drift of This Emblem: But there is No Judging however by the Senses, of Matters that the Senses can take No Cognizance

zance of; as Virtue, Wisdom, and the Like. The Excellency, in fine, of the Soul is above the Beauty of the Body: Not but that the Graces of the One, and the Endowments of the Other, may Encounter sometimes, (how rarely soever) in One and the Same Person. But Beauty and Judgment are so far yet from being Inseparable, that they seem Effectually to Require, More or Less, a Diversity of Temperament: Beside that More Care is taken to Cultivate the Advantages of the Body than those of the Mind. To Wrap up all in a Word, the World it self is but a Great Shop of *Carv'd Heads*; and the *Fox's* Conceit will hold as well in the Life, as in the Fiction.

F A B. XXXIII.

A *Daw* and *Borrow'd* Feathers.

A *Daw* that had a mind to be Sparkish, Trick'd himself up with all the *Gay-Feathers* he could Muster together: And upon the Credit of these Stoll'n, or Borrow'd Ornaments, he Valu'd himself above All the Birds in the Air Beside. The Pride of this Vanity got him the Envy of all his Companions, who, upon a Discovery of the Truth of the Case, fell to Pluming of him by Consent; and when Every Bird had taken his Own Feather; the Silly *Daw* had Nothing left him to Cover his Nakedness.

The MORAL.

We steal from one Another all manner of Ways, and to all manner of Purposes; Wit, as well as Feathers; but where Pride and Beggery Meet, people are sure to be made Ridiculous in the Conclusion.

R E F L E X I O N.

EVERY thing is Best, and Every Man Happiest, in the State and Condition wherein Nature has Plac'd them; But if *Daws* will be setting up for *Peacocks*, or *Asses* for *Lions*, they must Expect, and content themselves to be Laugh'd at for their Pains. The Allusion of the *Daw* here, and his *Borrow'd Feathers*, Extends to All sorts of Impostors, Vain Pretenders, and Romancers, in Feats of Arms, State, Love, or the Like. It Points also at the Empty Affectation of Wit and Understanding; in which case, it fares as it does with men that set up for Quality, Birth, and Bravery, upon the Credit of a *Gay Out-side*; for Authors may be Cozen'd upon the Tick, as well as Taylors: Nay, we have seen some, even of our *First-Rate Writers*, that have been Better at Disguising other Peoples Works, than Furnishing any thing of their Own; That is to say; upon the taking of them to pieces, the Stuff and Trimming is found to be Wholly Stoll'n, and New-Fourbish'd; and Nothing, in short, that they can Assume to themselves but the Needle and Thread that Tack't the Composition together. Now when these *Plagiaries* come to be Stript of their Borrow'd, or Pilfer'd Ornaments, there's the *Daw* in the Fable truly Moraliz'd.

F A B.

F A B. XXXIV.

An *Ant* and a *Fly*.

T Here happen'd a Warm Dispute betwixt an *Ant* and a *Fly*. Why, Where's the Honour, or the Pleasure in the World, says the *Fly*, that I have not My Part in? Are not All Temples and Palaces Open to me? Am not I the Taster to Gods and Princes, in All their Sacrifices and Entertainments? Am I not serv'd in Gold and Silver? And is not my Meat and Drink still of the Best? And all This, without either Mony or Pains? I Trample upon Crowns, and Kiss what Ladies Lips I please. And what have You now to pretend to all this While? Why, says the *Ant*, You Value Your self upon the Access You have to the Altars of the Gods, the Cabinets of Princes, and to All Publick Feasts and Collations: And what's all This but the Access of an Intruder, not of a Guest? For People are so far from Liking your Company, that they Kill ye as fast as they can Catch ye. You are a Plague to 'em Wherever You come. Your very Breath has Maggots in't, and for the Kiss you Brag of, what is it but the Perfume of the Last Dunghil you Touch'd upon, once Remov'd? For My Part, I live upon what's my Own, and Work Honestly in the Summer to Maintain my self in the Winter; Whereas the whole Course of Your Scandalous Life, is only Cheating or Sharping, one Half of the Year, and Starving the Other.

The MORAL.

Here's An Emblem of Industry, and Luxury, set forth at large, with the Sober Advantages, and the Scandalous Excesses of the One and of the Other.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable Marks out to us the Difference betwixt the Empty Vanity of Ostentation, and the Substantial Ornaments of Virtue. It shews that the Happiness of Life does not lie so much in the Enjoying of small Advantages, as in living free from Great Inconveniencies, and that an Honest Mediocrity is Best. The *Fly* stands up for the Pride, the Luxury, and the Ambition of Courts, in the preference of Palaces, to Caves and Private Retreats. The *Ant* contents her self with the Virtue of Sobriety, Retirement, and Moderation. She lives upon her Own, Honestly Gotten and Possess'd, without either Envy or Violence; Whereas the *Fly* is an Intruder, and a Common *Smell-Feast*, that Sponges upon Other peoples Trenchers.

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A Man can hardly fancy to himself a Truer Image of a Plain, Honest, Country Simplicity, than the *Ant's* part of the Dialogue in This Fable. She takes pains for What she Eats; Wrongs No body; and so Creates No Enemies; She wants Nothing, and she Boasts of Nothing; Lives Contented with her Own, and Enjoys all with a Good Conscience. This Emblem recommends to us the Blessings of a Virtuous Privacy, according to the just Measures of Right Nature, and in Few Words, comprizes the Sum of a Happy State.

The *Fly*, on the Contrary, leads a Lazy, Voluptuous, Scandalous, Sharking Life; Hateful wherever she comes, and in Perpetual Fears and Dangers. She Flutters, 'tis true, from place to place, from Feast to Feast, Brags of her Interest at Court, and of Ladies Favours: And what's This Miserable Insect at last, but the very Picture of one of our Ordinary Trencher Squires, that spend their time in Hopping from One Great man's Table to Anothers, only to Pick up Scraps, and Intelligence, and to Spoil Good Company! I cannot see one of These Officious, Humble Companions, Skipping up and down from *Levee* to *Levee*, and making himself Necessary, wherever he thinks fit to be Troublesome: I cannot hear a Fincial Pop Romancing, how the King took him aside at such a time; What the Queen said to him at Another; How many Ladies fell out who should have him to her self; What Discourse pass'd; Where he is to Eat to-morrow; What Company; What Dishes; What Wine; Who Loves Who; and what *Intrigues* are afoot in Church and State, &c. Without More Words I cannot Hear the Chat, or see the Vanity of these Pragmatical Empty *Buffe Bodies* without thinking of the *Fly* in the Fable. And This Application was the True End of Writing it.

F A B. XXXV.

A Frog and an Oxe.

AS a Huge Over-grown *Oxe* was Grazing in a Meadow, an Old Envious *Frog* that stood Gaping at him hard by, call'd out to her Little Ones, to take Notice of the Bulk of That Monstrous Beast; and see, says she, if I don't make my self now the Bigger of the Two. So she Strain'd Once, and Twice, and went still swelling on and on, till in the Conclusion she Forc'd her self, and Burst.

THE MORAL.

Between Pride, Envy, and Ambition, men fancy Themselves to be Bigger than they are, and Other People to be Less: And This Tumour Swells, it self at last 'till it makes All Fly.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fancy is a Lash upon Those that set up to Live above their Quality and Fortune, and pretend to spend Penny for Penny with men of
Twenty

Twenty times their Estate, and therefore must needs Burst in the Conclusion! But Pride and Ambition Pushes men forward, not only to Extravagances, but Impossibilities, though to the Certain Undoing of the Weaker and the Meaner: When they come to Vie Power and Expence with Those that are too High and too many for them.

Men that would be Bigger than God has made them, must e'en Expect to fall to Nothing. This Affectation strikes upon All the Weaknesses that Pride, Envy, or Ambition can fancy to it self; provided always that we do not take Emulation for Envy. In One Word, when men's Hearts and Thoughts are puff'd up into a Desire of Things Unnatural; the Tumour is Incurable. But they are Weak Minds commonly that are Tainted with This Evil. They take False Measures, both of Themselves, and of Others, without considering the Limits, Bulk, Fortune, Ability, Strength, &c. or in truth, the very Nature of the Things, Matters, or Person in Question. They set up Competitors for Learning, Power, Estate, Policy; They Censure their Betters, Despise their Equals, and Admire Themselves: But their Greatness all this while, is only in Imagination, and they make All fly with the *Frog* at last, by Straining to be Bigger than they Are, and Bigger than 'tis possible for them to Be.

F A B. XXXVI.

An Ass and a Wolf.

AN *Ass* had got a Thorn in's Foot, and for want of a Better Surgeon, who but a *Wolf* at last, to draw it out with his Teeth! The *Ass* was no sooner Eas'd, but he gave his Operator such a Kick under the Ear with his Sound Foot for his Pains, that he Stunn'd him, and so went his way.

F A B. XXXVII.

A Horse and a Lion.

THERE was an Old Hungry *Lion* would fain have been Dealing with a piece of Good *Horse-Flesh* that he had in his Eye; but the *Nag* he thought would be too Fleet for him, unless he could Supply the want of Heels, by Artifice and Address. He puts himself into the Garb, and Habit of a Professor of Physick, and according to the Humor of the World, sets up for a Doctor of the College. Under this Pretext, he lets fall a Word or two by way of Discourse, upon the Subject of his Trade; but the *Horse* smelt him out, and presently a Crotchet came in his Head how he might Countermine him: I got a Thorn in my Foot, for her

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day,

day, says the *Horse*, as I was Crossing a Thicket, and I am e'en quite Lame on't. Oh, says the New Physician, Do but hold up your Leg a little, and I'll Cure ye immediately. The *Lion* presently puts himself in posture for the Office; but the Patient was too Nimble for his Doctor, and so soon as ever he had him Fair for his Purpose, gave him so Terrible a Rebuke upon the Forehead with his Heel, that he laid him at his Length, and so got off with a whole Skin, before the Other could Execute his Design.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

Harm Watch, Harm Catch, is but according to the Common Rule of Equity and Retaliation, and a very Warrantable Way of Deceiving the Deceiver.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No trusting to the Fair Words of Those that have both an Interest, and an Inclination to Destroy us; Especially when the Design is carry'd on under the Masque of a Friendly Office. It is but reasonable to Oppose Art to Art, and where we suspect False Play, to Encounter One Trick with another: Provided always that it be Manag'd without breach of Faith, and within the Compass of Honour, Honesty, and Good Manners. The *Wolfe* had the same Design upon the *Ass*, that the *Lion* had upon the *Horse*; and the Matter being brought to a Trial of Skill between them, the Countermeasur was only an Act of Self-Preservation.

F A B . XXXVIII.

A Horse and an Ass.

IN the Days of Old, when *Horses* spoke *Greek* and *Latin*, and *Asses* made *Syllogisms*, there happen'd an Encounter upon the Road, betwixt a Proud Pamper'd *Jade* in the Full Course of his Carriere, and a Poor Creeping *Ass*, under a Heavy Burden, that had Chopt into the same Track with him. Why, how now Sirrah, says he, D' ye not see by these Arms, and Trappings, to what Master I belong? And D' ye not Understand that when I have that Master of mine upon my Back, the Whole Weight of the State rests upon My Shoulders? Out of the way thou slavish Insolent Animal, or I'll Tread thee to Dirt. The Wretched *Ass* immediately Slunk aside, with this Envious Reflexion betwixt his Teeth. [What would I give to Change Conditions with that Happy Creature there.] This Fancy would not out of the Head of him, till it was his Nap some few Days after to see this very *Horse* doing Drudgery in a Common Dung-Cart. Why

how

how now Friend (says the *Ass*) How comes This about? Only the Chance of the War, says the Other: I was a *Soldiers Horse*, you must know; and my Master carry'd me into a Battle, where I was Shot, Hack'd, and Maim'd; and you have here before Your Eyes the Catastrophe of My Fortune.

The MORAL.

The Folly, and the Fate, of Pride and Arrogance. The Mistake of Placing Happiness in any thing that may be taken away, and the Blessing of Freedom in a Mean Estate.

REFLEXION.

WE are to Gather from hence, that people would never Envy the Pomp and Splendour of Greatness, if they did but consider, either the Cares and Dangers that go along with it, or the Blessings of Peace, and Security in a Middle Condition. No man can be truly Happy, who is not every Hour of his Life prepar'd for the worst that can befall him. Now This is a State of Tranquility never to be Attain'd, but by keeping perpetually in our Thoughts the Certainty of Death, and the Lubricity of Fortune; and by Delivering our selves from the Anxiety of Hopes and Fears.

It falls Naturally within the Prospect of this Fiction to Treat of the Wickedness of a Presumptuous Arrogance, the Fate that Attends it; The Rise of it; and the Means of either Preventing or Suppressing it; The Folly of it; The Wretched and Ridiculous Estate of a Proud Man, and the Weakness of That Envy that is Grounded upon the mistaken Happiness of Human Life.

If a body may be Allow'd to Graft a *Christian Moral* upon a *Pagan Fable*, what was it but Pride and Arrogance that first threw *Lucifer* out of Heaven, and afterwards, *Adam* out of Paradise? [He shall be as Gods] was the Temptation; an Impotent and a Presumptuous Affectation of Vain-Glory was the Sin; and a Malediction Temporal and Eternal was the Punishment. Now if the Charms of an Unruly Ambition could so far prevail upon the *Angels* Themselves in their Purity; and upon Mankind in a State of Innocence, how Strict a Guard ought we then to keep upon our selves, that are the Children of disobedience, and bring the seeds of This Deadly Vanity into the World with us in our very Veins?

It is highly Remarkable, that as *Pride*, and *Envy* are the Two Passions that above All Others give the Greatest Trouble to the Sons of Men; so are they likewise the First Emotions of the Mind that we take Notice of in our Approaches to the Exercise of our Reason. They begin with us in the Arms of our Nurses, and at the very Breasts of our Mothers; for what's the meaning of All the Little Wrangles and Contentions else, which *Child* shall be made most of, or which *Baby* shall have the *Gayer Coat*? So that These Affectations are in truth, Connatural to us, and as We our selves grow up and Gather Strength, so do They; and pass Insensibly from our Inclinations into our Manners. Now the Corruption must needs be Strong, where *Humanity* strikes in so Early with it, and the Progress no less Mortal, where it is suffer'd to go on without Control: For what are the Extravagances of the Lowest Life, but the

more

more Condemned, Follies and Disorders, of either a Mis-taught or a Neglected Youth? Nay, what are All the Publick Outrages of a Destroying Tyranny and Oppression, but Childish Appetites let alone till they are grown Ungovernable? Beside, that it is Infinitely Easier to prevent Ill Habits, than to Master them; As the Choaking of the Fountain is the surest Way to Cut off the Course of the River. It should be Consider'd too that we have the seeds of Virtue in us, as well as of Vice; and when ever we take a Wrong Bias, 'tis not out of a Moral Incapacity to do Better, but for want of a Careful Manage and Discipline, to set us Right at First.

Wherefore Children should be Moulded while their Tempers are yet Pliant and Ductile. As *Pride*, for the Purpose, that arises from a False Opinion of Things, should be Obviated by Informing their Understandings. And so for *Envy*; the very Disposition to it is to be Sweeten'd, as Flowing from a Certain Froward Tincture of Ill Nature. (I speak This of the Malvolent, Canker'd Passion of Envy, which, in Effect, is Little or Nothing akin to the Silly Envy of the *Ase* here in the Fable.) In One word, Children should be season'd betimes, and Lesson'd into such a Contempt, and Detestation of This Vice; as neither to practice it Themselves, nor to Approve it in Others. This is, in Little, the Foundation of a Virtuous Life, and there goes no more than Judging, and Acting Aright, to the Character of a Good Philosopher, a Good Christian, and a Good Man: For to Know, and to Do; is the *Compendium* of our Duty.

It is not for Every Twatling Gossip yet, or some Empty Pedant, presently to Undertake This Province; for it requires a Critical Nicety both of Wit, and of Judgment, to find out the *Genius*, or the Propensons of a Child, and to Distinguish betwixt the Impulses of Envy; and those of Emulation: Betwixt the First Motions of a Churlish and Impetuous Insolence, and those of a Serene Greatness, and Dignity of Mind. It is not, I say, for Every Common Eye, or Hand to Divide so Accurately betwixt the Good, and the Evil, the Gracious, and Perverse, as to hit the precise *Medium* of Encouraging the One, without Discouraging the Other. And This Faculty of Discerning is not enough neither, without a Watchful Assiduity of Application. The Just Season of Doing Things must be Nick'd, and All Accidents Observ'd and Improv'd; for Weak Minds are to be as Narrowly Attended; as Sickly Bodies: To say nothing of the Infinite Curiosity of the Operation, in the Forming of our Lives and Manners: And that not One man of Ten Thousand is Competently Qualify'd for the Office: Upon the Whole Matter there must be an Aw maintain'd on the One Hand, and at the same time, a Love and Reverence Prefer'd on the Other. And all this must be Order'd too with so Gentle a Softness of Address, that we may not Hazzard, either the Smiling, or the Quenching of Generous Inclinations; by bearing too Hard upon them; or the Licentiating of any thing that is Courte and Vulgar, out of a foolish Facility or a Mistaken Pity. It is with our Passions; as it is with Fire and Water, they are *Good Servants*, but *Bad Masters*, and Subminister to the Best, and Worst of Purposes; at once. This is enough said, as to the Wickedness, and the Fate of *Pride*; The Source and Danger of it, together with the only sure and Effectual Means of Remedy.

The Moral leads me in the Next place, to Consider the Folly of both the *Horse* and the *Ase*; The One, in Placing his Happiness upon any thing that could be Taken away; and the Other, in Envy'ing that Mistaken Happiness, under the Abuse of the same Splendid Illusion and Impos-

ture: What Signifies a Gay Furniture, and a Pamper'd Carcase; or any other Outward Appearance, without an Intrinsic Value of Worth and Virtue? What signifies Beauty, Strength, Youth, Fortune, Embroider'd Furniture, Gawdy Bosses, or any of Those Temporary, and Uncertain Satisfaction, that may be taken from us with the very next Breath, we draw? What Assurance can any Man have of a Possession that Every Turn of State, Every Puff of Air, Change of Humour, and the least of a Million of Common Casualties may Deprive him of? How many Huffing Sparks have we seen in the World, that in the same day have been both the Idols, and the Sport and Scorn of the same Slaves and Fools? Nay, how many Emperours and Princes, that in the Ruff of all their Glory have been taken down from the Head of a Conquering Army, to the Wheel of the Victor's Chariot? Where's that Advantage under the Sun that any but a Mad-man would be Proud of? Or where's that Pride it self that any Mortal in his Right Wits, would not find Reason to be Ashamed of? Take it singly, and what is there More in't, than an Unnatural, and an Unmanly *Tympany*, that Rises in a Bubble, and spends it self in a Blast. Take it in Complication, and we find a Thousand Weaknesses, Iniquities, and Vexatious Cutting Miseries wrap'd up in't. What can be more Imprudent than to Affect Reputation by the Methods of Infamy? To Aspire to Greatness by the ways of becoming Odious and Contemptible? And to Propose the Erecting of a Mighty Fabrick, upon a Bottom that will Certainly sink under the Weight?

The Disappointments of Those that Build their Hopes in this World upon a False Basis, fall under These Three General Heads. The Advantages we Value our selves upon, may either be taken from us, or We from Them: Or, which is much at One, we may be brought by a Thousand Accidents to lose the Use and Relish of them. As first for the Purpose; they may be taken from us, by Cheats, Robberies, Subornations, False Oaths, Forgeries, Corrupt Judges; To say nothing of Fires, Earthquakes, Tempests, Inundations, Inturrections, and Other Violences without Number. Secondly We may be taken from Them, by as many Ways as there are out of This World. A Fly or a Hair shall do the Office of a Rope. And then for the Third Branch, an Indisposition, a Fever, an Acute Pain, an Impetuous Passion, an Anxious Thought, Impotency and Old Age, shall do the Work of Taking away both the Gull, and the Comfort of them. Nay, the very Loss of One Pleasure is enough to Damp, if not to Destroy the Relish of Another.

But now to carry the Allusion One Step further yet; It may be literally Asserted, that All Proud Men, over and above the Stroke of a Divine Judgment, are Miserable, even in Themselves, and that no Circumstances in This World can ever make them Other. Their Appetites are Insatiable, and their Hearts consequently never at Rest; Whether it be Wealth, Power, Honour, Popular Esteem, or whatever else they pretend to. They Envy, and they are Envy'd. 'Tis impossible for them to be at rest, without Enjoying what it is impossible for them to Attain. They live Gaping after More, and in a perpetual Fear of Losing what they have already. The Higher they are Rais'd, the Giddier they are; the more Slippery is their Standing, and the Deeper the Fall. They are never Well, so long as Any thing is above them; And their Ambition carries them on to the Supplanting of their very Masters and Makers: When yet by a most Ridiculous Contradiction, they lie Effectually, (in

the very same Instant) at the mercy of the men they most Despise. [*The Silver, being Ten Thousand Talents, is given to Thee, (says Ahasuerus to Haman) The People also, to do with them, as it seemeth good unto Thee. Esther, Cap. 3. V. 11.*] Who would have Imagin'd now, that the Stiff Crossness of a Poor Captive, should ever have had the Power to make *Haman's* Seat so Uneasie to him? Or that the want of a Cap, or a Cringe, should so Mortally Discompose him, as we find afterwards it did! If Large Possessions, Pompous Titles, Honourable Charges, and Profitable Commissions; If a Plentiful Issue, Court Favours, or the Flowing Bounty of a Gracious Prince, could have made This Proud man Happy, there would have been Nothing wanting to his Establishment. But All This did not do his Work, it seems; neither, as big as he was, did there in Truth, need any Great Matter to Unfettle him. But he was as sure to sink under the Infirmary of his Own Mind, as if he had been Doom'd to Sink in the Fate of a Common Ruine.

When *Haman* saw *Mordecai* in the King's Gate, (says the Text) that he stood not up, nor Moved for him, he was full of Indignation against *Mordecai*. Nevertheless, *Haman* Refrain'd himself, and when he came Home, he sent and call'd for his Friends, and Teresh, his Wife; and told them of the Glory of his Riches, and the Multitude of his Children, And All the Things wherein the King had Promoted him, and how he had Advanc'd him above the Princes and Servants of the King. Yea, *Esther* the Queen (says he) did let no man come with the King unto the Banquet that she had prepar'd; but, my self; and to morrow am I invited unto her also with the King [Yet All This availeth Me Nothing, so long as I see *Mordecai* the Jew sitting at the King's Gate, *Esther*, Cap. 5. V. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.]

This Instance of *Haman's* Case may serve, in a Good Measure, for a Moral to the Arrogance of the *Horse* here in the Fable; only *Haman's* Pride was the more Invidious and Malicious of the Two. To Wind up the Story; *Mordecai* was an Eye-sore to *Haman*; and a Gallows of Fifty Cubits High was prepar'd for him by the Order of *Haman*, Cap. 5. V. 14. But the King, upon Examination of the Matter, Order'd *Haman* Himself to be Hanged, [So they Hanged *Haman* upon the Gallows he had prepar'd for *Mordecai*, Cap. 7. V. 10.] *Haman's* Pride, in fine, was a Torment to him, and he was not only Punish'd By it, and For it, but by a Righteous Judgment of Retribution, he suffer'd Death Himself upon the very Gibbet that he had provided for Another.

How Wretched a Creature was *Haman* now, even in the Careless of his Royal Master, and in the very Rapture of all his Glories! And how Vain again were all the Marks and Emblems of his Character and Power; that were not able to support him against one Slighting Look of a Sorry Slave! He had the World at Will, we see; but All was as good as Nothing to him, so long as he saw *Mordecai* the Jew sitting in the King's Gate. Where's the Sober Man now, that would not rather chuse to be *Mordecai* in the Gate, upon These Terms, than to be *Haman* in the Palace? The One had the Blessing of a Conscience that Fears Nothing but God; the Other was Haunted with a Fantastical Weakness of Mind, that makes a man Dread Every thing, and stand in awe of his Own Shadow. A Word, a Thought, an Imagination, a Countenance is enough to Break his Sleep, and to Shake the very Foundations of the *Babel* that he has Built. Ho' sanities Every Bolt that's Levell'd at his Vices,

Vices, to be Pointed at his Person, and finds himself Wounded in the Morality of the most Innocent Reproofs. He's a Slave to All Passions, All Accidents, and All sorts of Men. A Jest, a Banter, a Lampon; Nay a Glance, an Insinuation, or a Bare Casualty, with the Help of a Gulty Conscience, and a Suspicious Glo's of Application, is enough to Murder him; for he Conceits himself to be Struck at, when he is not so much as Thought of: as I dare appeal to the Consciences of a Thousand Top Gallant Sparks; that will fancy their Own Case to be the Key to This Moral. He makes himself Odious to his Superiors, by his Haughtiness; to his Equals, by a Reflex Course of Factious Competitions; and then he never fails of a Virulent Hatred and Envy, from those that are Below him; so that he's Beset with Enemies on All hands, the Meanest of which is not without Many and Many a Way to the Wreaking of a Malice, and to the Gratifying of a Revenge. As to the Wretchedness of his Condition, 'tis all a Case to Him, whether he be Teiz'd out of his Life by a Judgment of Flies and Lice, or Stung to Death by Fiery Serpents. And he is not only Tormented by Others, but the very Tormentor of Himself too. Nay, rather than want a Colourable Ground of Trouble, he Creates it. His Pride is a Continual Drought upon him, and a Thirst never to be Quench'd. His Conscience, his Fancy, his Fears, Jealousies, and Mistakes; Every thing helps on towards his Undoing. And now to the Infinite Variety of Plagues that Wait upon Pride, there is likewise as Great a Diversity of Imperious Humours for This Misery to Work upon. As for Example, There is a Pride of Stomach, a Pride of Popularity, a Pride of Brow, Equipage, and Parade. There's a Pride of Tongue without either Brains, or Heart to Support it. There is an Abject, (in fine) and there's a Surly Pride; But to Conclude, there is All This, and a Thousand times more of the same Kind and Colour, that lies Naturally Couch'd under This Allegory. And not One Instance at last, that is not verify'd by Many and Many an Example.

Now as to the Envy of the *Asse* it was a Double Folly; for he Mistakes both the *Horse's* Condition, and his Own. 'Tis Madness to Envy any Creature that may in a Moment become Miserable; Or for any Advantage that may in a Moment be taken from him. The *Asse* Envy's the *Horse* to day; and in some Few Days more, the *Horse* comes to Envy Him: Wherefore let no man Despair, so long as it is in the Power, either of Death, or of Chance, to Remove the Burden. Nothing but Moderation and Greatness of Mind can make, either a Prosperous, or an Adverse Fortune Easie to us. The Only Way to be Happy is to submit to our Lot; for No man can be properly said to be Miserable that is not wanting to Himself. It is Certainly True, that many a Jolly Cobler has a Merrier Heart in his Stall, than a Prince in his Palace.

F A B. XXXIX.

A **Bat** and a **Weazle**.

A *Weazle* had seiz'd upon a *Bat*, and the *Bat* begg'd for Life. No, No, says the *Weazle*, I give No Quarter to Birds. Ay (says the *Bat*) but I'm a Mouse you see; look on my Body else: and so she got off for That Bout. The same *Bat* had the Fortune to be Taken a While after by Another *Weazle*; and there the Poor *Bat* was forc'd to beg for Mercy once again. No, says the *Weazle*, No Mercy to a Mouse. Well (says 'Tother,) but you may see by my Wings that I'm a Bird; and so the *Bat* scap'd in Both Capacities, by Playing the *Trimmer*.

F A B. XL.

A **Bat**, **Birds**, and **Beasts**.

Upon a Desperate and a Doubtful Battel betwixt the *Birds* and the *Beasts*, the *Bat* stood *Neuter*, till she found that the *Beasts* had the Better on't; and then went over to the Stronger Side. But it came to pass afterward (as the Chance of War is Various) that the *Birds* Rally'd their Broken Troops, and carry'd the Day; and away she went Then to 'Tother Party, where she was Try'd by a Council of War as a Defeater; Strip'd, Banish'd, and finally Condemn'd never to see Day-light again.

F A B. XLI.

An **Estriche**, **Birds**, and **Beasts**.

THE *Estriche* is a Creature that passes in Common Reputation, for *Half-Bird*, *Half-Beast*. This *Amphibious* Wretch happen'd to be Taken Twice the same Day, in a Battel betwixt the *Birds* and the *Beasts*, and as an Enemy to Both Parties. The *Birds* would have him to be a *Beast*, and the *Beasts* Concluded him to be a *Bird*; but upon shewing his *Feet* to Prove that he was No *Bird*, and upon shewing his *Wings*, and his *Beak*, to prove that he

was

was No *Beast*, they were Satisfy'd upon the Whole Matter, that though he seem'd to be Both, he was yet in Truth neither t: One, nor the Other.

The MORAL of the Three Fables above.

Trimming in some Cases, is Foul, and Dishonest; in others Laudable, and in some again, not only Honest, but Necessary. The Nicety lies in the skill of Distinguishing upon Cases, Times, and Degrees.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE are here taught in some Cases to Yield to Times and Occasions; but with a Saving still, to Honour, and to Conscience. A Wife and an Honest Man will always Mean the same Thing; but he's a Fool that always says the same thing. *Æsop* however Condemns the Double Practices of *Trimmers*, and All False, Shuffling, and Ambidextrous Dealings. He gives also to Understand, that Those that pretend at the same time to serve Two Masters, are True to Neither.

The Three Fables next above have a Great Affinity One with Another, and yet not without some Remarkable Diversities neither. From the Emblem of the *Bat* and *Weazle*, we are to Gather, that there are Certain Ways, Cases, and Occasions, wherein, Disguises, and Artificial Evasions are in some Measure Allowable, provided only that there be No Scandalous, or Malicious Departure from the Truth. This Shifting of the *Bat* in the Paw of the *Weazle*, was but making the Best of what he had to say, and to shew for Himself, toward the saving of his Life. There was No Breach of Faith, or of Trust in't; No Abandoning of a Duty, No Thought of Treachery; Nor in Effect, any thing more in't, than a Fair Christian Way of putting out False Colours.

The *Bat* that stood *Neuter*, may serve for the Character of a *Time-serving Trimmer*: He Betrays his Party, first, in withdrawing his Assistance. Secondly, In going over to the Stronger Side, and Declaring Himself an Open Enemy when his Fellows had the Worst on't. His Judgment, in fine, was Just, and if All Double Dealers and Defectors were serv'd as This *Bat* was, it would be an Example of Terror to Resegades, and of Encouragement to Honest Men.

The *Estriches* Case seems to be Different from the Other Two. He Fought, (though 'tis not said on which side) and he was Taken in the Battel. He had the Shape, but not the Heart of a *Trimmer*, and it was rather Nature than Fraud, that brought him off. Now there are Many things in an Affair of This Quality that may be Warrantable, even upon the Nicest Scruples of Honour; in him that suffers the Violence, which perchance would not be so in the Aggressor.

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F A B

F A B. XLII.

A *Wolfe* and a *Fox*.

A *Wolfe* that had a mind to take his Ease, Stor'd himself Privately with Provisions, and so kept Cloſe awhile. Why, how now Friend ſays a *Fox* to him, we han't ſeen You abroad at the Chace this many a day! Why truly ſays the *Wolfe*, I have gotten an Indiſpoſition that keeps me much at Home, and I hope I ſhall have Your Prayers for my Recovery. The *Fox* had a Fetch in't, and when he ſaw it would not Fadge; Away goes he preſently to a Shepherd, and tells him where he might ſurprize a *Wolfe* if he had a mind to't. The Shepherd follow'd his Directions, and Deſtroy'd him. The *Fox* immediately, as his Next Heir, repairs to his Cell, and takes poſſeſſion of his Stores; but he had Little Joy of the Purchase, for in a very ſhort time, the ſame Shepherd did as much for the *Fox*, as he had done before for the *Wolfe*.

The MORAL.

*'Tis with Sharpers as 'tis with Pikes, they Prey upon their own kind;
And 'tis a Pleaſant Scene enough, when Thieves fall out among them-
ſelves, to ſee the Cutting of One Diamond with Another.*

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS Impoſſible for an Envious Man to be Happy. He makes the World his Enemies, and the Miſchief that he does to Others, returns in a Judgment upon his Own Head. There's No Truſting of a Crafty Deſigning Knave. I do not ſpeak of the Truſt of Privacy and Confidence only; but a Wiſe Man would not ſo much as Venture himſelf in ſuch Company, nor let him come within diſtance of ſo much as knowing how to put a Trick upon him. This Fable ſhews us the Danger of ſuch Converſation. And it ſhews us likewiſe the Juſt Fate that Attends the Treachery, even of One Traitor to Another: The *Wolfe* had a Deſign upon the *Fox*: The *Fox* had a Counter-Deſign upon the *Wolfe*: (which was no more than a Couple of Crafty Knaves well Match'd) And the Shepherd did Juſtice upon them Both.

F A B.

F A B. XLIII.

A *Stag* Drinking.

As a *Stag* was Drinking upon the Bank of a Clear Stream, he ſaw his Image in the Water, and Enter'd into This Contemplation upon't. Well! ſays he, if Theſe Pityful Shanks of mine were but Anſwerable to this Branching Head, I can but think how I ſhould Defy all my Enemies. The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, but he Discover'd a Pack of Dogs coming full-Cry towards him. Away he Scours croſs the Fields, Caſts off the Dogs, and Gains a Wood; but Preſſing through a Thicker, the Buſhes held him by the Horns, till the Hounds came in, and Pluck'd him Down. The Laſt Thing he ſaid was This. What an Unhappy Fool was I, to Take my Friends for my Enemies, and my Enemies for my Friends! I Truſted to my *Head*, that has Betray'd me, and I found fault with my *Legs*, that would otherwiſe have brought me off.

The MORAL.

*He that does not thoroughly know himſelf, may be well allowed to make a
False Judgment upon other Matters that moſt Nearly concern him.*

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is to ſhew us how perverſly we Judge of Many Things, and take the Worſe for the Better; and the Better for the Worſe; upon a very great Miſtake, both in what we Deſpiſe, and in what we Admire. But we are rather for that which is Fair, and Plauſible in Appearance, than for That which is Plain and Profitable in Effect; Even to the Degree of Preferring Things Temporal to Eternal.

He that would Know Himſelf, muſt look into Himſelf. 'Tis only the Reſemblance, or the Shadow that he ſees in the Glaſs, Not the Man. 'Tis One Thing to Fancy Greatneſs of Mind; Another Thing to PraCtiſe it; for a Body may Promiſe, nay and reſolve upon many Things in Contemplation, that he can never make good upon Tryal. How did the *Stag* deſpiſe the *Dogs* here, at the ſight of his Armed Head in the Fountain; but his Heart went quite to another Tune, when the Hounds were at the Heels of him. We are likewiſe taught here, how ſubject Vain Men are to Glory in That which commonly Tends to their Loſs, their Miſfortunc, their Shame, and their very Deſtruction; and yet at the ſame time to take their Beſt Friends for their Enemies. But there's a Huge Difference betwixt a False Conception of Things, and the True Nature and Reaſon of them. The *Stag* Prided himſelf in his Horns, that afterward Shackled, and were the Ruine of him; but made ſlight of his Pityful *Shanks*, that, if it had not been for his Branching Head, would have brought him off.

F A B.

F A B. XLIV.

A Snake and a File.

There was a Snake got into a Smith's Shop, and fell to Licking of a File, She Saw the File Bloody, and still the Bloodier it was, the more Eagerly she Lick'd it; upon a Foolish Fancy, that it was the File that Bled, and that She her self had the Better on't. In the Conclusion, when she could Lick no Longer, she fell to Biting; but finding at last she could do no more Good upon't with her Teeth than with her Tongue, she Fairly left it.

The M O R A L.

'Tis a Madness to stand Biting and Snapping at any thing to no manner of purpose, more than the Gratifying of an Impotent Rage, in the fancy of Hurting Another, when in truth, we only Wound our selves.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable sets out the Malignity of some Spiteful People, that take so much Pleasure in the Design of Hurting others, as not to Feel, and Understand that they only Hurt themselves. This is the Case of Those that will be Trying Masteries with their Superiors, and Biting of that which is too Hard for their Teeth. There's no Contending with an Adversary that's either Insensible or Invincible: And the Rule holds, in Matters, not only of Actual Force and Violence, but of Fortune and Good Name; for 'tis no better than Downright Madness, to strike where we have No Power to Hurt, and to Contend where we are sure to be Worst'd. The Doctrine is this, That Every Man should Consider his Own Strength and Act accordingly.

F A B. XLV.

A League betwixt the Wolves and the Sheep.

There was a Time when the Sheep were so Hardy as to Wage War with the Wolves; and so long as they had the Dogs for their Allies, they were upon all Encounters, at least a Match for their Enemies. Upon This Consideration, the Wolves sent their Embassadors to the Sheep, to Treat about a Peace, and in the Mean Time there were Hostages given on Both Sides; the Dogs on the part of the Sheep, and the Wolves Whelps on the Other Part, till Matters might be brought to an Issue. While they were upon Treaty,

Treaty, the Whelps fell a Howling; The Wolves cryed out Treason; and pretending an Infraction in the Abuse of their Hostages, fell upon the Sheep immediately without their Dogs, and made them pay for the Improvidence of leaving themselves without a Guard.

The M O R A L.

'Tis senseless to the Highest Degree to think of Establishing an Alliance among those that Nature her self has Divided, by an Inconciliable Disagreement. Beside, that a Foolish Peace is much more Destructive than a Bloody War.

R E F L E X I O N.

To take This Fable in a Political Sense; a Peace that puts People out of Condition of Defence, in case of a War, must expect a War; and such a State as leaves them at the Mercy of an Enemy, is Worse than War itself. There's no Trusting to the Articles and Formalities of an Oath side Peace, upon the pretended Reconciliation of an Implacable Enemy. Christian Religion bids us Forgive: But Christian Prudence bids us have a Care too, whom we Trust. 'Tis just in the World as it is in the Apologue. Truces, and Cessations, are both Made, and Broken, for Present Convenience; and where the Allies find they may be the Better for't, we may lay down this for an undoubted Truth, that there can never want a Colour for a Rupture, where there's a Good Will to't. 'Tis No New Thing in the World for the Dogs that are to keep the Wolves from Worrying the Sheep, to be deliver'd up to the Enemy for Hostages, for fear the Sheep should Worry the Wolves. This was our very Case within the Memory of Man, when Matters were brought to the same Issue in the Kingdom by't; that they are here in the Fable: Witness the several and several Treaties and Proposals that were set on foot under the Countenance of a Good Will to Peace: Where only such Conditions were insisted upon by the Designing Party, as would be almost Equally Destructive to all Honest Men, whether they were Granted or Refused. The One Way the Wolves were to have the Sheep left at Mercy; and the Other Way, the Scandal was turn'd upon the Refusers, as the Enemies of an Accommodation; Nay and the very Dogs were turn'd into Wolves too; while Lawyers, and Divines, made the Law and the Gospel Felons of themselves, and subvert'd the Scriptures against the very Doctrine of Christ and his Apostles.

F A B. XLVI.

An Axe and a Forrest.

A Carpenter that had got the Iron-Work of an Axe already, went to the Next Forrest to beg only so much Wood as would make a Handle to't. The Master seem'd so small,

small that the Request was Easily Granted; but when the Timber-Trees came to find that the Whole Wood was to be Cut down, by the Help of this Handle; *There's No Remedy*; they cry'd, but *Patience*, when People are undone by their own Follies.

F A B. XLVII.

A Tree and a Wedge.

A Workman was Cutting down a Tree to make Wedges of it. Well! says the Tree, I cannot but be extremely Troubled at the Thought of what I'm now a doing; And I do not so much Complain neither, of the *Axe* that does the Execution, as of the Man that Guides it; but it is My Misery that I am to be Destroy'd by the Fruit of my own Body.

F A B. XLVIII.

The Eagle and Arrow.

A N Eagle that was Watching upon a Rock once for a Hare, had the Ill Hap to be struck with an Arrow. This Arrow, it seems was Feather'd from her own Wing, Which very Consideration went nearer her Heart, she said, than Death it self.

F A B. XLIX.

A Thrush taken with Birdlime.

IT was the Fortune of a Poor Thrush, among other Birds, to be taken with a Bush of Lime-Twigs, and the Miserable Creature Reflecting upon it, that the Chief Ingredient in the Birdlime came out of her own Guts: I am not half so much Troubled, says the Thrush, at the Thought of Dying, as at the Fatality of Contributing to my Own Ruine.

The MORAL of the Four Fables above.

Nothing goes nearer a Man in his Misfortunes, than to find himself Undone by his Own Folly, or but any way Accessary to his own Ruine.

REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

THE Fables of the *Ax-Handle*, and the *Wedge*, serve to precaution us not to put our selves Needlessly upon an After Game, but to Weigh before hand what we Say, and Do. We should have a Care how we Arm our Enemies against our Selves; for there's Nothing, goes Nearer a Man than to be Undone by his Own Improvidence; and Nothing afterward more Ridiculous, than to Blame Fortune for our own Faults. Though we are so Fram'd by Nature, in respect of our Souls and Bodies, that One Part of a Man is still Wounded by the Other. Nothing so much Troubled the *Eagle* and the *Thrush*, as the Thought of assisting to their own Destruction.

There's No living in This World without an Exchange of Civil Offices, and the Need we have One of Another, goes a Great Way toward the Making of us Love One Another. How is this Amity, and Communication to be entertain'd now, but by the Commerce of Giving and Receiving? Reason, and Experience, are Sufficient to convince us of the Necessity of such a Correspondence; And this Fiction of the *Axe* and the *Forrest*, and so of the *Tree* and the *Wedge*, shews us the Danger of it too, if it be not Manag'd with a Provident Respect to All the Niceties of Circumstance, and Contingency in the Case. People have got a Custom, 'tis true, of Computing upon the Present Need, and Value of things, without ever heeding the Consequences of them: As if all our Askings, and our Grantings were to be Governed by the Standard of the Market. *'Tis so pitiful a Business*, says One, and it was so small a Thing, says Another; And yet this *Pitiful Business*, and this *Small Thing*, proves at last to be as much as a Man's Life, Honor, and Estate is worth. Alas! What's a *Handle* for an *Axe*, out of a whole *Forrest*? What's the Writing of a Man's Name, or the saying Ay, or No to a Question? And yet the very Safety and Honour of our Prince and Country, and the Summ of our Well-being lies many a time at Stake upon the Issue of doing either the One or the Other. Nay and let the People we have to do withal be never so Just and Honest, it is yet a Temerity, and a Folly Inexcusable, to Deliver up our selves Needlessly into Another's Power: For He that does any thing Rashly, must be taken in Equity of Construction to do it willingly: For he was free to Deliberate or Not: 'Tis Good Advice to Consider, First, what the thing is that is Desired. 2. The Character of the Person that Asks. 3. What use may be made on't to the Detriment of him that Grants the Request, and so to Resolve how far in Duty, Humanity, Prudence, Justice, and Respect, we are to Comply with it. Wherefoever there is Moral Right on the One Hand, No Secondary Interest can Discharge it on the Other. A Pris'ner upon Parole must surrender himself upon Demand, though he Die for't. A Man may Contribute to his own Ruin Several Ways; but in Cases not to be Foreseen, and so not to be Prevented, it may be his Misfortune, and the Man not to blame. We are not to omit Precaution however, for fear an ill Use should be made of those Things that we do, even with a Good Intention; but we are still to Distinguish betwixt what may Possibly, and what will Probably be done, according to the Best Measures we can take of the End of Asking; for there would be No Place left for the Functions of Humane Society, if the Possibility of Abusing a Kindness, should wholly Divert us from the Exercise of Charity and Good Nature. There may be Great Mischief Wrought yet, without any thing of

H

a Pre.

a Previous Malice, and it may be Hazardous to Yield, even where the Proposal is wholly Innocent. There may be other Propositions again, that were Originally Design'd for Snares, to the Short-sighted and Credulous, Now 'tis the Art of Life, Critically to Discern the One Case from the Other.

There needs Little more to be said to the Emblems of the *Eagle* and the *Thrush*, than to observe, that both by Chance, and by Nature, we are made Necessary to our Own Ruines: and That's enough to Trouble a Body, though not to Condemn him.

F A B. L.

The Belly and Members.

THE Commoners of Rome were gon off once into a Direct Faction against the Senate. They'd pay no Taxes, nor be forc'd to bear Arms, they said, and 'twas against the Liberty of the Subject to pretend to Compel them to't. The Sedition, in short, ran so High, that there was no Hope of Reclaiming them, till *Menenius Agrippa* brought them to their Wits again by This Apologue:

The Hands and the Feet were in a Desperate Mutiny once against the Belly. They knew No Reason, they said, why the One should lye Lazy, and Pampering it self with the Fruit of the Others Labour; and if the Body would not Work for Company, they'd be no longer at the Charge of Maintaining it. Upon This Mutiny, they kept the Body so long without Nourishment, that All the Parts Suffer'd for't: Inasmuch that the Hands and Feet came in the Conclusion to find their Mistake, and would have been willing Then to have Done their Office; but it was now too Late, for the Body was so Pin'd with Over-Fasting, that it was wholly out of Condition to receive the Benefit of a Relief: which gave them to Understand, that *Body and Members are to Live and Die together.*

The MORAL.

The Publick is but One Body, and the Prince the Head on't; so that what Member soever withdraws his Service from the Head, is no Better than a Negative Traitor to his Country.

REFLEXION.

THIS Allegory is a Political Reading upon the State and Condition of Civil Communities, where the Members have their Several Offices, and Every Part Contributes respectively to the Preservation and Service

of the Whole. 'Tis true, their Operations are More or Less Noble, but the Mechanical Faculties can no more be Spar'd than the Intellectual, and those that Serve in Council under an Appearance of Rest, are yet as Busy, and as Necessary, in their Functions; as those that are Actually and Visibly in Motion. Here's a Caution in fine, to the Members, to have a care how they withdraw themselves from their Duties, till it shall be too late for their Superiours to make use of them.

There is so Near an Analogy betwixt the State of a Body Natural, and Politique, that the Necessity of Government and Obedience cannot be better Represented. The Motions of a Popular Faction are so Violent, and Unreasonable, that neither Philosophy, Prudence, Experience, nay, nor the Holy Writ it self, has the Power (ordinarily speaking) to Work upon them. If People would allow themselves Time for Thought and Consideration, they would find that the Conservation of the Body depends upon the Proper Use and Service of the Several Parts; and that the Interest of Every Distinct Member of it, is wrapt up in the Support, and Maintenance of the whole, which obliges them all to Labour in their Respective Offices and Functions for the Common Good. There are Degrees of Dignity (no doubt on't) in Both Cases, and One Part is to be Subservient to Another, in the Order of Civil Policy, as well as in the Frame of a Man's Body: so that they are mightily out of the way, that take Eating and Drinking, and Un-Eating, and Un-Drinking, in a course of Vicissitude, with other Offices of Nature that are common to Beasts with Men, to be the Great Business of Mankind, without any further Regard to the Faculties, and Duties of our Reasonable Being: For Every Member has its Proper, and Respective Function Assigned it, and not a Finger suffers but the Whole Feels on't.

F A B. LI.

An Ape and a Fox.

AN Ape that found Many Inconveniences by going Bare-Arse, went to a Fox that had a Well-spread, Bushy Tayle, and begg'd of him only a little piece on't to Cover his Nakedness: For (says he) you have enough for Both; and what needs more than you have Occasion for? Well, John (says the Fox) be it More, or be it Less, you get not one single Hair on't; for I would have ye know, Sirrah, that the Tayle of a Fox was never made for the Buttocks of an Ape.

The MORAL.

Providence has Assign'd Every Creature its Station, Lot, Make and Figure; and 'tis not for Us to stand Correling the Works of an Incomprehensible Wisdom, and an Almighty Power.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Reprove the Impertinent, Useless, and Unreasonable Demands of Those that first Ask what Another cannot Part with, unless he be a Stark Fool, or a Mad-Man. And 2. That which if they could obtain would be of No Use, or Benefit to them at all. The Old Moral carries it to Those also that will Part with Nothing to the Poor, even out of their Superfluities: But it seems to be Abominably Wrested, for neither did the One want, nor had the other Any Thing to spare.

There are Certain Rules to be observed, as well in Asking, as Denying: Things against Nature are unreasonable on Both Sides. Things Impossible are Ridiculous in the very Proposal; and Things which the One cannot Spare, and the Other will be never the Better for, fall naturally within the Compass of Exceptions. That is to say, Those Things that we know not what to do withal if we Had them; and Those Things again, which Another Cannot Part with but to his own Loss and Shame. These Points are the very Conditions of This Fable. Here's a General Caution against Extravagant Desires, and yet let the Refusal be never so Just, it is Possible however, that a Man may Oppose a most Unconscionable Request for an Unjustifiable Reason; As in the Case for the Purpose, of an Ill Natur'd Denial, out of a Dislike of the Man, rather than of the Thing it self.

The Application of This Fable to Avarice, that will part with Nothing, seems to be Wrested; for it strikes more properly upon the Folly of People's not being satisfied with the Appointments of Nature: An *Ape* with a *Tail*, would be as scandalous, as a *Fox* without One. Why should not Any One Creature Envy the Whole, as well as any One Part of Another: And why should not an *Ape* be as much Troubled that he has no *Wings*, as that he has no *Tail*? This Grumbling Humour has Envy in it, Avarice and Ingratitude, and sets up it self in fine against all the Works of the Creation.

F A B. LII.

A *Lark* and her *Young Ones*.

HERE was a Brood of *Young Larks* in the *Corn*, and the *Dam*, when she went abroad to Forrage for them, laid a Strict Charge upon her *Little Ones*, to pick up what News they could get against she came back again. They told her at her Return, that the Owner of the Field had been there, and Order'd his Neighbours to come and Reap the *Corn*. Well, says the *Old One*, there's no Danger yet then. They told her the next Day that he had been there again, and Desir'd his Friends to Do't. Well, well, says she, there's no Hurt in That neither, and so she went out Progg'ing for Provisions again as before. But upon the Third Day, when they told their Mother that the Master and his *Son* appointed to come Next Morning and do't Themselves: Nay then,

then, says she, 'tis time to look about us: As for the Neighbours and the Friends, I fear 'em not; but the Master I'm sure will be as good as his Word; for 'tis his own Business.

F A B. LIII.

The *Stag* and the *Oxen*.

A *Stag* that was hard set by the Huntsmen, betook himself to a Stall for Sanctuary, and prevail'd with the *Oxen* to Conceal him the Best they could, so they cover'd him with Straw, and by and by in comes the Keeper to Dress the Cattel, and to Feed them; and when he had done his Work he went his Way without any Discovery. The *Stag* reckon'd himself by This Time to be out of all Danger; but One of the *Oxen* that had more Brains than his Fellows, advis'd him not to be too Confident neither; for the Servant, says he, is a Puzzling Fool, that heeds Nothing; but when my Master comes, he'll have an Eye Here and There and Every where, and will most certainly find ye out. Upon the very Speaking of the Word, in comes the Master, and He spies out Twenty Faults, I warrant ye. This was not Well, and That was not Well; till at last, as he was Prying and Groping up and down, he felt the Horns of the *Stag* under the Straw, and so made Prize of him.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

He that would be sure to have his Business Well Done, must either Do it Himself, or see the Doing of it; Beside that many a Good Servant is Spoil'd by a Careless Master.

REFLEXION.

INTEREST Does more in the World than Faith and Honesty; for Men are more sensible in their own Case than in Anothers; which is all but according to the Old Saying, *Command your Man, and Don't Tour Self*. Neither, in Truth, is it Reasonable, that Another should be more Careful of Me, than I am of my self. Every Man's Business is Best Done when he looks after it with his Own Eyes: And in short, when Every Man looks to One, the Care is taken for All.

We are likewise given to understand, in the Misfortune, and Mistake of the *Stag*, how Rare a Felicity it is for a Man in Distress, to find out such a Patron as has the Will and the Resolution, the Skill, and the Power, to Relieve him; and that it is not Every Man's Talent neither to make the Best of a Bad Game. The Morality of this Caution is as good a Lesson to Governments,

Governments, as to Private Families. For a Prince's Leaving his Bus'ness Wholly to his Ministers without a Strict Eye over them in their Respective Offices and Functions, is as Dangerous an Error in *Politiques*, as a Master's Committing All to his Servant is in *Oeconomicks*. It is Effectually a Transfation of the Authority, when a Superiour trusts himself Implicitly to the Faith, Care, Honesty and Discretion of an Inferiour. To say nothing of the Temptation to Bribery and False Dealing, when so much may be Gotten by't with so Little Hazzard, either of Discovery, or Punishment. Beside the Desperate Inconvenience of Setting up a Wrong Interest, by drawing Applications out of the Proper Channel; and Committing the Authority and Duty of the Master to the Honesty and Discretion of the Servant. Men will be True to Themselves how Faithless soever to One Another.

F A B. LIV.

A Fox and a Sick Lion.

A Certain *Lion* that had got a Politique Fit of Sickneſs, made it his Observation, that of All the Beasts in the Forest, the *Fox* never came at him: And so he wrote him Word how Ill he was, and how Mighty Glad he should be of his Company, upon the Score of Ancient Friendship and Acquaintance. The *Fox* return'd the Complement with a Thousand Prayers for his Recovery; but as for Waiting upon him, he desir'd to be Excus'd; For (says he) I find the Traces of abundance of Feet Going In to Your Majesty's Palace, and not One that comes Back again.

The M O R A L.

The Kindnesses of Ill Natur'd and Designing People, should be thoroughly Consider'd, and Examind, before we give Credit to them.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE'S but a Hair's Breadth here, betwixt an Office of Great Piety, Humanity and Virtue, and an Action of Extreme Folly, Improvidence, and Hazzard. But the *Fox* saw thorough the Complement, and that it was, in Truth, but an Invitation of him to his Own Funeral. We meet with many of These Dangerous Civilities in the World, wherein 'tis a Hard Matter for a Man to Save, both his Skin and his Credit.

'Tis a Difficult Point to Hit the True Medium, betwixt Trusting too Much, and too Little, for fear of Incurring a Danger on the One Hand, or giving a Scandal on the Other. Complements are only Words of Course, and though One External Civility may be Current Payment for Another, yet a Man would be loth to Venture his All upon a Figure of Speech, where the Meaning is so Nicely Divided betwixt Jest and Earnest. 'Tis a Safe Thing to suspect a Friend, or an Honest Man Nay 'tis a Safe Thing to suspect any Man, that but Looks like One; so

as to Wound him; That is, either in a Word, or in a Thought. But then 'tis Death perhaps to be Impos'd upon by an Hypocrite under That Masque. So that the Character of a Wise Man, lyes at Stake upon Matter of Judgment, One Way, and of a Good Natur'd Man, the Other Way. The Middle Course is to Hide our Distrust where we are doubtful, and to be Free, and Open, where we may be Secure. There's No Living without Trusting some body or Other, in some Cases, or at some Time or Other: But then if People be not Cautious, Whom, When, and Wherein, the Mistake may be Mortal; for there must be somewhat of a Trust to make way for a Treachery; since No man can be Betray'd, that does not either Believe, or seem to Believe: So that the *Fox* did well to Weigh All Circumstances before he came to a Resolution. The *Lion's* Design was well enough Cover'd under the Disguise of a Counterfeit Sickneſs, and a Dissembled Tenderness and Respect, for the Drawing of the *Fox* into the Toyle. For there was the Civility of an Invitation, on the One hand, and some Colour of a Right to a Visit, though but out of Compassion and Good Manners, on the Other: But the *Foxes* Sagacity, and the Prints of the Feet Spoil'd All. This Fable in One Word more, bids us be Careful how we Trust in Any Case without looking Well about us: for 'tis Half the Bus'ness of One part of the World to put Tricks upon T'other. The Heart of Man is like a Bog, it looks Fair to the Eye; but when we come to lay any Weight upon't, the Ground is False under us. Nothing could be more Obliging and Respectful than the *Lyon's* Letter was, in Terms and Appearance; but there was Death yet in the True Intent and Meaning on't.

F A B. LV.

A Fox and a Weazel.

A Slam, Thin-Gutted *Fox* made a Hard Shift to Wriggle his Body into a Hen-Rooft, and when he had stuff'd his Guts well, he squeeze'd hard to get out again; but the Hole was too Little for him. There was a *Weazel* a pretty way off, that stood Learning at him all This While. Brother *Reynard*; (says he) Your Belly was Empty when you went In, and you must e'en stay till Your Belly be Empty again, before you come Out.

The M O R A L.

Temperance keeps the Whole Man in Order, and in a Good Disposition, either for Thought or Action, but the Indulging of the Appetite brings a Clog, both upon the Body and Mind.

R E F L E X I O N.

IN a Middle State, both of Body, and of Fortune a man is better Dispos'd for the Offices of Humane Society, and the Functions of Reasonable Nature; and the Heart is also freer fram Cares and Troubles. There are Unwieldy

Unwieldy Minds as well as Unwieldy Bodies, and the Fumes of the One Obstruct the Operations of the Other. The Head of a Philosopher will never do well upon the Shoulders of an Epicure. The Body and the Soul are Inseparable Companions, and it is against the Nature of This Reasonable Union, for the One to be a Clog to the other. The *Foxe's* here, is the Case of Many a *Publick Minister*, that comes Empty In, but when he has Cram'd his Guts well, he's fain to squeeze hard before he can get off again; and glad to Compound with his very Skin for his Carcase.

F A B. LVI.

A Boar and a Horse.

A Boar happen'd to be Wallowing in the Water where a *Horse* was going to Drink, and there grew a Quarrel upon't. The *Horse* went presently to a *Man*, to Assist him in his Revenge. They agreed upon the Conditions, and the *Man* immediately Arm'd himself, and mounted the *Horse*, who carry'd him to the *Boar*, and had the satisfaction of seeing his Enemy Kill'd before his Face. The *Horse* Thank'd the Cavalier for his Kindness, but as he was just about to take leave, the *Man* say'd he should have further Occasion for him, and so Order'd him to be Ty'd up in the Stable. The *Horse* came by This Time, to Understand, that his Liberty was gone, and No Help for't, and that he had pay'd Dear for his Revenge.

F A B. LVII.

A Stag and a Horse.

U Pon a Dispute betwixt a *Stag* and a *Horse* about a piece of Pasture, the *Stag* got the Better on't, and beat the Other out of the Field. The *Horse*, upon This Affront, Advis'd with a *Man* what Course to Take; who told him, that if he would Submit to be Bridled, and Saddled, and take a *Man* upon his Back with a Lance in his Hand, he would undertake to give him the Satisfaction of a Revenge. The *Horse* came to his Terms, and for the Gratifying of a Present Passion, made himself a Slave all the days of his Life. *Stesichorus* made use of This Fable, to Divert the *Himerenses* from Chusing *Phalaris* the Tyrant for their General. This *Horse's* Case, says he, will be Yours, if you go on with your Proposals. 'Tis true, You'l have your Revenge, but you'l lose your Liberties; Upon which Words the Motion fell.

The

The MORAL of the TWO FABLES above.

Let every Man take a True Measure of Himself, what he is Able to do, and what Not; before he comes to any Peremptory Resolution how to Proceed. He is a Madman, that to Avoid a Present, and a Less Evil, runs Blindfold into a Greater; and for the Gratifying of a Froward Humour, makes himself a Slave All the Days of his Life,

REFLEXION.

THESE Fables lay Open to us the Folly of Those People that make themselves Slaves to their Revenge; for no man should be Angry with Another, as to Hurt Himself for't. We should likewise Consider, that there's More Hazard in the succour of a New Powerful Friend, than in the Hostility of an Old Dangerous Enemy; and that the Greatest Empires upon the face of the Earth have had their Rise from the Pretence of Taking up Quarrels, or Keeping the Peace.

These Fables tell us that it is a Rule of Good Discretion in all Matters of Quarrel, and Controversie, for Him that is Worked to have a Great Care Whom he calls to his Aid: Especially when there's more of Passion than Necessity in the Case. The *Horse* might have Quench'd his Thirst with Troubled Water; or he might have stay'd the Clearing of it; Or Chang'd his Wat'ring-Place; Or when he was forc'd out of One Pasture he might have taken up in Another, which would have Preserv'd his Liberty upon the Main, though not as to this Particular: But his Stomach was too Great, it seems to Digest the Affront, without having his Enemy at his Feet: so that he gives up his Freedom to Gain his Revenge. He has Fair Words however, Rich Trappings, and Large Promises; but Works only for his Master; and if at any time he does but Slacken his Pace, or abate, either in his Zeal, or in his Mettle, the Spur is immediately in the Flank of him: Or if he be Unruly, the Bit's upon the Check to keep him to his Duty. The *Stag* was too hard for the *Horse*; and the *Horse* slyes for Succour to One that's too Hard for *Him*, and Rides the One to Death, and Outright Kills the Other. It were Well, if Possible, to keep All Potent Enemies to the Behaviour in such a Case as This, Especially if they Appear under the Shape of Friends: But if People will Venture Life, Liberty and All, for the Clawing of an Itch, and lay Violent Hands upon Themselves, there's no Fence for't.

That which Men are to *Horses*, in the Scale of Creatures, Men in Power and Authority, are in some Proportion to the Poor and Weak: That is to say in the Analogy of Servitude, and Drudgery; and in the carrying of some sort of Burdens that are a Shame to the Bearer. They Toyl and Moyl for the Interest of their Masters, that in requital, break the very Hearts of them for their Pleasure; and the Freer they are of their Flesh, the more Scandalous is the Bondage. When they have done All that *Hoses* can do, they are Lash'd, Spurr'd, Revil'd, and Ill Treated, for not being able to do More: They are Hurry'd on without either Repite or Reason; And after they have carry'd their Riders safe over All Leaps, and thorough All Dangers, and by All Ways and Means Contributed to the Ease, Credit, and Security of their Masters, what comes of them in the End, but to be Strain'd, Founder'd or Broken Winded; Old

I

Age

Age Overtakes them, and they are e'en Glad to take up in a Mill at last with Grains and Thistles, and there spend the Remainder of a Wretched Life in a Circulation of Misery and Labour. If any Man of War, or State, shall find this Case to be his Own, and Himself Touch'd in the Moral of This Fable, let him keep his Own Council, and learn to be Wiser hereafter, And we may learn This Lesson of the *Ætorse* too, not to Sacrifice our Honour, Liberty, and Conscience, to a Freak.

F A B. LVIII.

Two young Men and a Cook.

Two Young Fellows Slipt into a Cook's Shop, and while the Master was Busie at his Work, One of them Stole a piece of Flesh, and Convey'd it to the Other. The Master Misd it immediately, and Challenge'd them with the Theft. He that Took it, Swore He had None on't. And He that Had it, Swore as Desperately that He did not Take it. The Cook Reflecting upon the Conceit: Well, My Masters, (says he) These Frauds and Fallacies may pass upon men; but there's an Eye Above that sees thorough them.

The MORAL.

There's No Putting of Tricks upon an All-Seeing Power; as if He that Made our Hearts, and knows Every Nook, and Corner of them, could not see thorough the Childish Fallacy of a Double-Meaning.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable concerns those that think to Deceive God with Fallacies of Words, Equivocations, Mental Reservations, and Double Meanings; but though Frauds and Perjuries may pass upon Men for a Season, they are as Open as the Light yet to Him that Searches the Heart. A Man had better be a Downright *Atheist*, than in such a Case as This, an Equivocating *Hypocrite*: For He that Denies a Providence, or Doubts whether there be any God at all, is much more Pardonable, than Another that Acknowledges, and Confesses an All-Seeing and an Almighty Power; and yet at the Same Time, most Blasphemously Affronts it. 'Tis a Great Unhappiness that Children should be so much Addicted (as we see they are) to This Way and Humour of Shuffling: But it is a Greater Shame and Mischief, for Parents, Governours, and Tutors, to Encourage, and Allow them in't, and so (Effectually) to Train them up to One of the most Dangerous Corruptions they are Capable of, in Countenancing the very Ground-Work of a False and Treacherous Life. There must be No Paradoxing or Playing Tricks with Things Sacred. Truth is the Great Lesson of Reasonable Nature, both in Philosophy, and in Religion. Now there is a

Truth

Truth of Opinion; a Truth of Fact, and a Truth in Simplicity and Sincerity of Thought, Word, and Deed. The Last of the Three is the Truth that is here in question. The Knack of *Fast and Loose* passes with a world of Foolish People for a Turn of Wit; but they are not aware all this while, of the Desperate Consequences of an Ill Habit, and that the Practice of Falstifying with Men, will lead us on Insensibly to a Double-Dealing even with God Himself.

F A B. LIX.

A Dog and Butcher.

As a Butcher was Busy about his Meat, a Dog runs away with a Sheeps Heart. The Butcher saw him upon the Gallop with a piece of Flesh in's Mouth, and call'd out after him, Hearn ye Friend (says he) you may e'en make the Best of your Purchase, so long as Y'ave made Me the Wiser for't.

The MORAL.

It may serve as a Comfort to us in All Our Calamities and Afflictions, that He that Loses any thing and gets Wisdom by't, is a Gainer by the Loss.

R E F L E X I O N.

NO man is to Account any thing a Loss, if he gets Wisdom by the bargain: Beside, that *Bought Wit is Best*. It is in some Proportion, in the Business of this World, as it is in that of the Next: In the Cases I mean, of Losses, Miscarriages and Disappointments: We are in Both Respects the Better for them (Provided they be not Mortal, that is;) for they are Monitory and Instructive. Affliction makes a man both Honest and Wise; for the smart brings him to a sense of his Error, and the Experiment to the Knowledge of it. We have I know not how many *Adages* to back the Reason of This Moral, *Slang a Dog upon a Crab-Tree* (we say) and *He'll never love Verjuice*. And then we have it again in That Common saying, *The Burnt Child Dreads the Fire*. 'Tis Wandering Many times, whether it be in Opinion, or in Travelling, that sets a man Right in his Judgment, and brings him into the way. The Dogs running away with the Flesh, Docs as good as bid the Cook look Better to't Another time.

A Dog and a Sheep. See Fable and Moral 29

F A B. LX.

A *Wolfe*, a *Lamb*, and a *Goat*.

AS a *Lamb* was following a *Goat*, Up comes a *Wolfe*, whcedling, to get him aside, and make a Breakfast of him: Why what a Fool art thou, says the *Wolfe*; that may'st have thy Belly full of Sweet Milk at Home, to leave thy *Mother* for a Nasty Stinking *Goat*! Well, says the *Lamb*, but my *Mother* has Plac'd me here for my Security; and you'd fain get me into a Corner, to Worry me. Pray'e, which of the Two am I to Trust to Now?

The M O R A L.

Where there's the Order of a Parent on the One side, and the Advice of an Ill Man, and a Profess'd Enemy, on the Other, in Opposition to That Command; Disobedience would be Undoubtedly the Ready Way to Destruction.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable Preaches both obedience and Caution; the One as a Matter of Duty, the Other as a Point of Prudence. The *Wolfe* sings directly the same Note here with the Common Seducers and Incendiaries, that we Meet with in the World. And to the same End too; for they are both Agreed upon't, that so soon as ever they should have withdrawn the *Lambs*, or the *People*, from their *Religion* and *Allegiance*, and gotten them out of the Pale, and Protection of their Parents and Governors, they'l make a Prey of 'em Themselves. What's the Whcedling of the *Lamb* out of the Stapon where Authority had Plac'd him, to go home again for a Belly full of Sweet Milk; but a State-Trick of Inveigling the Multitude into a Fools Paradise, without Understanding One word of the Matter in Question! But some *Lambs* are Wiser and Honester than some *Men*: And This very *Lamb's* Answer might have become the Mouth of a Good Christian, and a Good Subject. For a Conclusion; The *Wolves* Preaching to the *Sheep*, and the *Foxes* Preaching to the *Geese*, hold forth the same Moral.

F A B. LXI

A *Cat* and *Venus*.

A Young Fellow that was Passionately in Love with a *Cat*, made if his Humble Suit to *Venus* to turn *Puss* into a *Woman*. The Transformation was Wrought in the Twinkling of an Eye, and Out she comes, a Very Bucksome Lass. The Doting Sot took

took her home to his Bed; and bad Fair for a Litter of Kittens by her That Night: But as the Loving Couple lay Snugging together, a Toy took *Venus* in the Head, to try if the *Cat* had Chang'd her Manners with her Shape; and so for experiment, turn'd a *Mouse* loose into the Chamber. The *Cat* upon This Temptation, Started out of the Bed, and without any regard to the Marriage-Joys, made a Leap at the *Mouse*; which *Venus* took for so High an Affront, that she turn'd the *Madam* into a *Puss* again.

The M O R A L.

The Extravagant Transports of Love, and the Wonderful force of Nature, are unaccountable; The One carries us Out of our Selves, and the Other brings us Back again.

R E E L E X I O N.

THIS is to lay before us the Charms and Extravagances of a Blind Love. It Covers all the Imperfections, and Considers neither Quality, nor Merit. How many Noble Whores has it made, and how many Imperial Slaves! And let the Defects be never so Gross, it either Palliates, or Excuses them. The *Womans* Leaping at the *Mouse*, tells us also how Impossible it isto make Nature Change her Bias, and that if we shut her out at the Door, she'll come in at the Window.

Here's the Image of a Wild and Fantastical Love, under the Cover of as Extravagant a Fable, and it is all but Fancy at last too; for men do not See, or Taste, or Find the Thing they Love, but they Create it. They Fashion an Idol, in what Figure or Shape they please; Set it up, Worship it, Dote upon it; Pursue it; and in fine, run Mad for't. How many Passions have we seen in the World, Ridiculous enough to Answer All the Follies of this Imagination! It was much for *Venus* to turn a *Cat* into a *Woman*, and for that Cully again to take That *Cat* for a *Woman*: What is it Less now, for a Fop to Form an *Idea* of the *Woman* he Dyes for, Every jot as Unlike That *Woman*, as the *Cat* is to the *Missress*? Let this Suffice for the Impostures, and Illusions of That Passion.

We are further given to Understand, that No Counterfeit is so Steady, and so Equally Drawn, but Nature by Starts will shew her self thorough it; for *Puss*, even when she's a *Madam*, will be a *Monster* still. 'Tis the Same Thing with a Hypocrite, which is only a Devil dress'd up with a Ray about him, and Transform'd into an Angel of Light. Take him in the very Raptures of his Devotion, and do but throw a parcel of *Church-Lands* in his way, he shall Leap at the Sacrilege from the very Throne of his Glory, as *Puss* did at the *Mouse*; and Pick your Pocket, as a *French Poet* says of a *Jesuit*, in the Middle of his *Paernoster*.

F A B. LXII.

A **Father** and his **Sons**.

IT was the Hap of a very Honest Man to be the *Father* of a Contentious Brood of *Children*. He call'd for a Rod, and bad 'em Take it and Try One after Another with All their Force, if they could Break it. They Try'd and could not. Well (says he) Unbind it now, and take Every Twig of it apart, and see what you can do That Way. They Did so, and with Great Ease, by One and One, they snap it all to pieces. This (says he) is the True Emblem of Your Condition. Keep Together and Y'are Safe; Divide, and Y'are Undone.

The M O R A L.

The Breach of Unity puts the World, and All that's in't into a State of War, and turns Every Man's Hand against his Brother; but so long as the Band holds, 'tis the Strength of All the Several Parts of it Gather'd into One.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is to Intimate the Force of Union, and the Danger of Division. What has it been but Division that has Expos'd Christendom to the Enemies of the Christian Faith? And it is as Ruinous in Private as 'tis in Publicque. A Divided Family can no more Stand, than a Divided Common-Wealth; for every Individual Suffers in the Neglect of a Common Safety. 'Tis a Strange Thing that Men should not do That under the Government of a Rational Spirit and a Natural Prudence, which Wolves and Boars do by the Impulse of an Animal Instinct. For they, we see, will make Head, *One and All* against a Common Enemy; whereas the Generality of Mankind lye Pecking at One Another, till One by One, they are all Torn to Pieces, Never considering (with the *Father* here) the Necessity and Strength of Union.

F A B. LXIII.

A **Laden Ass** and a **Horse**.

AS a *Horse* and an *Ass* were upon the Way together, the *Ass* cryed out to his Companion, to Ease him, of his Burden, though never so little, he should fall down Dead else. The *Horse* would not; and so his Fellow-Servant sunk under his Load. The Master, upon This, had the *Ass* Flay'd, and laid his

his Whole Pack, Skin and All, upon the *Horse*. Well, (says he) This Judgment is befall'n me for my Ill Nature, in refusing to help my Brother in the Depth of his Distress.

The M O R A L.

It is a Christian, a Natural, a Reasonable, and a Political Duty, for All Members of the same Body to Assist One Another.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Bus'ness of the World, is more or less, the Bus'ness of Every Man that lives in't: And if the Great and the Small do not Joyn in One Common Assistance, where the Matter requires it, they are in Danger to be Both Undone: So that it is for the Good of the Whole, that the Several Parts take care One of Another.

We have here set before us the Mischiefs of Ill Nature, and Imprudence, both in One; and the Folly of not Heeding the Duty, as well as the Common Necessity, of Helping One Another. [*This is None of My Bus'ness*] we Cry: never considering, that in Things Requisite to be done, what One Cannot, Another Must: Beside, that in the Case of a Fellow-Servant, or an Honest Neighbour, I am as much bound to save him from Sinking, under a Heavy Burthen, as I am to give him a Cup of Drink, or a Morfel of Bread, to keep him from Choaking or Starving: It makes a Breach in a Community, when Particular Men shall take upon them to Divide from the Common Service of the Body: And He that sets up a Private Interest, Separate from the Publicque, Discontinues the Connexion of the Government, by Cutting off That Link of the Chain. But the Miseries and Calamities that follow upon departing from the Known Rules and Measures of Political Order, are sufficient to Enlighten us in the Reason of Political Methods, and to Excite us to an Agreement in all Reciprocal Services, One with Another. There's the Duty of Charity in't, and the Foundations of Governing Prudence; Beside, that we are likewise Mov'd to't, by a Sense of Tenderness, Honour and Justice.

The Churlish Humour of this *Horse*, is too much the Humour of Mankind, even in the Case of Subjects to the same Master; but such is the Vanity that many People draw from their Titles, and their Trappings, that they look down upon their Fellows, as if they were not All made of the same Clay: To speak the Plain Truth of the Matter, 'Tis the Little People that support the Great; and when the Foundation fails, the whole Fabrick must either drop into Rubbish, or otherwise Rest upon the Shoulders of their Superiors.

F A B.

F A B. LXIV.

A Collier and a Fuller.

A Fuller had a very kind Invitation from a Collier to come and Live in the House with him. He gave him a Thousand Thanks for his Civility; but told him that it would not Stand with his Convenience; for (says he) as fast as I make any thing Clean, You'll be Smutting it again.

F A B. LXV.

A Thrush and a Swallow.

AH my Dear Mother! says the Thrush, Never had any Creature such a Friend as I have, of this same Swallow. No, says she, nor ever any Mother such a Fool to her Son as I have, of this same Thrush: To talk of a Friendship betwixt People that cannot so much as live together in the same Climate and Season. One is for the Summer, T'other for the Winter; And that which keeps You Alive, Kills your Companion.

The M O R A L of the Two FABLES above.

'Tis a Necessary Rule in Alliances, Matches, Societies, Fraternities, Friendships, Partnerships, Commerce, and All Manner of Civil Dealings and Contracts, to have a Strict Regard to the Humour, the Nature, and the Disposition of Those we have to do withall.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is to bid us have a care what Friendships we Contract, and what Company we keep; for Contrary Humours and Manners will never agree together. There can be no Thought of Uniting Those that Nature it self has Divided. And this Caution holds good in all the Bus'ness of a Sober Man's Life; as Marriage, Studies, Pleasures, Society, Commerce, and the like: 'Tis in some sort, with Friends (Pardon the Courtness of the Illustration) as it is with Dogs in Couples. They should be of the Same Size, and Humour; and That which pleases the One should Please the Other: But if they Draw Several Ways, and if One be too Strong for T'other, they'll be ready to Hang themselves upon Every Gate, or Style they come at. This is the Moral of the Friendship betwixt a Thrush and a Swallow, that can never Live together.

F A B.

F A B. LXVI.

A Fowler and a Pigeon.

AS a Country Fellow was making a Shoot at a Pigeon, he trod upon a Snake that Bit him by the Leg. The Surprise Startled him, and away flew the Bird.

The M O R A L.

We are to Distinguish betwixt the Benefits of Good Will, and those of Providence: For the Latter are immediately from Heaven, where no Human Intention Intervenes.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Mischief that we Meditate to Others, falls commonly upon our Own Heads, and Ends in a Judgment, as well as a Disappointment. Take it Another Way, and it may serve to Mind us how Happily People are Diverted Many Times from the Execution of a Malicious Design, by the Grace and Goodness of a Preventing Providence. A Pistol's not taking Fire may save the Life of a Good Man; and the Innocent Pigeon had Dy'd, if the Spiteful Snake had not Broken the Fowler's Aim: That is to say; Good may be drawn out of Evil, and a Body's Life may be Sav'd without having any Obligation to his Preserver.

F A B. LXVII.

A Trumpeter taken Prisoner.

UPON the Rout of an Army there was a Trumpeter, made a Pris'ner, and as the Soldiers were about to Cut his Throat; Gentlemen, (says he) Why should you Kill a Man that Kills No Body? You shall Die the rather for That, cry's orde of the Company, for being so Mean a Rascal, as to set other People together by the Ears without Fighting your self.

The M O R A L.

He that Provokes and Incites Mischief is the Doer of it. 'Tis the Man that Kills Me, the Bullet is only a Passive Instrument to serve his End that Direſts it.

K

R E-

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Reprove Those (according to the old Moral) that Stir up Men in Power to do Publick Mischief; which is much Worse than any Man's Doing a Private One Himself: And only a Safer Way of Committing greater Outrages.

The *Trumpeter's* Plea is so Arrant a Shuffle here, that an *Inciendiary* at the *Bar*, or in the *Pulpit*, has as much to say for Himself. He that Countenances, Encourages, or Abets a Mischief, Does it. The Seditious Lawyer, or Divine, Kills No Body with his own Hand, but by a False Gloſs perhaps, upon a Law, or a Text, he may Cause Ten Thousand Swords to be Drawn, without Spilling One Drop of Blood immediately Himself. Shall any Man now, that Wilfully, and Maliciously, procures the Cutting of whole Armies to Pieces, set up for an Innocent? As if the Lives that were taken away by his Instigation, were not to be Charged upon his Account. He that Covers Murder, Oppression, Sacrilege, Rebellion, with a Cloak of Statute and Scripture, makes God and Government, Effectually the Authors of the Wickedness: And Those are the Safest, and Worst of *Bravo's*, that Employ *Journeymen-Mercenaries* under them to do the Work. What is This, but to Engage our Bibles, and our Law Books in a Conspiracy against Themselves? Shall He that gives Fire to the Train, pretend to Wash his Hands of the Hurt that's done by the Playing of the Mine? Humane Corruptions are as Catching as Powder; as Easily Enflam'd, and the Fire afterwards as Hard to be Quench'd. That which a Man Causes to be Done, he Does Himself, and 'tis all a case whether he does it by Practice, Precept, or Example. In One Word, He that Kindles the Passions of the *Mobile* is Answerable for the Following Conflagration. When the Men of the Long Robe have once Preach'd the People to Tinder, the Least Spark sets them a Fire: so that they have no more to do than to Inculcate the Doctrine of Disobedience, and so leave the Multitude to chew upon't. A *Trumpeter* in the *Pulpit* is the very Emblem of a *Trumpeter* in the *Field*; and the same Charge holds Good against Both. Only the *Spiritual Trumpeter* is the more Pernicious Instrument of the Two; for the Latter serves only to Rouze the Courage of the Soldiers without any Doctrine of Application upon the Text, whereas the other infuses Malice over and above, and Preaches Death and Damnation, Both in One, and gives ye the very Chapter and Verse for't.

F A B. LXVIII.

A Dog and a Wolfe.

There was a Hagg'd Carrion of a Wolfe, and a Jolly Sort of a Gentile Dog, with Good Flesh upon's Back, that fell into Company together upon the King's High-Way. The Wolfe was wonderfully pleas'd with his Companion, and as Inquisitive to Learn how he brought himself to That Blessed State of Body. Why, says the Dog, I keep my Master's House from Thieves, and I have very Good Meat, Drink, and Lodging for my pains.

Now

Now if you'll go along with Me, and do as I do, you may fare as I here. The Wolfe Struck up the Bargain, and so away they Trott'd together: But as they were Jogging on, the Wolfe spy'd a Bare Pace about the Dog's Neck, where the Hair was worn off. Brother, (says he) how comes this I prethee? Oh, That's Nothing, says the Dog, but the Fretting of my Collar a little. Nay, says T'other, if there be a Collar in the Case, I know Better Things than to sel my Liberty for a Cruſt.

THE MORAL.

We are so Dazzl'd with the Glare of a Splendid Appearance, that we can hardly Distinguish the Inconveniencies that Attend it. 'Tis a Comfort to have Good Meat and Drink at Command, and Warm Lodging: But He that sells his Freedom for the Cramming of his Gut, has but a Hard Bargain of it.

REFLEXION.

IN This Emblem is set forth the Blessing of Liberty, and the Sordid Meanness of those Wretches that sacrifice their Freedom to their Lusts, and their Palates. What Man in his Right Senses, that has wherewithal to Live Free, would make himself a Slave for Superfluities! The Wolfe would have been well enough Content to have Barter'd away a Ragged Coat, and a Raw-Bon'd Carcase, for a Smooth and a Fat One; but when they came to talk of a Collar once, away Marches He to His Old Trade in the Woods again, and makes the Better Choice of the Two.

To speak to the First Point, we are lyable to be Impos'd upon by Outsides and Appearances, for want of Searching things to the Bottom, and Examining what Really they are, and what they Only seem to be. This Fiction of the Wolfe, is a Reproof to Eager Appetites, and Over Hasty Judgments, that will not give themselves time to Ballance Accounts, and Compute Beforehand, whether they are to get or Lose by the Bargain. It holds as well against Intemperate Curiosities, and Rash Wishes, That is to say, against the Folly of the One, and the Wickedness of the Other; for if we come once to take Evil for Good, our very Prayers are turn'd into Sin: But what with a Certain Itch of Prying into, and Meddling with Other Peoples Matters, and a Natural Levity that puts us upon Shifting and Changing, we fall Intensibly into a Thousand Inconveniencies: and when it comes to That once, that we find our selves Uneasy at Home, and no Resting-Place in our Own Thoughts, (where Rest is Only to be had) we are so glad to run away from our selves, and Hunt abroad for where, 'tis never to be found. This is the Common Root of all our Wandrings and Errors. We Spend our Time, and our Peace, in Pursuit of Things wholly Foreign to our Business, and which will Certainly Deceive us at last.

Thus it is, and Thus it must be, so long as we take Every thing by a Wrong Handle, and only Calculate upon our Own Misfortunes, without any Allowance for the Comforts that we Enjoy. And so we reckon upon our Neighbours Enjoyments, on the Other hand, without any Consideration for the Hardships that They Endure. Oh that I had such a Palace! Says One; Such an Estate! Such a Retinue! This Glorious Train! That Lovely Woman, &c. Nay, the Envious Freak Descends to the very Point,

and Petticoat. Now These Idle Curiosities may be Specious Enough in the Contemplation; but what if This House, at the Foot of the Account, should Prove to be Haunted, That Gay Furniture Borrow'd; Tostler Fine Woman Clapt; The Curse of Sacrilege cleaving to such an Inheritance, and all the rest of the Gawdy Fooleries perhaps Unpay'd for? (as the Inconveniences are No New Things in Nature) Who would not rather take up with the *Wolfe* in the Woods again; than make such a Clutter in the World upon These Scandalous Conditions.

For the Obviating of All Cases of this Quality, Children should be Early Instructed, according to their Age and Capacity, in the True Estimate of Things, by Opposing the Good to the Evil, and the Evil to the Good; and Compensating, or Qualifying One Thing with Another. What's Plenty without Health? What's Ease without Plenty? And what's Title and Greatness, with Carking Thoughts, and a Troubled Mind to Attend it? What does That Man Want that has Enough? Or What's He the better for a Great deal, that can never be Satisfy'd? By This Method of Setting what we Have against what we have Not, the Equity of Providence will be made Manifest, and to All manner of Purposes Justify'd; When it shall appear upon the Ballance, that Every man has his Share in the Bounties of Heaven to Mankind.

As to the Freedom here that *Æsop* is so Tender of, it is to be Understood of the Freedom of the Mind: A Freedom to Attend the Motions of Right Reason; and a Freedom, in fine, not to be Parted with for All the Sensual Satisfaction under the Sun. It is, I say, a Freedom under These Limits; for there's No such Thing as Absolute Liberty: Neither is it possible that there should be any, without a Violence to the Order of the Universe, and to the Doctrines of Reasonable Nature: For All men Living are in Some sort or Other, and upon some Penalty or Other Subjected to a Superior Power; That is to say, the Laws of Morality are Above them: But the Case wherein All men are upon the Behaviour is not here the Question. To Wind up the Moral, in short: Liberty is a Jewel and a Blessing. The *Wolfe* was well enough pleas'd here with the State of the *Dog's* Body; but he had no fancy to his Collar.

F A B. LXIX.

A Farmer and his Dogs.

A Certain *Farmer* was put to such a Pinch in a Hard Winter for Provisions, that he was forc'd to Feed Himself and his Family upon the Main Stock. The Sheep went First to Pot; the Goats Next; and after them, the Oxen; and All Little enough to keep Life and Soul together. The *Dogs* call'd a Council upon't, and Resolv'd to shew their Master a Fair pair of Heels for't; before it came to be Their Turn; for (said they) after he has Cut the Throats of our Fellow-Servants, that are so Necessary for his Business, it cannot be Expected that he will ever Spare us.

The

THE MORAL.

There's No Contending with Necessity, and we should be very Tender how we Censure Those that Submit to't. 'Tis one thing to be at Liberty to do what we Would do, and Another Thing to be Ty'd up to do what we Must.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Common Thing for a Master to Sacrifice a Servant to his Own Ease, and Interest; but there's No Meddling with Men of That Inhospitable Humour, where the Domestiques, how Faithful soever, can never be Secure.

This is according to the Old Moral; but not without some Force (in My Opinion at least) to the Natural Bias of the Fable. The *Farmer* has no Liberty of Choice before him, but either to do what he does, or to Perish: And in so Doing, (with all respect to the Rules of Honesty) he does but his Duty; without any way Incurring the Character of an Ill Natur'd Man, or a Cruel Master. But there may be also Another Doctrine Rais'd from it; which is, That in Cases of Extreme Difficulty, the Laws of Convenience, and Ordinary Practice must give place to the Laws of Necessity. This was the Naked Truth of the *Farmer's* Case.

F A B. LXX.

A Camel at First Sight.

UPON the First Sight of a *Camel*, All people ran away from't, in Amazement at so Monstrous a Bulk. Upon the Second Sight, finding that it did them No Hurt, they took Heart upon't, went up to't, and View'd it. But when they came, upon further Experience, to take Notice, how Stupid a Beast it was, they Ty'd it up, Bridled it, Loaded it with Packs and Burthens; Set Boys upon the Back on't, and Treated it with the Last Degree of Contempt.

F A B. LXXI.

A Fox and a Lion.

A *Fox* had the hap to fall into the Walk of a *Lion*; (the First of the Kind that ever he saw) and he was ready to Drop down at the very sight of him. He came a While after, to see Another, and was Frighted still; but Nothing to What he was Before.

and Petticoat. Now These Idle Curiosities may be Specious Enough in the Contemplation; but what if This House, at the Foot of the Account, should Prove to be Haunted, That Gay Furniture Borrow'd; T'other Fine Woman Clapt; The Curse of Sacrilege cleaving to such an Inheritance, and all the rest of the Gaudy Fooleries perhaps Unpay'd for? (as the Incumbances are No New Things in Nature) Who would not rather take up with the *Wolfe* in the Woods again, than make such a Clutter in the World upon These Scandalous Conditions.

For the Obviating of All Cases of this Quality, Children should be Early Instructed, according to their Age and Capacity, in the True Estimate of Things, by Opposing the Good to the Evil, and the Evil to the Good; and Compensating, or Qualifying One Thing with Another. What's Plenty without Health? What's Ease without Plenty? And what's Title and Greatness, with Carking Thoughts, and a Troubled Mind to Attend it? What does That Man Want that has Enough? Or What's He the better for a Great deal, that can never be Satisfy'd? By This Method of Setting what we Have against what we have Not, the Equity of Providence will be made Manifest, and to All manner of Purposes Justfy'd; When it shall appear upon the Ballance, that Every man has his Share in the Bounties of Heaven to Mankind.

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Before. It was his Chance, after This, to Meet a Third *Lion*; and he had the Courage, Then, to Accomt him, and to make a kind of Acquaintance with him.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

Novelty Surprizes us, and we have Naturally a Horrour for Uncouth Mischapen Monsters; but 'tis our Ignorance that Staggers us, for upon Custom and Experience, All These Bugs grow Familiar, and Easy to us.

REFLEXION.

THINGS that at first seem Terrible, become Easy to us when we are Wonted to them; says the Old Moral; which holds, I confess, in the Case of the *Camel*, but not in That of the *Lion*.

With leave of the Moralist, the Illustration does not come up to the Force and intent of the Two Last Fables: Neither, in truth, is the very Design of them according to the True Reason of the Matter in Question: Things that seem Terrible and are Not so, become not only Familiar, but Ridiculous to us, when we find that our Fears were Vain and Idle; as in the case of the *Camel*: But things on the contrary, that not only Seem Terrible, but are found upon Experience to be more Dangerous than we took them for: (as in the Strength, the Nimbleness, the Fierceness and the Appetite of a *Lion*.) These are Things, I say, that the Better we Know them, the More we Dread them: So that though we have Apprehensions, as well where there is No Peril, as where there is: Yet Time Teaches us to Distinguish the One from the Other. The Allusion would much better have held in the Case of a Battel, where the Soldier grows Every day less apprehensive of the Hazzard, by seeing so many People Scape; and by Computing upon the Disproportion of Those that Outlive it, to Those that Fall in't. We may however Learn from hence, that People may be Frighted as well Without Reason as With it. Now, in Propriety of Speaking, and in a Right Understanding of the Thing too, People were not so much Frighted, as they were Surpriz'd at the Bigness, and Uncouth Deformity of the *Camel*: But I could Wish, the *Fox* had been More and More afraid of the *Lion*, the oftner he Saw him; and the Doctrine would then have been to Govern our Passions by the Truth and Reason of Things, not by Appearances; but it holds however, that Custom goes a Great Way in making Matters Indifferent to us. 'Tis much the same Case too, betwixt the *People*, and *Bugg-Laws*, and *Acts of State*, that it is here betwixt the *Fox* and the *Lion*. Men look upon the First Opening of a *Publick Fast*, as if Heaven and Earth were going together; Not a *Shop Opens*; The *Streets* Quiet, and so dismal a Countenance Every where, as if it were to Rain Fire and Brimstone the Next Moment. The *Second Day* is a Little Uneasy too, but not half so Frightful as the *Former*: and so in *Two or Three days more*, the Awe goes quite off, and the *People* come to their Wits, and fall to their Trade again, without any further Heed to the Matter.

F A B.

F A B. LXXII.

An Eagle and a Fox.

There was a Bargain struck up betwixt an *Eagle* and a *Fox*, to be Wonderful Good Neighbours and Friends. The One Took Up in a Thicket of Brushwood, and the Other Timber'd upon a Tree hard by. The *Eagle*, One Day when the *Fox* was abroad a Forraging, fell into his Quarters and carry'd away a Whole Litter of Cubs at a Swoop. The *Fox* came time enough back to see the *Eagle* upon Wing, with her Prey in the Foot, and to send many a Heavy Curse after her; but there was No overtaking her: It happen'd in a very Short time after This, upon the Sacrificing of a *Goat*, that the same *Eagle* made a Stoop at a picce of Flesh upon the Altar, and she took it away to her Young: But some Live-Coales it seems, that Stuck to't, set the Nest a fire. The Birds were not as yet Fledg'd enough to Shift for Themselves, but upon Sprawling and Struggling to get Clear of the Flame, down they Tumbled, half Roasted into the very Mouth of the *Fox*, that stood Gaping under the Tree to see the End on't: So that the *Fox* had the Satisfaction at last, of Devouring the Children of her Enemy in the very Sight of the Dam.

The MORAL.

God Reserves to Himself the Punishment of Faithless, and Oppressing Governours, and the Vindication of his Own Worship and Altars.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to give Great Men to Understand, that No Power upon Earth can Protect them in the Exercise of Tyranny and Injustice; but that Sooner, or Later, Vengeance will Overtake Oppressors. It does likewise Condemn Treachery, and breach of Faith, even toward the most Perfidious.

The Morality of This Fiction looks several Ways. Here's first a League betwixt an *Eagle* and a *Fox*; which would be a most Incongruous Alliance, if it were not in the case of That Princely Birds Departure from the Dignity of her Character, and from the Obligation of Royal Justice: so that *Æsop* has aptly enough Match'd a *Faith-Breaking Prince*; with a Perfidious Subject, and Fancy'd a Knavish Favourite, as the *Fittest Minister* for such a *Governour*. In the *Eagles* Destroying the *Foxes Cubs*, there's Power Exercis'd with Oppression, and the *Curses* of the *Fox* that Pursu'd the Oppressor, were not sent in Vain neither, as appears by the Sequel.

quel. We are likewise to take Notice that Justice is Sacred, and that No Provocation, either of Insolent Language, or Behaviour, can Warrant the Violation of it.

And it is further Suggested to us, that when People are in a Train of Wickedness, One Sin Treads upon the Heel of Another. The *Eagle* begins with an Invasion upon the Rights of *Hospitality*, and *Common Faith*; and at the Next Step Advances to *Sacrilege*, in Robbing the Altar. And what follows upon it now, but a Divine Judgment, that sets fire to her Nest, and Avenges the Cause of the very *Fox*, though One of the Fullest of Creatures! From hence we are to Gather These Two Doctrines for our Instruction. First, That the Misdemeanours of Temporal Sovereign Powers are subjected only to the Animadversion of the supreme Lord of the Universe. And secondly, That in the Case of Tyranny it self, it is not for Private Men to pretend to any Other Appeal.

F A B. LXXIII.

A Husbandman and a *Stork*.

A Poor Innocent *Stork* had the Ill Hap to be taken in a Net that was layd for *Geese* and *Cranes*. The *Storks* Plea for her self was Simplicity, and Piety: The Love she bore to Mankind, and the Service she did in Picking up of Venemous Creatures. This is all True, says the *Husbandman*; But They that Keep Ill Company, if they be Catch'd with Ill Company, must Expect to suffer with Ill Company.

The M O R A L.

'Tis as much as a man's Life, Fortune, and Reputation, are Worth, to keep Good Company (over and above the Contagion of Lewd Examples) for as Birds of a Feather will Flock together, so if the Good and the Bad be taken together, they must Expect to go the Way of All Flesh together.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is to bid men have a care What Company they keep; for when the Good and Bad are Taken together, they must Go together. Not but that a man may lie under some Obligation of Duty and Respect, to Visit, Ear and Correspond with Many People that he does not Like. And This may be well enough Done too; provided it be out of Decency, Discretion, or Good Manners, rather than upon Choice and Inclination. We cannot Honestly let a Civil Enemy into a Town that's Besieg'd, or hold any sort of Intelligence with him (though but in a Bare Curiosity) about the Affairs of the Garrison. Let a man Consider now, how much more Dangerous, and Unwarrantable it is to take an Enemy into our Souls, than into our Forts. With all Honour yet to a Brave Adversary, apart from his Cause.

'Tis

'Tis the Fortune of many a Good Man to fall into Bad Company, and to be Undone by't, and yet no way Guilty all this while, of the Iniquity of his Companions. The Letter of the Law Sweeps All in such a Case, without Distinction of Persons: To say Nothing of the Shame and Dishonour of being taken up with Rogues and Felons; over and above the Lash of Publique Justice, and the Contagion of a Lewd Conversation. *Shew me the Company (says the Adage) and I'll tell you the Man.* What would a body think now of a Prime Minister that should Conjobble Matters of State with *Tumblers* and *Buffoons*; Confer Politiques with *Tinkers* and *Carr-men*: would not any man Judge their Souls to be of the same Standard and Allay: and that there were no more betwixt them than *Crofs* or *Pile*, which should be the Lord, and which the *Scoundrel*? Or, according to the Fable, which the *Stork* and which the *Goose*? For 'tis not the Purple, but the Virtue that makes a *Man of Honour*; truly so call'd.

F A B. LXXIV.

A Boy and False Alarms.

A Shepherd's Boy had gotten a Roguy Trick of crying [a *Wolfe*, a *Wolfe*] when there was no such Matter, and Fooling the Country People with *False Alarms*. He had been at This Sport so many times in Jest, that they would not Believe him at last when he was in Earnest: And so the *Wolves* Brake in upon the Flock, and Worry'd the *Sheep* at Pleasure.

The M O R A L.

He must be a very Wise Man that knows the True Bounds, and Measures of Fooling, with a respect to Time, Place, Matters, Persons, &c. But Religion, Business and Cases of Consequence must be Excepted out of That sort of Liberty.

R E F L E X I O N.

A Common Lyar (says the Old Moral) shall not be Believ'd, even when he speaks True: But there's a Great deal more in't, of which hereafter.

There's not One Man of a Thousand that Understands the Just, the Safe, Warrantable, Decent, and Precise Limits, of that which we call Bantering, or Fooling: But it is either too Course, too Rude, too Churlish, too Bitter, too Much on't, too Pedantique, too fine, out of Measure, or out of Season. Now the Least Error or Mistake in the Manage of This Humour, lays People Open to Great Censure, and Reproach. It is not Every man's Talent to know When and How to Cast out a Pleasant Word, with such a Regard to Modesty and Respect, as not to Transgress the True,

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and Fair Allowances of Wit, Good Nature, and Good Breeding. The Skill and Faculty of Governing This Freedom within the Terms of Sobriety and Discretion, Goes a Great Way in the Character of an Agreeable Conversation; for That which we call Railery, in This Sense, is the very Sawce of Civil Entertainment: And without some such Tincture of Urbanity, even in Matters the most Serious, the Good Humour Flattens, for want of Refreshment and Relief: But there's a *Medium* yet betwixt *All-Fool*, and *All-Philosopher*. I mean, a Proper and a Discreet Mixture, that in some sort Partakes of Both, and renders Wisdom it self the more Grateful, and Effectual for it. The Gravity, in short, of the One, is Enliven'd with the Spirit and Quickness of the Other; and the Gayety of a Diverting Word serves as a Vehicle to Convey the Force of the Intent, and Meaning of it: But the Main Drift at last of this Fable, is to shew us the Dangerous Consequences of an Improper and an Unseasonable Fooling: With All Respect however to the Ornament and Advantage of a Facetious Freedom of Discourse, within the Compass of Sobriety and Honour. To Conclude; The *Shepherd's Boy* went too far upon the Topique that he did not Understand.

F A B. LXXV.

An Eagle and a Daw.

AN Eagle made a Stoop at a Lamb; Truss'd it, and took it Cleverly away with her. A Mimical Daw, that saw This Exploit, would needs try the same Experiment upon a Ram: But his Claws were so Shackled in the Fleece with Lugging to get him up, that the Shepherd came in, and Caught him, before he could Clear Himself; He Clipt his Wings, and carried him Home to his Children to Play withal. They came Gaping about him, and ask'd their Father what Strange Bird that Was? Why, says he, He'll tell you Himself that he's an Eagle; but if you'll take My Word for't; I know him to be a Daw.

The M O R A L.

'Tis a High Degree of Vanity and Folly, for Men to take More upon them than they are able to go thorough withall; And the End of Those Undertakings is only Mockery and Disappointment in the Conclusion.

R E F L E X I O N.

TIS Vain and Dangerous to Enter into Competition with our Superiours, in What Kind soever, whether it be in Arms, Letters, Expence, Strength of Body, Arts and Sciences, or the like. 'Tis Impossible for any Man, in fine, to take a True Measure of Another, without an Exact Knowledge and a True Judgment of Himself. Nay the Attempt of any thing above our Force, with Vanity, and Presumption, most certainly ends in a Mis-

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carriage that makes the Pretender Ridiculous. The Out-doing of a Great Man in his Own Way, Savours in some degree of Ill Manners, as it is upon the Main, a High Point of Indiscretion. One man takes it for an Affront to be Out-witted; Another to be Out-Fool'd, as *Nero* could not Endure to be Out-Fiddled; But in short, be the Matter never so Great, or never so Trivial, 'tis the same Case as to the Envy of the Competition.

F A B. LXXVI.

A Dog in a Manger.

A Churlish Envious *Cur* was gotten into a *Manger*, and there lay Growling and Snarling to keep the Hories from their Provender. The *Dog* Eat None himself, and yet rather Ventur'd the Starving his Own Carcase than he would suffer any thing else to be the Better for't.

The M O R A L.

Envy pretends to No Other Happiness than what it derives from the Misery of Other People, and will rather Eat Nothing it self than not Starve Those that Would.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE have but too many Men in the World of This *Dog's* Humour; that will rather Punish Themselves, than not be Troublesome and Vexatious to Others. There's an Envy of Good Things too as well as of Good Men; but this Fable is so well known that it is Moraliz'd in a Common Proverb.

If some men might have their Wills the very Sun in the Firmament should withdraw his Light, and they would submit to Live in Perpetual Darknes Themselves, upon Condition that the rest of the World might do so for Company. Whatsoever their Neighbour Gets They Lose, and the very Bread that One Eats makes T'other Meager; which is the Genuine Moral of the Fable. There is in this Malevolence, somewhat of the Punishment, as well as of the Spite of the Damn'd: They take Delight in Other Peoples Miseries, and at the same Time are their Own Tormentors. This Diabolical Envy is Detestable even in Private Persons; but whenever the Governing Part of a Nation comes to be Tainted with it, there's nothing so Sacred that a Corrupt Supercilious Ill Natur'd Minister will not sacrifice to This Execrable Passion, No Man should Eat, Live, or Breath Common Air if He could Hinder it. 'Tis the Bus'ness of his Life, and the Delight of his Soul, to Blast all Sorts of Honest Men, and not only to Lessen their Characters, and their Services, but to Range them in the Number of Publick Enemies: And he had Twenty times rather see the Government Sink, than have it thought that any hand but his Own should have a Part in the Honour of Saving it. Now He that betrays his Master for *Envy*, will never fail of doing it for *Money*:

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For the Gratifying of This Canker'd Malignity is but Another way of selling him; Only the Spite is Antecedent and Subserving to the Corruption: But this *Court-Envy* is not Altogether the Envy of the Dog in the Fable. For there's a Mixture of Avarice and Interest in the Former, whereas the Other is a Spiteful Malignity purely for Mischiefsake. The *Dog* will rather Starve himself than the *Oxe* shall Eat; but the *Courier* will be sure to Look to One whoever else goes to the Devil.

F A B. LXXVII.

A *Sheep* and a *Crow*.

THERE was a *Crow* fat Chattering upon the Back of a *Sheep*; Well! Sirrah says the *Sheep*, You durst not ha' done This to a *Dog*. Why I know that, says the *Crow*, as well as You can tell me, for I have the Wit to Consider Whom I have to do withall. I can be as Quiet as any body with Those that are Quarrelsome, and I can be as Troublesome as Another too, when I Meet with Those that will Take it.

THE MORAL.

'Tis the Nature and Practice of Drolls and Buffoons, to be Insolent toward Those that will bear it, and as Slavish to Others that are more than their Match.

REFLEXION.

'TIS No New Thing for an Innocent Simplicity to be made the Sport of Bantering Drolls, and Buffoons. This is to tell Modest and Well-Meaning Men what they are to Expect in this World, and what they are to Trust to where there is not a Power sufficient to Repel Force by Force: And it serves further to keep This Check upon the Insolent, that there are Others as much too Hard for Them, as They are for Those that they Oppress. This *Crow* is much of the Humour of the *Mobile*. They are Tongue Valiant, 'tis True, and as Bold as *Hercules* where they know there's No Danger, but throw a Volley of Shot among them, and they have not the Courage of so many Hares. And what is All This now, but according to the Guise of the World, *God Threatens Kings*, (as Dr. *Donne* has it) *Kings Lords, as Lords do Us*. He that's a Tyrant over One Man is a Slave to Another.

F A B.

F A B. LXXVIII.

A *Camel* Praying for *Horns*.

IT stuck filthily in the *Camel's* Stomach, that *Bulls, Stags, Lions, Bears*, and the like, should be Armed with *Horns, Teeth*, and *Claws*, and that a Creature of his Size should be left Naked and Defenceless. Upon This Thought he fell down upon his Marrow-bones, and begg'd of *Jupiter* to give him a pair of Horns, but the Request was so Ridiculous, that *Jupiter*, instead of *Horning* him, Order'd him to be Cropt, and so Punish'd him with the loss of his *Ears* which Nature had Allow'd him, for being so Unreasonable as to Ask for *Horns*, that Providence never intended him.

F A B. LXXIX.

A *Fox* and a *Hare* to *Jupiter*.

A *Fox* and a *Hare* Presented a Petition to *Jupiter*. The *Fox* pray'd for the *Hare's* Swiftness of Foot, and the *Hare* for the *Fox's* Craft, and Wyliness of Address. *Jupiter* told them, that since every Creature had some Advantage or Other Peculiar to it self, it would not stand with Divine Justice, that had provided so well for Every One in Particular, to Confer All upon any One.

F A B. LXXX.

A *Peacock* to *Juno*.

THE *Peacock*, they say, laid it Extremely to Heart, that being *Juno's* Darling-Bird, he had not the *Nightingale's* Voice super-added to the Beauty of his own Plumes. Upon This Subject he Petition'd his Patroness, who gave him for Answer, that Providence had Assign'd Every Bird its Proportion, and so bad him Content himself with his Lot.

THE MORAL of the Three FABLES above.

The Bounties of Heaven are in such manner Distributed, that Every Living Creature has its Share; beside, that to Desire Things against Nature, is Effectually to Blame the very Author of Nature it self.

R E.

REFLEXION.

IN These Three Fables is set forth the Vanity of Unnatural Wishes, and Foolish Prayers; which are not only to be Rejected, but they deserve also to be Punish'd. Providence has made an Equal Distribution of Natural Gifts, whereof each Creature severally has a share; and it is not for This or That Particular to pretend to All: So that Considering the Equality of the Division, No Creature has Cause, either to Boast, or to Complain. We are never Content with the Bounty of Providence. One would have a Voice; T'other Gay Cloaths; and while Every Man would have All, we Charge Providence with Injustice for not giving to every Man Alike. *Socrates* was in the Right in Saying. That in Calc a Man were to go where he should have the Choice before him, of All the Ill Things and All the Good Things in Nature, he would come home again the same Man that he went out.

It is to be Noted, upon the Distribution of the Matter of These Three Fables, that the *Camel* prays for Weapons Offensive, and Defensive, either for the Encount'ring of Dangers, or the Repelling of them. The *Fox* and the *Hare*, for the Means of Avoiding them. And the *Peacock* for a Voice, answerable to his Beauty. And All their Prayers are to No Purpose, but to the Reproach of the Petitioners, and to the Confusion of Vain Desires. What is All This but an Appeal from Heaven to Heaven it self; and Petitioning Providence against Providence, in a Recourse from One Providence to Another? The Determinations and Appointments of Heaven are no more to be Disputed and Controll'd, than they are to be made Better, and Improv'd; And we must not Presume to Judge of the Goodness and Justice of Heaven, by the Frailties and Corruptions of Flesh and Blood. We were not of Council with the Almighty, either in the Making, or in the Regulating of the World, and we have no more Right to Advise him in the Governing of it. The Power, in fine, that Rules in the Nature of Things is no other than a Divine Influence.

Why should not the *Nightingale* Envy the *Peacock's* Train as well as the *Peacock* Envy the *Nightingale's* Note? And why should not All the Works of the Creation Expostulate at the same Rate, and upon the same Grounds? Why has not *Man* the Wings of an *Eagle* to carry him from Danger, or to satisfy his Curiosity what the World's a doing? Why has he not the Sagacity of a *Dog*, the Paw of a *Lion*; The Teeth of a *Leopard*; The Heels of a *Courser*, and the like? And have not Brute Animals the same Equity of Complaint on the Other Hand, for want of the Faculties and Advantages, Intellectual, and Moral of Mankind? So that here's a Civil War that runs thorough all the Parts of the Universe, where Nothing is pleas'd with it's Own Lot; and no Remedy at last; but by New Moulding the World over again. This Inordinate Appetite has been the Overthrow of many a Kingdom, Family and Commonwealth.

To Ask Impossibilities, in fine, is Ridiculous, and to Ask Things Unnatural is Impious; for to take upon us to Blame, or Mend the Works of Providence, is to suppose the Divine Wisdom lyable to Miscarriages and Mistakes. These Mutterings are Foolish also, even to the Degree of Madness it self; for there's no Thought or Possibility of Relief in the Case. Such as we are God has made Us: our Post and our Station is appointed us, and the Decree is not to be Revers'd.

F A B.

F A B. LXXXI.

An Old Weazle and Mice.

AN Old Weazle that was now almost past Mousing, try'd what she could do by her Wits, when she found she could live no longer upon the Square, and so Conveys her self into a Meal-Tub for the Mice to come to Her, since she could not go to Them. They came thick and threefold for a time, as she expected they should, till at last, One Experienc'd Stager that had' Baffled Twenty Traps and Tricks Before, Discover'd the Plot, and quite Spoyl'd the Jest.

THE MORAL.

The Want of Force, Strength, and Other Abilities to Compass our Ends must be Supply'd by Industry and Invention.

REFLEXION.

KNAYES live as Naturally upon Fools, as Spiders do upon Flies, and the Want of Downright Force must be supply'd by Art. But Time that Discovers the Truth of Things, lays open Frauds too and Double Dealings; and after that Discovery, there's No Passing the same Trick upon the Mice and Rats here over again. A Body would think now that Reasonable Creatures should at least have the Wit of Vermine, and not run their Necks over and over into the same Noose; But in Despite of Claps and Surfeits, Men we see will be Whoring and Fuddling on still. And the same Bait of Liberty and Property will serve for the Common People in *secula seculorum*, Even after they have been Choak'd, Begger'd, and Poyson'd with it five Hundred times before.

F A B. LXXXII.

An Old Tree Transplanted.

A Certain Farmer had One Choice Apple-Tree in his Orchard that he Valu'd above all the rest, and made his Landlord Every Year a Present of the Fruit on't. He lik'd the Apples so very well, that Nothing would serve Him but Transplanting the Tree into his Own Grounds. It Wither'd presently upon the Removal, and so there was an End of both Fruit and Tree together. The News was no sooner brought to the Landlord, but he brake out into This Reflexion upon it: This comes, says he, of Transplanting an Old Tree, to Gratifie an Extravagant

vagant Appetite: Whereas if I could have Contented my self with the Fruit, and left my Tenant the Tree still, All had been Well.

THE MORAL.

Nature has her Certain Methods and Seasons for the Doing of Every Thing, and there must be no Trying of Experiments to put her out of her Course.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No forcing Nature against her Biass, or Inverting the Methods of Providence. Irregular Desires and Unreasonable Undertakings must expect to meet with Disappointments. There's a Proper Time for All Things, and Nothing succeeds well, but what's done in Season. And This is not the Only Case, neither, where an Extravagant Appetite, or Humour makes People forget the Methods of Decency and Reason. As in Unequal Matches for the Purpose: For Marrying is but a kind of Transplanting, and an Old Fellow with a Young Wench, may very well pass for a Counterpart of This Fable.

F A B. LXXXIII.

A Fox and a Goat.

A Fox and a Goat went down by Consent into a Well to Drink, and when they had Quench'd their Thirst, the Goat fell to Hunting up and down which way to get back again. Oh! says Reynard, Never Trouble your Head how to get back, but leave That to Me. Do but You Raife your self upon your Hinder Legs with your Fore-Foot Close to the Wall, and then stretch out your Head: I can Easily Whip up to your Horns, and so out of the Well, and Draw you after me. The Goat puts himself in a Posture immediately as he was directed, gives the Fox a Lift, and so Out he Springs; but Reynard's Business was now only to make Sport with his Companion instead of Helping Him. Some Hard Words the Goat gave him, but the Fox puts off all with a Jest. If you had but half so much Brain as Beard, says he, you would have bethought your self how to get up again before you went down.

THE MORAL.

A Wise Man will Debate Every Thing Pro and Con before he comes to Fix upon any Resolution. He leaves Nothing to Chance more than Needs must. There must be No Bantering out of Season,

R E.

REFLEXION.

IT is Wisdom to Consider the End of Things before we Embark, and to Forecast Consequences. It is also to be Expected that Men in Distress will look to themselves in the First Place, and leave their Companions to Shift as well as they can. When a Knave and an Honest Man happen to be Embark'd together in the same Common Interest, the Sharper will be sure, if ever it comes to a Pinch, to shift for Himself; and leave T'other in the Lurch. It is the way of the World for Men to Abandon their Benefactors, and to make sport with Those that Rais'd them. This was the Trick, that the Fox serv'd the Goat here in the Well; to shew us that He that Helps Another out at a Plunge, runs the Risque of being left in the Mire himself. No Matter for the Morality of the Thing, so long as it is the Fashion; And that He that Advances himself upon the Ruine of Another gets the Reputation of a Man of Art, and Address. The Facility, in fine, and the Simplicity of the Goat; shews us what an Honest Man is to Trust to that keeps a Knave company.

We find in This Fox, the Roguery, the Invention, and the Wyliness of the Crafty People we meet with Abroad, and a Lively Image of the Faith, Friendship, Good Nature, and Justice that we are to Expect from them. We cannot therefore keep too strict an Eye upon the Life and Conversation of Those we have to do withal. If they be Men of Fraud, Losses and Inconveniences, Scoure off themselves, and leave Those that Trust Them to pay the Reck'ning. But, in a Word, This Application extends to Men of Trick and Design of All Sorts; let it be in Pleasure, Fortune, Pride, Envy, Vain-Glory, Trade, Law, Marriages, Quarrels, Travels, Ambition, &c. Wherefore it Behoves us to Look before we Leap, and in Case of the Worst that can befall us, to secure an Alter Game. The Want of this Foresight was the Goat's Ruine.

F A B. LXXXIV.

Cocks and a Partridge.

A Cock-Master bought a Partridge, and turn'd it among his Fighting Cocks, for them to feed together. The Cocks beat the Partridge away from their Meat, which she lay'd the more to Heart, because it look'd like an Aversion to her purely as a Stranger. But the Partridge finding These very Cocks afterwards, Cutting one Another to pieces, she comforted her self with This Thought, that she had no Reason to expect they should be Kinder to Her, than they were to One Another.

M

The

The MORAL.

'Tis No Wonder to find Those People Troublesome to Strangers, that Cannot Agree among Themselves. They Quarrel for the Love of Quarrelling; and provided the Peace be broken, No matter upon What Ground, or with Whom.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Peace to be Expected among those that are Naturally Fierce and Quarrelsome. But we are to Distinguish however, betwixt Injuries of Malice, and of Evil Nature, as we do betwixt Violences in Hot Blood, and Those of Deliberate Spite and Intention; which we find in the Common Cases of *Manlaughter*, and *Murder*. The Doctrine may be briefly This, that so far as Possible, we are to Avoid Ill Company: but where we are forc'd upon't, there's No Remedy but Patience. The *Cocks* here Did but according to their Kind; And it is the Same Thing with Wicked Men too, (as Birds of the same Feather) to be Troublesome to Other People as well as to One Another.

F A B. LXXXV.

A Braggin Traveller.

A Vain Fellow that had been abroad in the World, would still be Tiring All Peoples Ears at his Return, with Stories of his Wonderful Actions and Adventures in his Travels; and particularly he told of a Leap he took at *Rhodes*, that No Body there could come within Six Foot on't. Now This (says he) I am able to Prove by several Witnesses upon the Place. If This be True (says one of the Company) there's No Need of going to *Rhodes* for Witnesses: Do but You fancy this to be *Rhodes*, and then shew us the Leap.

The MORAL.

Travellers have a kind of Privilege to Romance it; and so Tell Stories at large, and for Those that Doubt the Truth of the Matter, they had e'en better pass it over than go to Disprove it.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Foolish to Appeal to Witnesses for the Proof of any thing, when 'tis not a Pin Matter, whether the Fact in Question be True or False; and so it is also to talk of Proofs that are not within Call: But Vain Boasters are Naturally Impertinent; for they Talk at Random, without any Regard to Truth and Judgment. There may be a Double Use made of

of this Fable: First, as a Dissuative to Those that spend their Time in Idle Inspid Company. Secondly, As a Caution to Those that are Tainted with this Levity, not to make Themselves Ridiculous any longer. Nature has Written Fool upon the Tip of That Man's Tongue that will be always telling Stories with an [*I did This,*] and [*I did That.*] Travellers, they say, may lie by Authority; and yet our Traveller's Privilege here was not sufficient to Protect him in his Vanity from making Sport to the Company.

F A B. LXXXVI.

An Impostor to the Oracle.

THERE was a certain *Bantering Droll* that took a Journey to *Delphos*, a purpose to try if he could put a Trick upon *Apollo*. He carry'd a Sparrow in his Hand under his Coat, and told the God, *I have somewhat in my Hand* says he, *Is it Dead or Living?* If the Oracle should say 'twas Dead, he could shew it Alive; If Living, 'twas but squeezing it, and then 'twas Dead. Now He that saw the Malice of his Heart gave him this Answer: it shall e'en be which of the Two you please; for 'tis in Your Choice to have it either the One or the Other.

The MORAL.

Presumption leads People to Infidelity in a Trice, and so by Insensible Degrees to Atheism: for when Men have once cast off a Reverence for Religion, they are come within One Step of Laughing at it.

REFLEXION.

THIS Points at the Folly and Wickedness of Those Men that think to play Fast and Loose with God Almighty, who sees the very Thoughts of our Hearts. This way of Fooling in Holy Things is much a Bolder sort of Impiety, than it is commonly Taken for. He that pretends to Doubt of an *All-knowing* Power, has as much Right to Doubt of an *Almighty* Power too, and the bringing of One Attribute in Question, Opens the Way to a Diffidence of all the Rest. It would prevent a great Deal of Wickedness in the World, if Men would but Live and Act in Religious Matters, so as to Own, and to Recognize the Force, and Awe of a Deity in their Practices, as well as in their Words: But when they come to *Querying* and *Riddling* upon't, with an [*If it be so and so?*] The Scandal of the Supposition is not to be Born; for such a way of Seeming to Affirm a Thing, is but one Remove from a Flat Denial of it. Such was the *Impostors* Question here to the Oracle: which Implies both the Doubt of a *Divine Omniscience*, and a *Curiosity* to Discover the Truth of the Matter, with a Banter at the End on't; and so makes a consummated Wickedness.

F A B. LXXXVII.

A Woman and a Fat Hen.

A Good Woman had a Hen that laid her Every Day an Egg. Now she fancy'd to her self, that upon a Larger Allowance of Corn, This Hen might be brought in time to lay twice a day. She Try'd the Experiment; but the Hen grew Fat upon't, and gave quite over Laying,

The MORAL.

He that has a Great Deal already, and would have More, will never think he has enough till he has All; and That's Impossible: wherefore we should set Bounds to our Desires, and Content our Selves when we are Well, for fear of Losing what we had.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S a Figure of the Folly, and the Mischief of Vain Desires, and an Immoderate Love of Riches. Covetousness is enough to stakke the Master of the World as Poor as He that has just Nothing; for a Man may be brought to a Morsel of Bread, by Gripping, as well as by Profusion. 'Tis a Madness for a Body that has enough already, to Hazzard All for the Getting of More, and then upon the Miscarriage to leave himself Nothing. This was the Woman's Case and Fault here. In Few Words, there's a Just Medium betwixt Eating too much, and too Little; and this Dame had Undoubtedly Hit upon't, when the Matter was so Order'd, that the Hen brought her Every Day an Egg. But when she came to Enlarge the Hens Allowance for her own Profit, Upon an Opinion that more Corn would Produce more Eggs, her Avarice Misled her into a Disappointment, which was both a Judgment upon the Sin in the Loss of what she had before, and an Error in the very Point of Manage, and Good Huswiv'ry; for Repletion Obstructs the most Necessary Offices of Nature.

F A B. LXXXVIII.

A Man Bit by a Dog.

ONE that was Bitten by a Dog, was Advis'd, as the Best Remedy in the World, to Dip a Piece of Bread in the Blood of the Wound, and give it the Dog to Eat. Pray hold Your Hand a little (says the Man) unless y'ave a mind to Draw All the Dogs in the Town upon me; For that will Certainly be the End on't, when they shall find themselves Rewarded instead of Punish'd.

The

The MORAL.

Good Nature is a Great Misfortune, where it is not Manag'd with Prudence. Christian Charity, 'tis true, bids us return Good for Evil; but it does not Oblige us yet to Reward where we should Punish.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Inform us, that Wicked and Ill Natur'd Men are not to be Oblig'd by Kindnesses, Especially when they find they may be the better for Insolence; for at that Rate, he that Rewards Past Affronts, Draws On, and Encourages New Ones. There are Churlish Curs in the Moral as well as in the Fable, and we are here taught how to Behave our selves upon the Biting of All Manner of Dogs. Under the Rule and Correction of This Allegory, we may reckon Calumny, Slander, and Detraction in any Form or Figure whatsoever, and all Manner of Affronts and Indignities upon our Good Names, or our Persons. There may be Place in All These Cases for a Generous Charity to Forgive Offences, even of the Highest Ingratitude and Malice; But it is not Advisable to Reward where Men have the Tenderness not to Punish. This way of Proceeding is Dangerous in All the Affairs Publicke, as well as Private, of Humane Life; for 'tis a Temptation to Villany, when a Man fares the Better for Evil Doing. Ill Nature, in fine, is not to be Cur'd with a Sop; but on the contrary, Quarrelsome Men, as well as Quarrelsome Curs are worst for fair Usage.

F A B. LXXXIX.

A Hunted Beaver.

THE Beaver is a kind of an Amphibious Creature, but he lives Mostly in the Water. His Stones, they say, are Medicinal; and it is principally for Their Sake, he knows, that People seek his Life; and therefore when he finds himself Hard Pinch'd, he Bites 'em off, and by leaving Them to his Pursuers, he Saves Himself.

The MORAL.

When a greater Interest is at Stake, 'tis a Warrantable Point of Honour and Discretion, to compound the Hazzard, by parting with the Less; provided, that while we Quit the One, we may save the Other.

REFLEXION.

WE find This Doctrine and Practice to be Verify'd in State-Chaces, as well as in Those of the Woods; That is to say, where it is made a Crime to be Rich, and where Men are forc'd to lay Violent Hands on Themselves, to be Safe and Quiet; and with the Beaver here to compound with their Nutmegs to save their Lives.

F A B.

F A B. XC.

A *Thunny* and a *Dolphin*.

A *Thunny* gave Chace to a *Dolphin*; and when he was just ready to seize him, the *Thunny* struck before he was aware, and the *Dolphin*, in the Eagerness of his Pursuit, ran himself a ground with him. They were both Lost; but the *Thunny* kept his Eye still upon the *Dolphin*, and Observing him when he was Just at Last Gasp: Well, says he, the Thought of Death is now Easy to me, so long as I see my Enemy go for Company.

F A B. XCI.

Two Enemies at Sea.

There were *Two Enemies at Sea* in the same Vessel, the One at the Ships Head, the Other at the Stern. It Blew a Dreadful Storm, and when the Vessel was just ready to be swallow'd up, One of 'em Ask'd the Master, which part of the Ship would be First under Water; so he told him the T'other End would Sink first. Why then, says he, I shall have the Comfort of seeing my Enemy go before me.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

'Tis a Wretched Satisfaction, that a Revengeful Man takes, even in the Losing of his own Life, provided that his Enemy may go for Company.

R E F L E X I O N.

TH E R E is some Comfort in Company, even in a State of Adversity. Society is so Necessary and Agreeable to Mankind in All Cases, that Death is Certainly the More Uneasy for a Man's going alone into Another World: But the Consolation Pointed at in This Fable, is That which an Envious Man takes in the Ruine of his Enemy. There is a Memorable Instance to This Purpose, of a Gentleman that had an Estate for Lives, and Two of his Tenants in the Lease: One of them Dyes, and the Other desires his Landlord to lay Both Farms into One, and Accept of him for His Tenant. The Gentleman fairly Excus'd Himself, and away goes the Man in a Rage to his Wife; Told her how it was, and Swore a Great Oath, that he would be Reveng'd of his Landlord. This was in Harvest Time, and he went our next day to his Reapers, but stay'd so long, that his Wife sent up and down to look after him. To shorten the Story, they found him at last in a Ditch,

Vomiting

Vomiting, his Heart out. The Man, it seems, had Poyson'd himself, and the Revenge upon his Landlord was the Defeating him of his Estate by Destroying the Last Life in his Lease. In One Word, Revenge stops at Nothing that's Violent and Wicked. It Divides the Dearest Friends; Embroils Governments, and Tears Families to pieces. But to say no more on't, The Histories of All Ages are full of the Tragical Outrages that have been Executed by this Diabolical Passion: beside, that it hardens People into a Brutal Contempt of Death, (as in the Fables above) where they may but see their Enemies fall for Company.

F A B. XCII.

A Fortune-Teller.

There was a kind of a *Petty Conjuror*, that made it his Profession to Resolve Questions, and tell *Fortunes*, and he held forth in the Market-Place. Word was brought him, in the very Middle of his Schemes and Calculations, that his House was Robb'd; and so away he scours immediately to learn the Truth on't. As he was running home in All Hast, a Droll takes him up by the Way with this short Question. Friend (says he) How came You to be so Good at telling Other Peoples Fortunes, and Know so little of your Own?

F A B. XCIII.

A Cunning Woman.

A Certain Dame that had pass'd in the World under the Name of a *Cunning Woman*, took upon her to Avert Divine Judgments, and to Foretell Strange Things to come. She play'd the Counterfeit Witch so long, till in the Conclusion, she was Taken up, Arraign'd, Try'd, Convicted, Condemn'd to Dye, and at last Executed for a Witch indeed. D'ye hear, Good Woman (says one to her, as she was upon the Way to her Execution) Are the Gods so much Easier than the Judges, that you should be Able to make Them do any Thing for ye, and yet could not Prevail with the Bench for the Saving of your Own Life?

F A B.

F A B. XCIV.

An *Astrologer* and a *Traveller*.

A Certain *Star-Gazer* had the Fortune, in the very Height of his Celestial Observations, to stumble into a Ditch: A sober Fellow passing by, gave him a piece of Wholesome Counsel. Friend, says he, Make a Right Use of Your Present Misfortune; and pray, for the Future, Let the Stars go on quietly in their Courses, and do you look a little Better to the Ditches.

The MORAL of the Three FABLES above.

There needs no more than Impudence and Ignorance on the One Side, and a Superstitious Credulity on the Other, to the Setting up of a Fortune-Teller.

REFLEXION.

THIS serves for a Reproof to the Ignorance and Confidence of *Figure-Flingers*, and *Star-Gazers*, that pretend to Foretell the Fortunes of Kingdoms and States, and yet have no Foresight at all in what concerns Themselves.

The Moral of these Fables strikes upon the Vanity and Arrogance of *Empyricks*, and *Impostors Themselves*, and upon the Folly of the Fond Believers of them. The Caution holds also against Unlawful Curiosities; Sickly, and Superstitious Fancies and Dreams; Fore-bodings of Ill Luck; as the Crossing of a Hare, the Spilling of Salt, &c. This Humour, let it look never so Little, and Silly, (as it passes many times only for Frolique and Banter) is One yet of the most Pernicious Snares in Humane Lies; when it comes once to get Possession and to Gain Credit; Especially among Women and Children, where the Imagination is strong in the One, and the Disposition as Plyant as Wax for any Impression, in the other. Wherefore, of All Things in This World, Care is to be Taken, that they get not a Hankering after These *Juggling Astrologers*, *Gypsies*, *Wizzards*, *Fortune-Tellers*, *Conjurers*, *Quacks*, *Cunning Women*, &c. To say Nothing of the Fooleries of *Fortune-Books*, and a Hundred other Vulgar Ways of Enquiry into the Event of *Amours*, *Marriages*, *Life and Death*, *Travel*, *Play*, or the like, which is all but a Tincture of the same Capital Infirmity. If these Pretenders were not better Supported by the Simplicity and Devotion of the Inquisitive Fools that Consult Those Oracles, than they are by any Congruity of Premises and Conclusion; or by the Ordinary Way of Tracing Causes into their Effects, the Trade would not find 'em Bread; for there's No Proportion at all betwixt the Means, and the End. Not but that the Things they seem to Predict, come many times to pass; Yet still the nearer the Mark in their Conjectures, the more suspicious is the Profession on the One Hand, and the more Dangerous is the Credulity on the Other: For Those People that take upon them to Resolve such Doubts, Scruples, and Difficulties, as are not to be known by any Natural Process of Reasoning; and those Men that will be Prying by Unwarrantable, and

Forbidden

Forbidden Ways, into the Secret Councils of Almighty God, are Both Justly Punish'd: The One in Telling the Truth, and the Other in Hearing it: for it Hardens the One in his Confidence, and Presumption, and the Other in his Curiosity, and Superstition: Over and above the Feats that are done by Confederacy and Intelligence; for how shall any man pretend to tell Me my Fortune that knows nothing of his Own?

There are *Mountebanks*; and *Smatterers* also in *State* as well as in *Science*; Nay and perchance, the Vainer, the more Ignorant, and the more Mischievous of the Two; for All These Fables are Moraliz'd in History, Practice, and Conversation; and the Fiction, Match'd, at least, if not Outdone, in Matter of Fact. And Those Ordinary *Hocuses* have been made use of in All Ages too, as Tools of State; sometimes for the Government, Other while Against it, as the Occasion lay Fairest for the Game that was then a Playing. It goes a great Way, when Natural Curiosity, Vulgar Prejudice, and an Artificial Application of Actives to Passives, shall be Assisted with the *Shams of Astrological Judgments* and *Calculations* over and above: though with our *Conjurers* here, their Ignorance and Presumption lays them Open in the Conclusion, to the Scorns and Contempt of the Common People.

F A B. XCV.

A *Doctor* and his *Patient*.

PRay Sir How *ÿe Find your self?* says the *Dr.* to his *Patient*. Why truly, says the *Patient*: I have had a Violent Sweat. *Oh the Best Sign in the World* quoth the *Dr.* And then a little while after he is at it again, with a *Pray How ÿe find your Body?* Alas, says the *T*other, I have just now such a Terrible Fit of Horror and Shaking upon me! *Why this is all as it should be*, says the *Physician*, It shews a Mighty Strength of Nature. And then he comes over him a Third time with the same Question again; *Why I am all swell'd*, says *T*other, as if I had a *Dropsy*; *Best of All* quoth the *Doctor*, and goes his Way. Soon after This comes one of the Sick Man's Friends to him with the same Question, how he felt himself; why truly so Well, says he, that I am e'en ready to Dye, of I know not how many Good Signs and Tokens.

The MORAL.

A Death-bed Flattery is the Worst of Treacheries.

N

R E.

REFLEXION.

THIS gives us to Understand the Practice of the World, and that Flattery and Time-serving Enters into the most Solemn Offices of Mankind. To Flatter Foolish Men into a Hope of Life where there is None at all, is much the same Thing with Betraying People into an Opinion, that they are in a Virtuous, and a Happy State, when they are Over-run with Passion, and Drown'd in their Lusts. The One has the same Pernicious Effect upon our Minds, that the Other has upon our Bodies; for it makes us Careless of Both. There are Certain Decencies of Form, and Civility, 'tis true, that purely regard Matters of Conversation, and Good Manners; And These Respects ought to be Preserv'd; But Ceremonies of Mode and Complement, are mightily out of Season, when Life and Salvation come to be at Stake.

It falls under the Prospect of the same Topique, to Consider, that Kingdoms and Common Wealths have their Distempers, Intermissions, and Paroxisms, as well as Natural Bodies. And that a Glavering Council is as Dangerous on the One hand, as a Wheedling Priest, or a Flattering Physician is on the Other. There is hardly such Another Pest in a Community, as a Consort of Parasites, that feed Governours with False Representations and Reports of Men and of Things. They First Betray their Masters to Dishonour and Ruine; and then when they find the Vessel Sinking, Save themselves in the Long Boat. *So much the Better, quoth the Doctor: Ay, Ay, (says the Empirical Statesman) That's as we'd have it.* When at the same time the Distemper is as Mortal to the Government, on the One hand, as to the Patient on the Other.

F A B. XCVI.

A Fowler and a Black-Bird.

AS a Fowler was Bending his Net, a Black-Bird call'd to him at a distance, and Ask'd him what he was doing. Why says he, I am laying the Foundations of a City; and so the Bird-man drew out of Sight. The Black-Bird Mistrusting Nothing, flew presently to the Bait in the Net, and was taken; and as the Man came running to lay hold of her; Friend, says the Poor Black-Bird, If this be Your Way of Building, You'll have but few Inhabitants.

THE MORAL.

There is no Sham so Gross, but it will pass upon a Weak Man that is Pragmatical, and Inquisitive,

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Intimate, that where Rulers lay Snares, deal Falshly, and Exercise Cruelty, All goes to Wrack both Publique and Private. All Frauds are Cover'd and Gilded over with Specious Pretences, and Men are Every jot as Easily Impos'd upon, as Birds, Beasts, or Fishes; while the Eagerness of our Appetites Suspends the Exercise of our Reason. A Treat, a Woman, or a Bottle, is the same Thing to Us, that a Worm, a Gudgeon, a Grain of Corn, or a piece of Flesh is to Those Animals. We Snap at the Bait without ever Dreaming of the Hook, the Trap, or the Snare that goes Along with it. Now what's the Difference betwixt Æsop's Pretext here for the Building of a City, and the Cheats that we have heard of, for the Saving of a City. The Design was Destruction in Both, and That was the Event on't too. Religion, Liberty and Property were the Bait: Nay the very Sound of the Words did the Business. The Common People will Chop like Trouts at an Artificial Fly, and Dare like Larks under the Awe of a Painted Hobby. 'Tis with Men, just as 'tis with Birds and Fishes, There's not a Mortal of us, that will not Bite at some Bait or other, - and we are caught as Silly too, as the Bird was here in the Net.

F A B. XCVII.

Mercury and a Traveller.

ONE that was just Entering upon a Long Journey, took up a Fancy of putting a Trick upon Mercury. He say'd him a short Prayer for the *Bon-Voyage*, with a Promise, that the God should go Half with him in whatever he found. Some body had lost a Bag of Dates and Almonds, it seems, and it was His Fortune to Find it. He fell to Work upon 'em Immediately, and when he had Eaten up the Kernels, and All that was Good of them, Himself, he lay'd the Stones, and the Shells upon an Altar; and desir'd Mercury to take Notice that he had Perform'd his Vow. For, says he, Here are the Outsides of the One, and the Insides of the Other, and there's the Moiety I Promis'd ye.

THE MORAL.

Men Talk as if they Believ'd in God, but they Live as if they thought there were None; for their very Prayers are Mockeries, and their Vows and Promises are no more than Words of Course, which they never Intended to make Good.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Reprehend the False and Covetous Humour of Those that for Money and Profit, will not Stick at putting Shams even upon God Himself; Prophaning his Altars, and Ridiculing his very Omniscience and Power. Here's the Wickedness of a Libertine Naturally enough set forth, only the Punishment is Wanting that should have Completed the Moral. What Opinion have These Religious Banterers, of the Divine Power and Justice? Or what have they to say for themselves in this Audacious Habit of Mockery and Contempt; but that they Believe in their Hearts that there is No God? Not but that more or less, we are all Jugglers in Secret betwixt Heaven, and our Own Souls: Only they Cover and Meditate Abuses under the Masque and Pretence of Conscience, and Religion; and make God Almighty Privy to a Thousand False and Cozening Contrivances, that we keep as the Greatest Privacies in the World, from the Knowledge of our Neighbours. Nay, when we are Most in Earnest, our Vows and Promises are more than Half Broken in the very making of them; and if we can but secure our Selves a Retreat, by some Cleanly Evasion, Distinction or Mental Reservation, it serves our Purpose e'en as Well as if it were a Casuistical Refolution. In One Word we find the Moral of *Mercury* and the *Traveller* in the very Secrets of our Hearts, betwixt Heaven, and our own Souls.

F A B. XCIII.

A Boy and his Mother.

A School-Boy brought his Mother a Book that he had Stoll'n from One of his Fellows. She was so far from Correcting him for't, that she rather Encourag'd him. As he grew Bigger, he would be still keeping his hand in Ure with somewhat of Greater Value, till he came at last to be Taken in the Matter, and brought to Justice for't. His Mother went along with him to the Place of Execution, Where he got leave of the Officers, to have a Word or Two in Private with her. He put his Mouth to her Ear, and under Pretext of a Whisper, Bit it Clear off. This Impious Unnatural Villany turn'd Every Body's Heart against him More and More. [Well Good People (says the Boy) Here You see Me an Example, both upon the Matter of Shame and of Punishment; And it is This Mother of mine that has brought me to't; for if she had but Whipt me soundly for the Book I stole when I was a Boy, I should never have come to the Gallows for Pilfering now I'm a Man.]

The

The MORAL.

We are either Made or Marr'd, in our Education; and Governments, as well as Private Families, are Concern'd in the Consequences of it.

REFLEXION.

WICKED Dispositions should be Check'd betimes; for when they come once to Habits, they grow Incurable. More People go to the Gibbet for want of Timely Instruction, Discipline, and Correction, than upon any Incurable Pravity of Nature; And it is mightily the Fault of Parents, Guardians, Tutors and Governours, that so many men Miscarry. They suffer 'em at first to Run a head, and when Perverse Inclinations are Advanc'd once into Habits, there's No Dealing with 'em. It may seem somewhat a Hard Case for the Greater Thieves to Punish the Less, and to see Publique Purloyners and Oppressors sit in Triumph upon the Lives of the Little Ones that go to the Gallows: For the Tye of Morality is the same upon Both; and they Stand Both Accountable to the Same Master. But Time, Power, and Corruption, give a Reputation to the Worst of Practices, and it is no longer Oppression when it comes Gilded with the Name of Authority. This Unequal, and Unreasonable Judgment of Things, brings many a Great Man to the Stool of Repentance; for when he has Swallow'd more than he can Digest, it sticks upon his Conscience, and will neither Up, nor Down. Now in the Sight of Heaven, the Greater the Temptation, the Less is the Sin; and yet in the Vogue of the World, it passes for an Exploit of Honour, for Kings and States to run away with Whole Countries that they have no Colour, or Pretence to; when many a poor Devil stands Condemn'd to a Halter, or a Whipping-Post, for the Pilfering of a Silver-Spoon perhaps, or the Robbing of a Hen-Rooft: Though the Former, all this While, has No Better Title to what he takes than the Latter; and yet to see what a deal of Fullsome Flattery, and Panegyrick we have, upon the Glorious Atchievements of the One; and only some *Smithfield Ballad* perchance, or a *Sabbath-Breaking Speech*, or *Confession*, to Embalm the Memory of the Other. To be Short and Plain; the Offence before God, is at least as Great in a Prince, as in a Begger, and the Morality of a Careful Education holds alike in Both. 'Twas the Mother's sparing the Rod at first, that brought the Child, at the Long Run, to the Halter.

F A B. XCIX.

A Shepherd turn'd Merchant.

A Countryman was Feeding his Flock by the Sea-side, and it was so Delicate a Fine Day, that the Smoothness of the Water Tempted him to leave his Shepherd's Business, and set up for a Merchant. So that in All Hast, he puts off his Stock; Buys a Bargain

Bargain of Figs; gets his Freight aboard, and away presently to Sea. It happened to be very Foul Weather: So that the Mariners were fain to Cast their Whole Lading Over-board, to save Themselves and the Vessel. Upon this Miscarriage, our New Merchant-Adventurer betook himself to his Old Trade again; and it happen'd One Day, as he was Tending his Sheep upon the very same Coast, to be Just such a Flattering Tempting Sea again, as That which Betray'd him Before. Yes, yes, says he, *When the Devil's Blind! You'd ha' some more Figs, with a Vengeance, Won'd ye?*

The MORAL.

Men may be happy in all Estates if they will but suit their Minds to their Condition. A Shepherd may be as Easy in a Cottage, as a Prince in a Palace, with a Mind Suited to his Station; but if they will be Launching out into Trade, or Business that they do not understand, they have nothing left them to trust to when they are once Bewilder'd, but the Hope of some Kind Providence to put them in the Right Way Home again.

REFLEXION.

AFFLICTION makes People Honest and Wise. Every Man Living has his Weak Side, and no Mortal was ever yet so much at Ease, but his Shoe Wrung him some where or Other; or he Fancy'd so at least, and Then it did so. The Shepherd would needs be a Merchant; and the Merchant, if he had succeeded would still have been Hankering after something else. His Levity was a Fault, and his Miscarriage was a Judgment upon him for't. The saving of his Person after the Loss of his Goods was a Providential Mercy to him; and the bringing of Him home to Himself again, was to Convince him of His Error, and to shew him, that he was well at First, if he would have kept so. He was in a State of Ease, Peace, Innocence, and Safety: And he that will Sacrifice all Those Blessings to a Restless Appetite, deserves to be Miserable. Our Shepherd's Case, in short here, is every Man's Case that Quits a Moral Certainty for an Uncertainty, and Leaps from the Honest Business he was brought up to, into a Trade he has no Skill in.

F A B. C.

An Old Man and a Lion.

A Person of Quality dream'd one Night that he saw a Lion Kill his only Son: Who was, it seems, a Generous Cavalier, and a Great Lover of the Chace. This Fancy ran in the Father's Head, to that Degree, that he Built his Son a House of Pleasure, on purpose to keep him out of Harms Way; and spar'd neither Art nor Cost to make it a Delicious Retreat. This House,

House, in short, was to be the Young Man's Prison, and the Father made himself his Keeper. There were a World of Paintings Every where up and down, and among the Rest, there was the Picture of a Lion; which stirred the Blood of the Young Man, for the Dream sake, and to think that he should now be a Slave for the Fancy of such a Beast. In this Indignation he made a Blow at the Picture; but Striking his Fist upon the Point of a Nail in the Wall, His Hand Cancerated; he fell into a Fever, and soon after Dy'd on't: So that all the Father's Precaution could not Secure the Son from the Fatality of Dying by a Lion.

The MORAL.

A Body may as well lay too Little as too Much Stress upon a Dream; for some Dreams are Monitory, as Others are only Complexional; but upon the Main, the Less we Heed them the Better; for when that Freak has once taken Possession of a Fantastical Head, the Distemper is Incurable.

REFLEXION.

'Tis to no Purpose to think of Preventing, or Diverting Fatalities: Especially where the Event looks like the Punishment of a Superstition; as it fares with Those that Govern their Lives by Forebodings and Dreams: or the Signs of Ill Luck, as we use to say: They are still Anxious and Uneasie, History is full of Examples to Illustrate the Doctrine of This Fable. The Father was to blame for laying so much Stress upon a Foolish Dream, and the Son was Little less to Blame, for being so much Transported at the Impression of that Fancy upon the Father: But they were Both Justly Punished however, The One for his Passion, and the Other for his Superstition.

F A B. C I.

A Fox that lost his Tail.

There was a Fox taken in a Trap, that was glad to Compound for his Neck by leaving his Tail behind him. It was so Uncouth a Sight, for a Fox to appear without a Tail, that the very Thought on't made him e'en Weary of his Life; for 'twas a Loss never to be Repair'd: But however for the Better Countenance of the Scandal, he got the Master and Wardens of the Foxes Company to call a Court of Assistants, where he himself appear'd, and made a Learned Discourse upon the Trouble, the Uselessness, and the Indecency of Foxes Wearing Tails. He had no sooner say'd out his Say, but up rises a Cunning Snap, then at the Board,

Board, who desir'd to be Inform'd, whether the Worthy Member that Mov'd against the Wearing of *Tails*, gave his Advice for the Advantage of Those that *Had Tails*, or to Palliate the Deformity and Disgrace of Those that had *None*.

The MORAL.

When a Man has any Notable Defect, or Infirmitie about him, whether by Nature, or by Chance, 'tis the Best of his Play, to try the humour, if he can turn it into a Fashion.

REFLEXION.

'Tis the way of the World to give Other People Council for their Own Ends. Paradoxing is of Great Use and Service in many Encounters and Accidents that we meet withal in the World; but the Faculty must be so Tenderly Manag'd, as not to Grate upon the Truth, and Reason of Things: And it is of Great Effect, if it can but give some Colour of Probability to the Matter in Question. Nay there's a Pleasure in the very Tryal of Wits; but when This Talent is Employ'd upon the Topique of Convenience, and Profit; It is a wonderful Force that it has upon the Affections of the Common People. The *Fox* carry'd it as far as 'twould go; but he had too Hard a Task on't, to Over-rule a Multitude to their Own Pain and Loss.

We may Improve a Doctrine from This, that Every Man has his Weak Side, either by Mischance, or by Nature; and that he makes it his Business to Cover it too, the Best he can. In case of the Worst, it is some sort of Ease to have Company in our Misfortunes. It puts a Body out of Countenance to be in a Fashion by Himself, and therefore the *Fox* did well to Try if he could bring his Fellow Foxes to put themselves into His Mode. When we have Carry'd a Point as far as it will go, and can make no more on't, 'tis a Stroke of Art and Philofophy, to look as if we did not so much as Wish for a Thing that is not to be Had. Every Man's Present Condition has somewhat to be Say'd for't: If it be Uneasy, the Skill will be, either how to Mend it, or how to Bear it: But then there must be no Clashing with the Methods, the Decrees, and the Laws of Nature. A Man that has Forfeited his Honour and his Conscience, seems to be much in the Condition of the *Fox* here that had lost his *Tail*, and takes as much pains too, to persuade All his Companions to follow his Fashion. He lays down his Arguments, and gives his *REASON*, Nay, and he endeavours to Prove it by *Scripture* too, that *Men*, in such a Case, ought to go to *Old Nick* for Company. We are to Consider here, that the *Devils* have their *Traps* as well as the *Woodmen*, and that it is the Case of many a *Lawyer* and *Divine*, when they come once to be Hamper'd, to rub off as well as they can, though they Leave their *Consciences* behind them, as the *Fox* did his *Tail*, and then Preach up the *Blessed Doctrine* and *Convenience* of No Consciences, as well as No *Tails*.

F A B.

F A B. CII.

A Fox and a Bramble.

A Fox that was close Pursu'd, took a Hedge, The Bushes gave way, and in Catching hold of a *Bramble* to break his Fall, the Prickles ran into his Feet. Upon This, He layd himself down, and fell to Licking his Paws, with Bitter Exclamations against the *Bramble*. Good Words, *Reynard*, says the *Bramble*, One would have thought you had known Better Things, than to Expect a Kindness from a Common Enemy, and to lay hold on That for Relief, that Catches at Every Thing else for Mischiefe.

The MORAL.

There are some Malicious Natures that Place all their Delight in doing Ill Turns, and That Man is hard put to't, that is first brought into a Distress, and then forc'd to Fly to such People for Relief.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Great Folly to Fly for Protection to People that Naturally Delight in Mischiefe. The *Fox* Blames the *Bramble* here, but he may Thank Himself. They that make themselves the Common Enemies of Mankind, by Breaking All the Measures of Good Faith, Truth, and Peace, and by lying in Wait for Innocent Blood, let them Turn their Heads which way they will, they shall be sure of an Enemy in the Face of them: Nay they meet with their Punishment, where they look for Safety, and which way soever they go, Divine Justice either Meets them, or Pursues them. The *Fox's* Charging his Misfortune here upon the *Bramble*, is the very Case and Practice of Wicked Men, that Snarl at the Instrument, without so much as Thinking of the Providence. But the *Bramble* did only according to its Nature, and Consequently was not to Blame.

F A B. CIII.

A Fox and a Crocodile.

There happen'd a Contest betwixt a *Fox* and a *Crocodile*, upon the Point of Bloud and Extraction. The *Crocodile* Amplify'd Wonderfully upon his Family, for the Credit of his Ancestors. Friend (says the *Fox*, smiling upon't) there will need no Herald to Prove your Gentility; for you carry the Marks of Your Original in Your very Skin.

O

The

THE MORAL.

Great Boasters and Lyars have the Fortune still some way or other to Disprove themselves.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some Falsities so Bold and Notorious, that they carry their Contradictions in the very Reason and Presumption of the Matter, without any other Evidence.

FAB. CIV.

A Fox and Huntsmen.

A Fox that had been Hard-run, begg'd of a Countryman that he saw at Work in a Wood, to help him to some Hiding-Place. The Man Directed him to his Cottage, and thither he went. He was no sooner got in, but the *Huntsmen* were presently at the Heels of him, and asked the Cottager if he did not see a Fox That Way? No truly, says he, I saw None; but Pointed at the same time with his Finger to the Place where he lay. The *Huntsmen* did not take the Hint, it seems; but the Fox spy'd him, however, through a Peeping-Hole he had found out to see what News: so the *Fox-Hunters* went their Way, and then Our steals the Fox, without One Word speaking. Why how now, says the Man, Han't ye the Manners to take leave of your Host before you go? Yes, yes, says the Fox; if you had been as Honest of your Fingers, as you were of your Tongue, I should not have gone without bidding ye Farewell.

THE MORAL.

A Man may tell a Lye by Signs, as well as in Words at length, and his Conscience is as Answerable for his Fingers, as for his Tongue.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Trusting of Those that Say One Thing, and Do Another, Especially if they follow Fair Words with Foul Deeds. Here's a Case of Honour, and of Conscience, Both in One, upon the Matter of Hospitality, and of Trust. The Laws of Hospitality are Sacred on the One Side, and so are the Duties we Owe to our Country on the Other. If we Consider the Trust, Faith must not be Broken; If the Common Enemy, his Council is not to be kept. The *Wood-Man* did as good as Tacitely promise the Fox a Sanctuary; but not being *Sui Juris*, he promis'd more than he could War-

rantly

rantly Perform; for a *Subsequent Promise to Conceal* the Fox could nor Discharge him of a *Prior Obligation to Destroy* him. 'Tis true, it would have been more Generous to have don't at first, and while he had as yet No Colour of any Tye of Honour upon him to Preserve him. The Fox begg'd for Protection, which he had No Reason to Expect. First it was upon Force, and Necessity, not Choice. Secondly, It was at his own Peril, without any Conditions for his own Security. Thirdly, He Committed himself to the Mercy of a Man that was bound to Kill him. Fourthly, The very Address was scandalous; for he must needs have an Ill Opinion of the Countryman, so much as to Imagine that he could be Wrought upon to Betray his Country for the sake of a Beast. But let the Rest be as it will, there's no Excuse for the *Woodman's Double Dealing*.

FAB. CV.

A Man and a Wooden God.

A Man that had a Great Veneration for an Image he had in his House, found, that the more he Pray'd to't to Prosper him in the World, the More he went down the Wind still. This put him into such a Rage, to lie Dogging at his Prayers so much, and so Long, to so Little Purpose, that at last he Dash't the Head on't to pieces against the Wall; and Out comes a Considerable Quantity of Gold. Why This 'tis, says he, to Adore a Perverse and Insensible Deity, that will do More for Blows than for Worship.

THE MORAL.

Most People, Clergy as well as Laity, Accomodate their Religion to their Profit, and reckon that to be the best Church that there's most to be got by.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable runs better in the Humour, than it does in the Moral. It lays before us the Unprofitable Vanity of False Worship, and gives us to Understand, that the more zealous we are in a Wrong Way, the Worse. An Idol is an Abomination in the sight both of God, and of Good Men; and yet we are so to Govern our Selves, even in the Transports of That Abhorrence, as still to preserve a Reverence for Religion it self, in the very Indignation we Express for the Corruption of it. So that the License of this Buffoon went a little too far perhaps, for there must be No Playing with Things Sacred, nor Jestings, as we say with Edge Tools. We have the Moral of this Abandon'd Libertine up and down in the World in a Thousand Several Shapes. All People that Worship for Fear, Profit, or some other By-End, Fall More or Less within the Intendment of this Emblem. It is a kind of a Conditional Devotion for Men to be Religious no longer than they can Save, or Get by't. Put forth thy Hand now (says the Devil to the Almighty in the Case

of Job) and Touch All that be bath, and he will Curse thee to thy Face. This Good Man Lost All, and for an Example of Patience and Resignation to Future Ages, The Lord gave (says he) and the Lord hath Taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord. Here was NBDashing of the Two Tables one against the Other, for an Office, or an Egg at Easter, as the Fellow serv'd his Idol here: The Whole Sum of the Moral is in short, Comprized in the Old Saying: *He that serves God for Money, will serve the Devil for Better Wages.*

F A B. CVI.

A Dog Invited to Supper.

A Gentleman Invited a Friend to Supper with him, and the Gentleman's Dog was so well Bread as to Invite the Friend's Dog to come for Company. The Dog came at his Hour, and into the Kitchin he went, to see what Good Cheer was toward: But as he was there, Wagging his Tayl, and Licking his Lips, at the thought of what a Meal he was like to make on't, the Roguy Cook got Slyly behind him, and Spoil'd the Jest. He took him up by the Tayl at Unawares, and after a Turn or Two in the Air, flung him out of the Window. So soon as ever the Poor Devil had Recover'd the Squeelch, away he Scampers, Bawling like Mad, with I know not how many Prick-Eard Curs at the Heels of him, to know how he lik'd his Welcome. Why truly, says he, they have given me as much Drink as my Skin will hold; and it has made me so Light-Headed, I could not find the Right Way out of the House again.

The M O R A L.

Love Me, Love my Dog, says the old Proverb, and there's somewhat of Good Manners, as well as of Good Nature in't; for there are certain Decencies of Respect due to the Servant for the Master's sake.

R E F L E X I O N.

It looks well among Friends, when Masters and Servants are all of a piece. The Dog invites his Guest, and the Cook throws him out of the Window, and in so doing, the Man shew'd himself the Arranter Cur of the Two; for it was against Hospitality and Good Manners so to do. There is a Duty of Tendernefs and Good Nature, even towards Those Animals: But when it came to the Worst at last, the Dog had the Wit, we see, to make the Best of a Bad Game. Though 'twas an unmannerly, and an Ill-Natur'd Frolick of the Cook all this while; for the Ill Usage of a Servant is some sort of Affront to his Master.

F A B. CVII.

An Eagle and a Man.

A Man took an Eagle, Pelted her Wings, and put her among his Hens. Somebody came and bought This and presently New Feather'd her. She made a Flight at a Hare, Truls'd it, and brought it to her Benefactor. A Fox perceiving This, came and gave a Man piece of Good Counsel. Have a care, says Reynard, of putting too much Confidence in This Eagle; for she'll go near, one time or other else, to take You for a Hare. Upon this Advice the Man Plum'd the Eagle once again.

The M O R A L.

Persons and Humours may be Jumbled and Disguis'd, but Nature is like Quicksilver, that will never be Kill'd.

R E F L E X I O N.

BIRDS of Prey will be Birds of Prey still, at what Rate soever you Treat 'em. So that there's no Trusting of them: For when they have no longer a Power to do Mischief, the Will yet Remains. Here's a Forc'd Moral for a Forc'd Fable: For the Fancy of it is against Nature, and the Fiction does not consist with it self. Now to My Thinking This Application of it lies the Fairer of the Two, i. e. That the Gratitude of the Eagle, in bringing the Hare to her Master, may serve to shew us, that the Wildest and Fiercest of Creatures may be Sweetn'd, and Reclaim'd by Benefits.

F A B. CVIII.

A Father and his Sons.

A Countryman that liv'd Handsomly in the World Himself upon his Honest Labour and Industry, was desirous his Sons should do so After Him; and being now upon his Death-Bed: [My Dear Children (says he) I reckon my self Bound to tell you before I depart, that there is a Considerable Treasure Hid in my Vineyard. Wherefore pray be sure to Dig, and search Narrowly for't when I am gone.] The Father Dyes, and the Sons fall immediately to Work upon the Vineyard. They Turn'd it up over and

and over, and not one Penny of Mony to be found there; but the Profit of the Next Vintage Expounded the Riddle.

THE MORAL.

Good Council is the Best Legacy a Father can leave to a Child, and it is still the Better, when it is so wrapt up, as to beget a Curiosity as well as an Inclination to follow it.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S No Wealth like That which comes by the Blessing of God upon Honest Labour and Warrantable Industry. Here's an Incitement to an Industrious Course of Life, by a Consideration of the Profit, the Innocence and the Virtue of such an Application. There is one in Great Comfort in Hand, beside the Hope and Assurance of more to come. The very Exercise procures us Health, and Consequently All the Pleasures and Satisfactions that Attend it. We have the Delight of Seeing and Reaping the Fruit of our own Labour, and the Inward Joy of Contemplating the Benedictions of Another World, that shall be superadd'd to the Advantages of This. *Æsop* very well understood, that Naked Lessons and Precepts, have Nothing the Force that Images and Parables have, upon our Minds and Affections: Beside, that the very Study to Unriddle a Mystery, furnishes the Memory with more Tokens to Remember it by. A Tale in Emblem sinks Deeper, where the Life and Spirit of it is Insinuated by a kind of Biais and Surprize. It was a Touch of Art in the *Father* to Cover his Meaning in such a manner, as to Create a Curiosity, and an Earnest Desire in his *Sons* to find it out. And it was also a Treble Advantage to them besides; for there was, I say, *Health* in the *Exercise*, *Profit* in the *Discovery*, and the Comfort of a *Good Conscience* in Discharging the Duty of a *Filial Obedience*.

F A B. CIX.

A Fisherman and his Pipe.

A Fisherman that understood Piping better than Netting, set himself down upon the Side of a River, and Touch'd his Flute, but not a Fish came near him. Upon This, he laid down his Pipe and Cast his Net, which brought him up a very Great Draught. The Fish fell a Frisking in the Net, and the Fisherman observing it. What Sorts are These (says he) that would not Dance when I play'd to 'em, and will be Dancing now without Musick!

THE MORAL.

There are Certain Rules and Methods for the Doing of All Things in This World; and therefore let Every Man stick to the Business he Understands, and was brought up to, without making One Profession Interfere with Another.

R E.

REFLEXION.

THERE is a Proper Time and Season for Every Thing; and Nothing can be more Ridiculous than the Doing of Things without a Due Regard to the Circumstances of Persons, Proportion, Time and Place.

F A B. CX.

A Fisherman's Good Luck.

A Fisherman had been a Long while at work without Catching any thing, and so in Great Trouble and Despair, he resolv'd to take up his Tackle and be gone: But in That very Instant a Great Fish Leapt into the Boat, and by Providence made a Terrible Day on't.

THE MORAL.

Patience, Constancy, and Perseverance, in an Honest Cause and Duty, can never fail of a Happy End, One way or Other.

REFLEXION.

THAT which We commonly call *Good Fortune*, is properly, *Providence*, and when Matters succeed Better with us by Accident, then we could pretend to, by Skill; We ought to Ascribe it to the Divine Goodness, as a Blessing upon Industry. It is Every man's Duty to Labour in his Calling, and not to Despond, for any Miscarriages or Disappointments, that were not in his own Power to Prevent. Faith, Hope, and Patience Overcome All things, and Virtue can never fail of a Reward in the Conclusion. What was it but This Constancy and Resignation, that Kept the Hearts of the Poor Cavaliers from Breaking, in the Tedious interval of that Bloody Revolution from Forty to Sixty; 'till at last, the Banish'd, and Persecuted Son of a Royal Martyr, was in God's Good time brought back again and Plac'd upon the Throne of his Ancestors, which Crown'd the Sufferings of All his Loyal Subjects. The Fisherman's Waiting in his Calling, bids us Persevere in our Duties, and the Lucky Hit he had in the Conclusion, tells us that Honest Endeavours will not fail of a Reward.

F A B. CXI.

Large Promises.

THERE was a Poor Sick Man, that according to the Course of the World, when Physicians had given him over, betook himself to his Prayers, and Vow'd a Sacrifice of a Thousand Oxen

Oxen ready down upon the Nail, to either *Apollo*, or *Æsculapius*, which of the Two would Deliver him from This Disease. Ah my Dear, (says his Wife) Have a care what You Promise; for where would you have These Oxen if you should Recover? Sweet Heart (says he) thou talk'st like a Fool. Have the Gods Nothing else to do, dost think, than to leave their Business, and come down to Sue me in an Action of Debt? They Restor'd him however for that Bout, to make Tryal of his Honesty and Good Faith. He was no sooner up, but for want of Living Oxen, he made out his Number upon Paste, and Offer'd them up in Form upon an Altar. For this Mockery, Divine Vengeance Pursu'd him, and he had an Apparition came to him in a Dream, that bad him go and Search in such a Place near the Coast, and he should find a Considerable Treasure; Away he went, and as he was looking for the Money fell into the Hands of Pyrates. He begg'd hard for his Liberty, and Offer'd a Thousand Talents of Gold for his Ransome; but they would not Trust him, and so he was carried away, and sold afterwards as a Slave for as many Groats.

THE MORAL.

The Dev'll was Sick, the Dev'll a Monk would be;
The Dev'll was Well, the Dev'll a Monk was He.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable applies it self to Those that Promise more in their Adversity, than they either Intend, or are able to make good in their Prosperity; but they must not think to bring themselves off at last with a Conceit; for in the Sight of God, an Equivocating Juggling Sham, is as much as a Gross, Downright Lye.

'Tis the Practice of the World for People in Distress to serve God and Man in Several Respects, both Alike: That is to say, when they lie under any Heavy Affliction, or Propose to themselves any Considerable Advantage, and find they have Need of Another's Help; how do they Beg, Vow, Promise, Sollicit, Swear, Sign and Seal and yet Conscious to Themselves all this while, that they neither Intend nor are able to make One Article Good? Wickedness comes on by Degrees, as well as Virtue; and Sudden Leaps from One Extream to Another, are Unnatural Motions in the Course of our Lives and Humours. Here's first a Rash and a Knavish Promise; for the Promiser knew he was not able to make it Good. When he has broken the Ice, he Advances, from Cozening of God, to make Sport with him, and pays him with Paste for Flesh: But Vengeance Overtook him in the Conclusion, and gave him to Understand, that *God will not be Mocked*. The Moral of This Sick Man, is the Case of Every Soul of us in the Making and the Breaking of our Vows.

F A B.

F A B. CXII.

Fishermen Disappointed.

SOME Fishermen that had been Out a Whole Day with a Drag-Net, and Caught Nothing, had a Draught toward the Evening, that came home very Heavy, which put 'em in hope of a Surgeon at least, but upon bringing the Net ashore, it prov'd to be Only One Great Stone, and a few Little Fishes. Upon this Disappointment they were Down in the Mouth again; but says One of the Company that was a Little Graver than the Rest, You are to Consider, my Masters, that Joy and Sorrow are Two Sisters that follow One Another by Turns.

THE MORAL.

All Our Purchases in This World are but the Catching of a Tartar, as we say, but it is some Comfort yet to Consider, that when Things are at the Worst they'll Mend.

REFLEXION.

HOPES and Disappointments are the Lot and Entertainment of Humane Lite; The One serves to keep us from Presumption, the Other from Despair. This Fable bids us Wait the Seasons of Divine Providence, with Patience and Perseverance, in the Duties of our Calling: What Difficulties, and Temporary Discouragements soever we may Encounter in the Way; but as we are not to Despond on the One hand, of reaping in God's good time, the Fruit of our Honest Endeavours: So neither are we, on the Other hand, to lay more Stress upon the Event of Things, at Best, than the Matter will bear: That is to say, we are to Compute, that upon Balancing the Account, the Profit at last, will hardly Countervail the Inconveniences that go along with it.

The Fisherman's Case in the Fable is many a man's Case in the World; as with a Wife for the Purpose, with an Office, with an Estate, with a Court-Commission. He's fain to Tug Hard for't before he can Catch it, and Measures the Blessing all the while by the Difficulty of Obtaining it. And what's the Purchase at last when he comes to Cast up his Account but *Great Stones and Little Fishes*. His only Comfort is, That *This World will not last always*; and that Good Luck, and Bad Luck take their Turns.

F A B. CXIII.

Death and an Old Man.

AN Old Man that had Travell'd a Great Way under a Huge Burden of Sticks, found himself so Weary, that he cast it Down,

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Down, and call'd upon *Death* to Deliver him from a more Miserable Life. *Death* came presently at his Call, and Asked him his Business. Pray Good Sir, says he, Do me but the favour to Help me up with my Burden again.

THE MORAL.

Men call upon Death, as they Do upon the Devil: When he comes they're afraid of him.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Matter of Custom, and in Passion, rather than in Earnest, that Men in Pain and Misery are so ready to call for *Death*: For when he comes, they wish him away again. It may be said to be the *Motto* of Humane Nature, rather to Suffer than to Die, though 'tis Good however to be always ready for That which Must come at Last. The Doctrine is This, That *Skin*, and All that a man has will be give for his Life. We are apt to Pick Quarrels with the World for Every Little Foolery. Every Trivial Cross makes us think we are Weary of the World; but our Tongues run quite to Another Tune when we come once to parting with it in Earnest. Then, 'tis Call the *Doctor*, *Pothecary*, *Surgeon*; *Purge*, *Flux*, *Lawnce*, *Burn*, *Saw*: I'll Endure Any thing in This World, it you can but keep Life and Soul together. When it comes to That once, 'tis not Help me Off with my Burthen, but Help me Up with it.

F A B. CXIV.

A Doctor and Patient with Sore Eyes.

A Physician Undertakes a Woman with Sore Eyes, upon the Terms of *No Cure No Money*. His Way was to Dawb 'em quite up with Oynments, and while she was in That Pickle, to carry off a Spoon or a Porringer, or somewhat or Other, at the End of his Visit. The Woman's Eyes Mended, and still as she came More and More to her self again, there was Every Day less and less left in the House to be seen. The *Doctor* came to her at last, and told her; *Mistress*, says he, I have Discharg'd my Part, Your Eyes are Perfectly Well again, and pray let me be Paid now according to Our Agreement. Alas, Sir, says she, I'm a Great deal Worse than I was the First Minute you Undertook me; for I could see Plate, Hangings, Paintings, and Other Goods of Value about my House, till You had the Ordering of me; but I am now brought to such a Pass, that I can see nothing at all.

The

THE MORAL.

There are Few Good Offices done for Other People, which the Benefactor does not hope to be the Better for Himself.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fancy is Half Knavery, Half Humour, and the Doctors Part in't is no more than according to the Common Practice of the World, in Law, as well as in Physick, when People make the Remedy Worse than the Disease; as when a Man spends the Fee Simple of an Estate in a Contest for the Title. The Barber that Pick'd the Gentleman's Pocket while he was Washing of his Face, Wrote after this Copy. The Moral holds forth This Matter of Advice to us, not to Contract any Obligations Rashly; for Good Offices in couris are rather Baits, and Snares, than Benefits; and there are some Certain People, that a Sober Man would not Venture the being Beholden to. The Poor Woman here, had her Jest for her Household-Stuff; and the Vain Satisfaction of Paying her Physician with a Conccit for his Money. It Minds me of the Orator that was to Teach a Young Man Rhetorick, on Condition of Double Pay upon the Perfecting of him in his Profession, and not a Penny before; The Master follow'd his Scholar Close, and came to him at last for his Money, according to the Bargain; The Young Fellow begg'd him over and over to Forbear it a while, but could not Prevail. He told him Then, that there was nothing Due to him; for if Rhetorick be (as you say) the Art or Power of Persuasion; and if I cannot prevail with you to forbear Your Money, I am not Master of my Trade yet. This was the Woman's Way of Reasoning with the Physician. The Doctor would have his Money for the Curing of her Eyes, and the Woman shuff'd it off that she was not Cur'd, for she could see nothing at all, which was One Fallacy upon Another.

F A B. CXV.

A Cat and Mice.

THERE was a House Mightily troubled with *Mice*, and a Notable *Cat* there was, that Time after Time had Pick'd up so Many of 'em, that they agreed among themselves to keep above in the Cieling; for they found that upon the Plain Floor there was No Living for 'em. This Spoil'd *Puss*'s Sport, unless she could find a way to Trepan them Down again. So she Leapt up to a Pin that was driven into the Wall, and there Hung like a Pole-Cat in a Warren, to Amuse them. The *Mice* took Notice of it, and One Wiser than the rest Stretched out his Neck to learn the Truth of the Matter, and so soon as ever he found how 'twas.

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Ay,

Ah, says he, You may Hang there 'till Your Heart Akes; for if you were but a Dish-Clout, as you are a Counterfeiting-Devil of a Cat, here's not a Creature will come Near ye.

The MORAL.

Let no man lay himself at the Mercy of a known Enemy under any Shew, or Pretence Whatsoever; for he forfeits his Discretion, even though he should happen to Save his Carcass, and his Fortune.

REFLEXION.

WHAT we cannot Compas by Force, must be Attempted by Invention, and Address, but then on the Other hand, in All Cases of Hazzard, Things would be well Weigh'd and Examin'd before we Trust. This Fable is the Fiction of a Cafe not Altogether Incredible. 'Tis a Common Thing for an Old Jade to Counterfeit Lame, for fear of Hard Riding: For a Duck to run Flapping and Fluttering a way, as if she were Maim'd, to carry People from her Young: as there's a Story of a Fox that was Hard Hunted, and Hung himself up by the Teeth in a Warren among the Vermin to put the Dogs to a Loss. Without any more Words, Twenty Instances might be given to shew how near That which we call Impulse, or Instinct, comes to Reason: For the Cats Policy was no Other in truth, than That we call *Sleeping Dog-Sleep*: And there was the very same Fore-thought, and Design in't too, which in a Construction of Law and Equity passes for *Malice Prepensè*.

F A B. CXVI.

An Ape and a Fox.

UPON the Decease of a Lyon of Late Famous Memory, the Beasts Met in Council to Chuse a King. There were Several Put up; but One was not of a Make for a King, Another Wanted either Brains, or Strength, or Stature, or Humour, or something else; but in fine, the *Buffoon-Ape* with his Grimaces and Gamboles, carry'd it from the Whole Field by I know not how many Voices. The Fox (being one of the Pretenders) Stomach'd it extremely to see the Choice go against him, and presently Rounds the *New-Elect* in the Ear, with a piece of Secret Service that he could do him. Sir, says he, I have Discover'd some Hidden Treasure Yonder: But 'tis a Royalty that belongs to Your Majesty, and I have nothing to do with it. So he Carry'd the Ape to take Possession: And what should This Treasure be, but a Bait in a Ditch. The Ape lays his Hand upon't, and the Trap springs

springs and Catches him by the Fingers. *Ah thou Perfidious Wretch, cry's the Ape! Or thou simple Prince; rather, reply's the Fox: You a Governour of Others, with a Vengeance, that han't Wit enough to look to your own Fingers.*

The MORAL.

Governours should be Men of Busines rather than Pleasure. There's One Great Folly in Making an ill Choice of a Ruler, and Another in the Acceptance of it: For it Exposes Authority to Scorn.

REFLEXION.

RASHNESS, and Want of Consideration, is ever Unfortunate. Men should not take a Charge upon them that they are not Fit for, as if Singing, Dancing, and Shewing of Tricks, were Qualifications for a Governour. *Baudoin*, says, that this Fable, shews not only the Envy and Malignity of the Fox; but the Imprudence of the Electors in the Choice of Ministers and Officers, that are not made for Bus'ness. Here's first an Ape made a King, for shewing Tricks, and making Fools Faces; And the Fox is then to put a Slur upon him, in Exposing him for Sport, to the Scorn of the People.

Here's an Ape chosen King, in Succession to a Lyon; which stands for a Short, and a Plain Representation of the Best and the Worst of Governements under the Dignity of the One, and the Indignity of the Other. It sets forth the Cafe and Unhappines of *Elective Kingdoms*, where Canvassing and Faction has commonly too great a hand in the Election. Nor is there any Wonder, to see Drolls and Tumblers Advanc'd to Charges of Honor and Profit, where Ignorance and Popularity sways the Choice: And nothing so fit as an Ape, for a Commission of State, where a Gambole, or a Grimace passes for a Qualifying Title to the Exercise of Power.

It is no Wonder again, where People are so Mistaken in the Faculties and Capacities of Government, that they depart also from the Veneration that's due to't; and when the Main Ends of it shall come to be Disappointed. For every *Jack-Pudding*, with *Æsop's Fox* here, will be Ridiculing Palpable Weaknesses, and Exposing those (almost Sacred) Imperfections, and Defects which they ought to Cover. What's a Character of Honor upon the Shoulders of a Man that has neither a Soul Answerable to't, nor a True Sense of the Dignity, but a Mark set up for every Common Fool to shoot his Bolt at! When Apes are in Power, there will never want Foxes to Play upon them.

F A B. CXVII.

A Smith and his Dog.

A Blacksmith took Notice of a Cur he had, that would be perpetually Sleeping, so long as his Master was at his Hammer; but whenever he went to Dinner, the Dog would be sure to make One. So he Ask'd the Dog the Reason on't. What's the Meaning of it, says he, that so long as I'm at the Forge, you are still taking your Nap; but so soon as my Chops begin to Walk, yours must be Walking too for Company? There's a Time to Sleep (says the Dog) and a Time to Wake; and Every thing is Well done that is done in Due Season.

The M O R A L.

All Creatures do Naturally look to the Main Chance; that is to say, the Business of Food and Propagation.

R E F L E X I O N.

THAT which Men do by Reason, Beasts do by Instinct. There's No Living without Food and Rest; and Nature appoints the Season, both for the One, and for the Other. A Dog Wakes to his Dinner, as a Man that's to Travel next day, does for his Journey, and his Business. He lies down to Sleep with the Hour in's Head, and when the Time comes, he needs neither Clock nor Cock to call him. Custom puts Nature into a Method of Expecting, and Attending all the Offices of Life at such and such Certain Hours and Seasons, as we are us'd to: And there needed no more than This, to make the Master's Dining Time, the Dog's Waking Time.

F A B. CXVIII.

A Boasting Mule.

THere was a Favourite-Mule, that was High Fed, and in the Pride of Flesh and Mettle, would still be Bragging of his Family, and his Ancestors. My Father (says he) was a Coarser, and though I say it that should not say't, I my self take after him. He had no sooner spoke the Words, but he was put to the Tryal of his Heels, and did not only shew himself a Jade; but in the very Heat of his Ostentation, his Father fell a Braying, which Minded him of his Original, and the Whole Field made Sport on't, when they found him to be the Son of an Ass.

The

The M O R A L.

A Bragging Fool that's Rais'd out of a Dunghil, and sets up for a Man of Quality, is Asham'd of Nothing in This World but of his Own Father.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS touches the Case of Those Mean Upstarts, that when they come once to be Prefer'd, forget their Fathers, and have not the Wit to Consider, how soon Fortune may set them Down again where she took 'em up; but yet at last, when they come to be minded of their Original, it makes many a Proud Fool sensible of a Scandalous Extraction, that has no Shame at all for a Scandalous Life.

'Tis hardly safe to Descant upon a Boasting Mule, in a Fable, when there are so many of his Brethren in the World, that will Take it to Themselves. Nay and Over and Above the Self-Conceited Vanity of These Brutes, there are None so forward neither, to Bespatter Men of Blood and Quality, as those that have most Reason to be Asham'd of their Descent. This Pride of Pedigree is Easily run down, if there be nor Power Joyn'd to the Ostentation: But where there is Authority given to the Folly, as well as to the Fool, the Ignorance that it raises makes the Insolence Insupportable. Nothing Dash'd the Confidence of the Mule like the Braying of the Ass in the very Interim, while he was Dilating upon his Genealogy. As who should say, Remember your Father, Sirrah. This comes to the Case of a Spaniard, that was Wonderfully upon the Huff about his Extraction, and would needs Prove himself of such a Family by the Spelling of his Name; a Cavalier in the Company, with whom he had the Controversie, very Civilly Yielded him the Point; for (says he) I have Examin'd the Records of a certain House of Correction, and I find your Grandfather was Whipt there by That Name. We have in fine a World of Boasting Mules among us, that don't care for being Minded of their Braying Fathers: But 'tis the Fate of These Vain-Glorious Fops to be Thus Met withal, and your Counterfeit Men of Honor seldom Come off Better; Wherefore let every Man look well about him before he Boasts of his Pedigree, so see if he has not an Ass to his Father.

F A B. CXIX.

A Dog and a Magpie.

A Wolf took a Dog napping at his Master's Door, and when he was Just about to Worry him, the Poor Creature beg'd hard only for a Reprieve. Alas (says he) I'm as Lean at present as Carrion; but we have a Wedding at our House within these Two or Three Days, that will Plump me up you shall see with Good-Chear. Pray have but Patience till Then, and when I'm in a Little Better Case, I'll throw my self

self in the very Mouth of ye. The *Wolf* took his Word, and so let him go; but passing some Few Days after by the same Houfe again, he spy'd the *Dog* in the *Hall*, and bad him Remember his Promise. Heark ye, my Friend, says the *Dog*; Whenever you Catch me Asleep again, on the Wrong side of the Door never Trouble your Head to Wait for a Wedding.

The M O R A L.

Experience Works upon Many Brutes more than upon Some Men. They are not to be Gull'd twice with the same Trick; And at the Worst, a Bad Shift is Better than None.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis good to Provide against All Chances both Sleeping and Waking; for a Man cannot be too Circumspect, upon Condition on the other hand, that his Caution do not make him Over-sollicitous. Past Dangers make us Wiser for the Future; As the *Dog*, after he had been snapt at the Door, had the Wit to lie in the Hall; which tells us that a Wife Body is not to be Caught Twice by the same Snare and Trick. His Promise to the *Wolf* was a kind of a *Dog-Case of Conscience*, and the *Wolf* play'd the Fool in Taking his Word, for That which he was oblig'd not to Perform.

F A B. CXX.

A *Lyon* and a *Bull*.

IN the Days of Yore, when *Bulls* liv'd upon *Mutton*, there was a *Lyon* had a Design upon a Mighty *Bull*, and gave him a very Civil Invitation to come and Sup with him; for, says he, I have gotten a *Sheep*, and you must needs take Part on't. The *Bull* Promis'd, and Went; but so soon as ever he saw what a Clutter there was with Huge, Over-grown Pots, Pans, and Spits, away he scow'd Immediately. The *Lyon* presently call'd after him, and Ask'd him, *Whither in such Haste? Oh, says the Bull, 'tis High Time for me to be jogging, when I see such Preparation: for this Provision looks as if you were to have a Bull for your Supper, rather than a Mutton.*

The M O R A L.

When a Man has both an Interest and an Inclination to betray us; there's No Trusting him.

R E F L E X I O N.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE'S No Trusting to the Fair Words and Countenances of Bloody Men: He's sure to be Ruin'd that lays himself at the Mercy of Those that Live upon the Spoil. Their very Compliments are Snarcs; as the *Lion's* Invitation of the *Bull* to Sup with him, was but the Cover of a Design he had to Sup upon the *Bull* himself.

F A B. CXXI.

A *Lion* in Love.

A *Lion* fell in Love with a Country Lass, and desir'd her Father's Consent to have her in Marriage. The Answer he gave was Churlish enough. He'd never Agree to't he said, upon any Terms, to Marry his Daughter to a Beast. The *Lion* gave him a Sour Look upon't, which brought the Bumkin, upon Second Thoughts, to strike up a Bargain with him, upon these Conditions; that his Teeth should be Drawn, and his Nails Par'd; for Those were Things, he said, that the Foolish Girl was Terribly afraid of. The *Lion* sends for a Surgeon immediately to do the Work; (as what will not Love make a Body do?) And so soon as ever the Operation was Over, he goes and Challenges the Father upon his Promise. The Countryman seeing the *Lion* Disarm'd, Pluck'd up a Good Heart, and with a Swinging Cudgel to Order'd the Matter, that he broke off the Match.

The M O R A L.

An Extravagant Love consults neither Life, Fortune, nor Reputation, but Sacrifices All that can be Dear to a Man of Sense and Honour, to the Transports of an Inconsiderate Passion.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable will look well enough in the Moral, how Fantastical so ever it may appear at first Blush in the Lines and Traces of it. Here's a *Beast* in Love with a *Virgin*; which is but a Reverse of the Preposterous Passions we meet with Frequently in the World, when Reasonable Creatures of Both Sexes fall in love with Those, that in the Allusion may (almost without a Figure) pass for Beasts. There's Nothing so Fierce, or so Savage but Love will Soften it; Nothing so Generous but it will Debauch it; Nothing so sharp-sighted in Other Matters but it throws a Mist before the Eyes on't. It puts the Philosopher beside his *Latin*; and to sum up All in a Little, where This Passion Dominers, neither Honour, nor

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ture, is able to stand before it. The *Lions* Parting with his *Teeth*, and his *Claws*, in a Complement to his New Mistress, is no more than what we see Every Day Exemplify'd in the Case of making over Estates and Joyn-tures, with the Malice Prepenſe all this While of holding their Noses to the Grindstone, and with the Girls Father here of Jilting them at last.

F A B. CXXII.

A *Lioness* and a *Fox*.

A Numerous Issue passes in the World for a Blessing; and This Consideration made a *Fox* cast it in the Teeth of a *Lioness*, that she brought forth but One Whelp at a time. Very Right, says the Other, but then That One is a *Lion*.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Common Thing to Value things more by the Number, than by the Excellency of them.

REFLEXION.

TH E R E are more Fools in the World than Wise Men, and more Knaves than Honest Men; so that it is not Number, but Excellency, that Inhances the Value of Any thing. The most copious Writers are commonly the Arrantest Scriblers; And so in much Talking, the Tongue is apt to run before the Wit: *In Many Words there is Folly, but a Word in Season is like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver*: Says the Oracle of Truth it self. And we have it from the same Authority, that our very *Prayers*, when they are Loud and Long, are in the Sight of Heaven no better than so much *Babbling*; and that they have more in them of Hypocrisy and Ostentation, than of Affection and Judgment. The Great Creator of the Universe, whose single *F I A T* was sufficient to have made Ten Thousand Worlds in the Twinkling of an Eye, Allowed himself Six Days yet for the Finishing of his Purpose: Paus'd upon Every Days Work, Consider'd of it, Review'd it, and Pronounc'd it *Good*, and so Proceeded. Right Reason Moves, in some Proportion, by the same Steps and Degrees with This Inimitable Example: It Deliberates, Projects, Executes, Weighs, and Approves. Nature does Nothing in a Huddle, and Human Prudence should Govern it self by the same Measures. A Plurality of Voices, 'tis true, carries the Question in all our Debates, but rather as an Expedient for Peace, than an Eviction of the Right; for there are Millions of Errors to one Reason, and Truth; And a *Point* is not so Easy to be Hit: In a Word, the Old Saying is a shrewd One; that *Wise Men Propose, and Fools Determine*. Take the World to pieces, and there are a thousand Sots to one Philosopher: and as many Swarms of Flies to One Eagle. *Lions* do not come into the World by *Litters*.

F A B.

F A B. CXXIII.

Two *Cocks* Fighting.

TW O *Cocks* fought a Duel for the Mastery of a *Dunghil*. He that was Worsted, slunk away into a Corner, and Hid himself; T'other takes his Flight up to the Top of the House, and there with Crowing and Clapping of his Wings makes Proclamation of his Victory. An *Eagle* made a Stoop at him in the Middle of his Exultation, and carry'd him away. By This Accident, the Other *Cock* had a Good Riddance of his Rival; took Possession of the Province they Contended for, and had All his Mistresses to Himself again.

The MORAL.

A Wise, and a Generous Enemy will make a Modest Use of a Victory; for Fortune is Variable.

REFLEXION.

TH I S Combat of *Two Cocks* for a *Dunghil*, may be Moraliz'd by an Application of it to the Competition of the Greatest Princes, for Empire and Dominion. For what's the World more than a Mass of Dirt on the One hand, as to the Subject of the Quarrel; and there's the same Thirst of Blood too, betwixt the Combatants, on the Other. We have again, the Various Chance of War Exhibited on Both Sides: For 'tis with *Kings*, as with These *Cocks*. He that's a Victor This Moment, may be a Slave the Next: And this Volubility of Human Affairs, what is it but either the Sport, or the Judgment of Providence, in the Punishment of Arrogance and Oppression! We are given finally to Understand, that as the Levity of Fortune leaves us Nothing to Trust to, or to Presume upon, so at the same Time there's Nothing to Despair of. The *Conquering Cock* was Cut off in the very *Song* of his *Triumph*: and the *Conquer'd* re-instat'd in the Possession of his former Pretences.

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F A B.

F A B. CXXIV.

A **Fawn** and a **Stag**.

A *Fawn* was Reasoning the Matter with a *Stag*; why he should run away from the *Dogs* still; for, says he, you are Bigger and Stronger than They. If you have a Mind to stand, y'are better Arm'd; And then y'are Fleeter if you'll Run fort. I can't Imagine what should make you so Fearful of a Company of Pityful Curs. Nay, says the *Stag*, 'tis All True that you say, and 'tis no more than I say to my self Many Times, and yet whatever the Matter is, let me take up what Resolutions I please, when I hear the *Hounds* once, I cannot but betake my self to my Heels.

The MORAL.

'Tis One thing to Know what we ought to do, and Another thing to Execute it; and to bring up our Practise to our Philosophy: He that is naturally a Coward is not to be made Valiant by Council.

R E F L E X I O N.

NATURAL Infirmities are well nigh Insuperable; and Men that are Cowards by Complexion, are hardly ever to be made Valiant by Discourse. But They are Conscious yet of the Scandal of that Weakness, and may make a shift perhaps to Reason themselves now and then into a kind of Temporary Resolution, which they have not the Power afterwards to go Thorough with. We find it to be much the same Case in the Government of our Affections and Appetites, that it is in These Bodily Frailties of Temperament and Complexion. Providence has Arm'd us with Powers and Faculties, sufficient for the Confounding of all the Enemies we have to Encounter. We have Life and Death before us: That is to say, Good and Evil; And we know which is which too: Beside that it is at our Choice to Take or to Refuse. So that we understand what we ought to do; but when we come to Deliberate, we play Booty against our selves: And while our Judgments and our Consciences direct us One Way, our Corruptions Hurry us Another. This *Stag*, in fine, is a Thorough Emblem of the State and Infirmity of Mankind. We are Both of us Arm'd and Provided, either for the Combat, or for Flight. We see the Danger; we Ponder upon it; and now and then by Fits, take up some Faint Resolutions to Outbrave and break thorough it: But in the Conclusion, we shrink upon the Trial; We betake our selves from our Heads to our Heels; from Reason to Flesh and Blood; from our Strength to our Weaknesses, and suffer under One Common Fate.

F A B.

F A B. CXXV.

Jupiter and a **Bee**.

A *Bee* made *Jupiter* a Present of a Pot of Honey, which was so kindly Taken, that he bad her Ask what she would, and it should be Granted her. The *Bee* desir'd, that wherever she should set her Sting, it might be Mortal. *Jupiter* was loth to leave Mankind at the Mercy of a Little Spiteful Insect, and so bad her have a care how she Kill'd any Body; for what Person soever she Attacq'd, if she left her Sting behind her, it should cost her Her Life.

The MORAL.

Spiteful Prayers are no better than Curses in a Disguise, and the Granting of them turns commonly to the Mischief of the Petitioner.

R E F L E X I O N.

CRUELTY and Revenge are directly contrary to the very Nature of the Divine Goodness, and the Mischief that is Design'd for Other People returns commonly upon the Head of the Author.

How many Men are there in the World, that put up, as Malicious Prayers in Christian Assemblies to the True God, as the *Bee* does to *Jupiter* here in the Fable! And Prayers too against their very Patrons and Masters; their Benefactors that Entertain, Feed, and Protect them. Will Heaven Hear These Prayers, shall we think, (or Curses rather) and not Punish them? This *Bee* did not Pray for a Power to Kill, without a Previous Disposition and Design to put that Venomous Power in Execution. She had Mischief in her Heart already, and only Wanted some Destructive Faculty, answerable to her Will: And so pray'd to *Jupiter*, as Men do in many Cases to the *Jehovah*, for the Blessing of an Ability to Commit Murder.

F A B. CXXVI.

Wasps in a **Honey-Pot**.

T Here was a Whole Swarm of *Wasps* got into a *Honey-Pot*, and there they Cloy'd and Clamm'd themselves, till there was no getting Out again; which brought them to Understand in the Conclusion, that they had pay'd too Dear for their Sweet-Meats.

The

The M O R A L.

Loose Pleasures become Necessary to Us by the Frequent Use of them, and when they come once to be Habituall, there's no getting Clear again.

R E F L E X I O N.

THESE Wasps in a Honey-Pot are so many Sensual Men that are Plung'd in their Lusts and Pleasures; and when they are once Glu'd to them, 'tis a very Hard Matter to Work themselves Out. We have an Emblem here of those Foolish Voluptuous Men, that Sacrifice the Peace, the Honour, the Comfort, and all other Substantial Satisfactions of Life, to the Temptation of a Liquorish Palate. And so for the Liberties of Wine, Women, Feasting, and Jolly Company; The Pomp and Splendor of Courts and Parades, &c. It comes All to the same Point; for when Men are once Dipt; what with the Engagements of Sense, Custom, Facility; Nay and I might have said, with the very Shame of Departing from what they have given themselves up to, they go on with Æsop's Flies, till they are Stified in their very Pleasures.

F A B. CXXVII.

A Young Man and a Swallow.

A Prodigal Young Fellow that had sold his Cloths to his very Shirt, upon the Sight of a Swallow that came before her Time, made Account that Summer was now at Hand, and away went That too. There happen'd after This, a Fit of Bitter Cold Weather, that almost starv'd both the Bird, and the Spendbrift. Well (says the Fellow to Himself) This Sot of a Swallow has been the Ruin of us Both.

The M O R A L.

Extraordinary Cases are Excepted out of the General Rules of Life: So that Irregular Accidents and Instances are not to be drawn into President.

R E F L E X I O N.

EVERY Man Stands or Falls to his Own Reason; and it is No Excuse to say that I was Misled by Example, or Conjecture, when I had the Means before me of Informing my self Better. If this Prodigal had but Consulted the Almanack, or his own Experience, it would have set him Right in the Course of the Seasons, or the Old Proverb Merhinks might have satisfy'd him, that *One Swallow makes no Summer*, Unless the Fable perchance should fall out to be the Ancienter of the Two, and the Occasion of that Proverb: But there are Certain Extravagants among People of all Sizes and Professions, and there must be no Drawing of General Rules from Particular Exceptions.

F A B.

F A B. CXXVIII.

Mercury and a Carpenter.

A Carpenter dropt his Ax into a River, and put up a Prayer to Mercury to help him to't again. Mercury Div'd for't, and brought him up a Golden One: but That was not it the Fellow said: And so he Plung'd a Second Time, and Fetch'd up Another, of Silver. He said That was not it neither. He try'd once again, and then Up comes an Ax with a Wooden Handle, which the Carpenter said, was the very Tool that he had Lost. Well! (says Mercury) thou art so Just a Poor Wretch, that I'll give thee All Three now for thy Honesty. This Story was got into Every body's Mouth, and the Rumour being Spread, it came into a Knave's Head to Try the Same Experiment over again. And so away goes He and Down he Sits, Sniv'ling and Yelping upon the Bank of a River, that he had Dropt his Ax into the Water there. Mercury that was at hand it seems, heard his Lamentation, and Dipping once again for his Ax, as he had done for the Other; up he brings him a Golden Ax, and Asks the Fellow if That were it. Yes, Yes, says he, This is it. Oh thou Impudent Sot, cries Mercury; to think of putting Tricks upon Him that sees through the very Heart of thee.

The M O R A L.

The Great Searcher of our Hearts is not to be Impos'd upon, but he will take his Own Time either to Reward or Punish.

R E F L E X I O N.

H E A V E N Hates Dissemblers, and Hypocrites, as it Loves Men of Truth and Integrity. He that fancies he can Impose upon Jupiter takes him for a Cully.

Bandoin Moralizes the Matter thus; that Mercury's called upon, and Sent as the Patron of Artizans. The Practice of Truth and Justice can never fail of a Reward in the Conclusion, and the bringing in of a God to the Relief of a Poor Man, shews that it is from Heaven that the Needy are to Expect Redress.

Here are Two Men at their Prayers; The One a Downright Plain Dealer; and the Other a Trimming, Designing Hypocrite. The Former has a Reverence in his Heart for the Power that he Invokes; He is not to be Corrupted with Gold, or Silver. He stands in Awe of his Conscience, and makes good his Profession, with his Practice: Receiving in the End, the Blessing of a Reward for his Integrity. The Other Worshipps with his Eyes, his Hands, and his Voice; but All This is only to Cover the Cheat of a Rotten Heart. He acknowledges a Divine Power, but at the

Same

Same Time he makes a Mock on't, and Provokes it. He stands Convinc'd that God knows All the Secrets of his Heart, and yet tells him a Lye to his Face. There is No such Masque, in fine, for the Greatest of Impieties, as a Veil of Religion. *This Praying Carpenter here would have made Mercury a Broker to his Knavery:* and we have a world of Praying Christians too, that write after his Copy.

F A B. CXXIX.

A Fox and Grapes.

THere was a Time, when a Fox would have Ventur'd as far for a Bunch of Grapes, as for a Shoulder of Mutton, and it was a Fox of Those days, and That Palate, that stood Gaping under a Vine, and licking his Lips at a most Delicious Cluster of Grapes that he had Spy'd out there; He fetch'd a Hundred and a Hundred Leaps at it, till at last, when he was as Weary as a Dog, and found that there was No Good to be done; *Hang 'em* (says He) *they are as Sour as Crabs;* and so away he went turning off the Disappointment with a Jest.

F A B. CXXX.

A Wolf and a Lion.

AS a Wolf and a Lion were abroad upon Adventure together, Hark, (says the Wolf) Don't you hear the Bleating of Sheep? My Life for Yours Sir, I'll go fetch ye a Purchase. Away he goes, and follows his Ear, till he came just under the Sheepfold: But it was so well fortify'd, and the Dogs asleep so Near it, that back he comes Sneaking to the Lion again, and tells him, There are Sheep Yonder (says he) 'tis true, but they are as Lean as Carrion, and we had e'en as good let 'em alone till they have more Flesh on their Backs.

The MORAL of the Two FABLES above.

'Tis Matter of Skill and Address, when a man cannot Honestly Compose what he would be at, to Appear Easy and Indifferent upon All Repulses and Disappointments.

R E.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis a Point of Good Discretion to make a Virtue of Necessity, and to Content our selves with what we cannot get, though we have never so much a Mind to't; for 'tis a Turn of Art to seem to Despise what we cannot Compass, and to put off a Miscarriage with a Jest; Beside, that it is Better to have People think a man could Gain Such or such a Point if he Would, than that he Would, but cannot.

The Foxes Put-off in This Fable, is a most Instructive Point of Philosophy towards the Government of our Lives; Provided that his Fooling may be made our Earnest; as it would be much for our Honour and Quiet so to be. No man can be Miserable if he can but keep Clear of the Snare of Hopes and Fears; and *Antidote* himself against the Flatteries of the One, and the Alarms of the Other; It is a High Point of Christian, as well as of Civil Prudence; for a man to say Thus to Himself beforehand, of a Thing that he has a Mind to [If I cannot get it, I shall be Better without it.] Or if he can but say after the Missing of it, [It was better Lost than found.] Now if we cannot Arrive at the Pitch of making This Indifference a Virtue indeed, we may however so Disguise it yet, (though in a case of Necessity) as to make it Look-like one: Not but that it would be much better if we could Attain to the Perfection it self, as well as we may in Appearance Cover the Disgrace.

I knew a Fine Lady once, and she was a Woman of Sense, Quality, and a very Generous Mind. She lay under Mortifications in abundance, and yet was never Observ'd to be Peevish or Angry upon Any Provocation Whatsoever; and the Reason she gave for't was This: [It Will make Me Look Old,] So that it is not so much the want of Ability to master our Affections, as the want of Resolution to go thorough with the Experiment. This is a way to keep us Firm in All Tryals: or if He, that upon a True Principle, lives without any Disquiet of Thought, may be said to be Happy. It Improves All our Disappointments into Providences, when he can let fall the Vain Desire of any thing without Feeling the Loss of it. It comes All to a Case now, upon the force of the Moral, whether we Quit, as the Fox did the Grapes, because he could not come at them, or as the Wolf did the Sheep, because he durst not Venture, upon 'em. But be it either the One or the Other, there's a Virtue, and a Blessing in't, Both ways, in getting the Better of our Passions: which might certainly be done if we had but half the Tenderness for our Minds and Consciences, that we have for our Carcasses, and our Fortunes.

F A B. CXXXI.

A Boy and a Snake.

A Boy was Groping for Eels, and laid his hand upon a Snake, but the Snake, finding it was Pure Simplicity, and not Malice, Admonish'd him of his Mistake; Keep your self Well while you are Well, says the Snake; for if you Meddle with Me, You'll Repent your Bargain.

R

The

The MORAL.

'Tis the Intention, Morally Speaking, that makes the Action Good or Bad; and even Brutes themselves will put a Difference betwixt Harms of Ill Will and Mischance.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Wisdom as well as Justice, to Distinguish betwixt Actions of Misadventure, and of Design. Every Thing has at least Two Handles to't, and Both Parts should be well Exam'n'd, before a Man can make either a Warrantable Judgment, or a Prudent Choice. The Boy's Mistake here is more than what we have Every day before our Eyes in common Practice: And That which the Snake says to the Boy, Every Man's Reason says to Himself. What is, his taking a Snake for an Ele, but our taking Vice for Virtue? He did it Unwarily: And so do We Many times too. He took the One for the Other, because they were so much Alike, that at first View he could not Distinguish them. And are not Virtue and Vice as Like, in several Instances, as One Egg is to Another? How shall a Man know, at first Blush, Hypocrisy from Piety; True Charity from Ostentation? or the Devil Himself with a Glory about him, from an Angel of Light? Time and Examination may do Much, but the Boy was groping, and in the Dark, and so might Well be Mistaken. The Snake Told him of his Error, and the Danger of it, but Pass'd it over, because there was no Ill Will in't. This is the very Case of Our Reason to us, in all our Misdoings: It Checks us for what's Past, and Advises us for the Future, to have a care of False Appearances: Just as the Snake did to the Child here.

F A B. CXXXII.

A Fowler and a Partridge.

A Fowler had taken a Partridge, and the Bird offer'd her self to Decoy as many of her Companions into the Snare as she could, upon Condition that he would but give her Quarter. No, says he, You shall Dye the rather for that very Reason, because you would be so Base as to Betray your Friends to save your self.

The MORAL.

Of all Scandalous and Lewd Offices, That of a Traytor is Certainly the Basest; for it Undermines the very Foundations of Society.

REFLEXION.

TRAYCHERY is a Sin against Common Faith, Honour, and Human Society: A Villany, in short, that's never to be Approv'd, how Conveniently soever in some Cases to be made use of. The Fowler's here, was a Wise and a Generous Reblution, upon the Partridges Proposal; for all Traytors are Mercenaries; and Whoever Betrays One Master for Advantage,

will Betray Another for a Better Price. But as all manner of Treachery is Abominable in the Sight both of God and Man, and stands Reprehended in this Fable: So there are Certain Kinds and Degrees of it, that are yet more Execrable and Odious, One than Another. There is first a Treachery by Complexion, which was the Partridges Case. Her Heart Fail'd her, and she would fain have Compounded for her Own Life, by the Betraying of her Fellows. This was an Unhappy Infirmary, but the Weakness all this while, does not Excuse the Crime, by the Poor Creatures lying under almost an Insuperable Frailty. The Fowler however made an Example of her for a Terror to Others. Now if a Treachery of this Quality be so Unpardonable, what shall we say to Those Judases that Dip in the Dish with their Masters, and then for so many Pieces of Silver, deliver them up to be Crucify'd? What shall we say to Those that Sell their Country, their Souls, and their Religion, for Money, and Rate Divinity at so much a Pound? And then to Consummate the Wickedness, Finish the Work with Malice, that they began with Avarice.

F A B. CXXXIII.

A Hare and a Tortoise.

What a Dull Heavy Creature (says a Hare) is This same Tortoise! And yet (says the Tortoise) I'll run with you for a Wager. 'Twas Done and Done, and the Fox, by Consent, was to be the Judg. They started together, and the Tortoise kept Jogging on still, till he came to the End of the Course. The Hare lay'd himself down about Mid-way, and took a Nap; for, says he, I can fetch up the Tortoise when I please: But he Over-slept himself it seems, for when he came to wake, though he scudded away as fast as 'twas possible, the Tortoise got to the Post before him, and Won the Wager.

The MORAL.

Up and be Doing, is an Edifying Text; for Action is the Business of Life, and there's no Thought of ever coming to the End of our Journey in time, if we Sleep by the Way.

REFLEXION.

UNNECESSARY Delays in All Pressing Affairs are but just so much time Lost, beside the Hazard of Intervening Contingencies that may Endanger a Total Disappointment. Let not the Work of to day be put off till to morrow; for the Future is Uncertain; and he that lyes down to Sleep in the Middle of Business that requires Action, does not know whether he shall live to wake again: Or with the Hare in the Fable here, Out-sleep his Opportunity. A Plodding Diligence brings us sooner

to our Journey's End, than a Fluttering Way of Advancing by Starts and by Stops; for 'tis Perseverance Alone that can carry us Thorough-Stitch.

F A B. CXXXIV.

Apples and Horse-Turds.

UPon a very great Fall of Rain, the Current carry'd Away a Huge Heap of Apples, together with a Dunghill that lay in the Water-Course. They Floated a good while together like Brethren and Companions; and as they went thus Dancing down in the Stream, the Horse-Turds would be every foot crying out still, Alack a day! *How We Apples Swim!*

F A B. CXXXV.

A Peach, an Apple, and a Blackberry.

THere happen'd a Controverfie once betwixt a Peach, and an Apple, which was the Fairer Fruit of the Two. They were so Loud in their Discourse, that a Blackberry from the next Hedge, Over-heard them. Come (says the Blackberry) We are All Friends, and pray let's have No Jangling among our selves.

The MORAL of the Two FABLES above.

Every Thing would be Thought Greater in the World than it is, and the Root of it is This, that it first thinks it self so.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis a Vanity Common in the World, for Every Pretending Coxcomb to make himself One of the Party still with his Betters. They cry We to Every thing, and make themselves Necessary upon All Occasions, and to All Purposes and People, when upon the Truth of the Matter, they are found to be good for Just Nothing at all.

[We] Apples cry the Horse-Turds [We] the Kings Officers, crys the Fellow that carries Guts to the Bears [We] crys the Scum of the Nation to the Bench, to the Court, to the City, to the Church, to Parliaments, and Councils. There's Nothing so Great, but the Little People cry [We] to't still. [We'll] do This, and [We'll] do That, and [We'll] Undertake for This and T'other, This is in a Familiar Way, the Common Style of the Licentious Multitude, to the Scandal of all Honorable Commissions, and of Those that Manage them. And This Humour of [Weing] holds as well in Matters of State, and of Understanding, as in the

the Point of Honour and Quality. 'Twas [We] in the Persons of the Fish-Wives and the Broom-Men [We] again in the Resolutions of Bilingsgate, and Grab-street, that took upon them to Prescribe in Matters of Religion and Government. [We] won't lose our Religion, was the Cry of Every Ignorant Atheist. [We'll] stand up for our Properties was the Beggars Song that liv'd upon the Alms Basket. And [We] for our Liberties, cry the Slaves of All Times and Interests; Nay and None so freight Lac'd as Common Cheats upon the Topique of Conscience. And so it was [We] again in the Name of the Multitude that did Every thing that was thought Worth the Doing. Now if the Dregs of the People will be Opening, and Crying [We] to Every thing; the Mobile has a Wide Mouth, and there's No Stopping it. But the Arrogance of the Rabble Assuming at This Rate, is Nothing to the Meanness of their Superiors when they shall descend to keep such Company; or to make use of such Tools or Engines. 'Tis not half so bad for the Apples to cry [We] Horse-Turds, as it would be for Men of State, and Caball, to cry [We] Tinkers and Carr-Men. But this is a Supposition, not to Enter so much as into the Thought of any Man of Sense or Honour. This Fable will also bear as Edifying, and as Pertinent a Moral, in the Inversion, as it does the Other Way. *We Rogues*, on the One Hand, is Every jot as *Emphatical*, as *We Princes*, on the Other.

F A B. CXXXVI.

A Mole and her Dam.

MOther (says a Mole to her Dam) *Here's a Strange Smell Methinks.* And then she was at it again, *There's a Mulberry-Tree I perceive.* And so a Third Time, *What a Clattering of Hammers do I hear.* Daughter says the Old One, You have now quite Betray'd your self; for I thought You had Wanted only One Sense, and now I find you want Three; for you can neither Hear nor Smell any more than you can See.

The MORAL.

Men Labour under Many Imperfections that No Body would take Notice of, if themselves were not Over solicitous to Conceal them.

R E F L E X I O N.

BOASTERS are Naturally Falsifiers, and the People of All Others that put their Shams the Worst together. Their Imperfections would not be Half so much taken Notice of, if their Own Vanity did not make Proclamation of them; As a Blind Lady that I knew, was never Well, but when she was Discourfing of Colours. *'Tis a Strange Thing, the Impudence of some Women!* Was a Word often in the Mouth of a Precise Dame, who her self was as Common as the King's High-Way. I knew Another that was never without *Lemmon Pill* in her Mouth, to Correct an Unfavoury

voury Vapour of her Own, and yet would be Perpetually Inveighing against Foul Breaths. Now This way of Covering Defects, Scandals or Inconveniences, is the Only Way of Exposing them.

F A B. CXXXVII.

Wasps, Partridges, and a Husbandman.

A Flight of Wasps, and a Covy of Partridges that were hard put to't for Water, went to a Farmer, and begg'd a Soup of him to Quench their Thirst. The Partridges offer'd to Dig his Vineyard for't, and the Wasps to secure him from Thieves. Pray hold your Hand, says the Good Man; I have Oxen and Dogs that do me These Offices already, without standing upon Terms. And therefore it will become me to Provide for Them in the First Place.

The M O R A L.

Charity begins at Home, but the Necessary Duty of it in One Place, does not Discharge the Christian Exercise of it in Another.

R E F L E X I O N.

CHARITY is a Humane, as well as a Christian Virtue, and there is a Place for it, even upon Brutes, under the Duty of Tenderness and Good Nature, as well as upon Men; but still with a Distinction by way of Preference, that it is to be Employ'd in the First Place upon Those that have the Fairest Right to't: 'Tis One thing I must Confess, to Condition for a Good Office, and Another thing to do it *Gratis*; so that the Husbandman took the Proposal by the Right Handle in That Respect: But his being provided of Servants already, to do his Work was no Excuse for his Want of Charity to Relieve his Distressed Neighbor.

F A B. CXXXVIII.

Jupiter and a Serpent.

Jupiter had Presents made him upon his Wedding-Day, Greater, or Less, from All Living Creatures. A Serpent brought him a Rose in his Mouth for an Offering. The Thing was Acceptable enough, but not the Presenter; for (says Jupiter) though Gifts are Welcome to me, of Themselves, I must not yet receive any from a Serpent.

The M O R A L.

He that receives a Present, Contracts an Obligation; which a Body would be Asham'd of in the Case of an Ill Man; for it looks towards making a Friendship with him.

R E F L E

R E F L E X I O N.

A Good Man would not Willingly lye under any Obligation to a Person of a Lewd Character and Conversation; for beside the Danger he Incurs, it would not be for his Credit neither, where Presents are Scandals, and rather Snares than Benefits. 'Tis a kind of Incumbrance upon the freedom of a Generous Mind, to be in debt to an Ill Man, even upon any Score whatsoever, that does but carry the face of Good Will, or Respect; for 'tis a Debt that a Man's both Asham'd and Weary of till 'tis paid off. He lives uneasily under the Burden of it, and consequently, it is the Debt of All Others that ought first to be Answer'd. And there's Something more in't yet too, which is, that when All Common Scores are made even, the Morality of the Obligation still remains; for there's no Cancelling the Bonds of Honor and Justice. Kindnesses are to be paid in *Specie*, as well as Money. That is to say, there must be Affection in the Return, as well as Justice. Now as there can be No True Friendship betwixt a Good Man and a Wicked Man, there should be no Intercourse betwixt them that looks like Friendship, and therefore the Less Commerce the Better. As Jupiter, we see, would have Nothing to do with the Serpent.

F A B. CXXXIX.

A Flea and a Man.

A Fellow finding somewhat Prick him, Popt his Finger upon the Place, and it prov'd to be a Flea. What art thou, says he, for an Animal, to Suck thy Livelyhood out of my Carcass? Why 'tis the Livelyhood, (says the Flea) that Nature has Allotted me, and My Stinging is not Mortal neither. Well, says the Man, but 'tis Troublesome however; and now I Have ye, I'll secure ye for ever Hurting me again, either Little or Much.

The M O R A L.

Live and Let Live, is the Rule of Common Justice, but if People will be Troublesome on the One hand, the Obligation is Discharg'd on the other.

R E F L E X I O N.

IT is as Natural for a Man to Kill a Flea, as it is for a Flea to Bite a Man. There's a kind of self-Preservation on Both sides, and without Any Malice on Either Hand. The Flea cannot Live without Nourishment, nor the Man without Rest. So that here's only a Present Dispatch on the One Hand, to prevent a Lingring Death on the Other: (as a Restless Life, is in Truth no Doxter) These are in the World as many Illustrations of This Fable, as there are Instances of Partial, Pragmatical, and Impertinent People that Break in upon Men of Government and Business. Disturbances have much in them of Flea Bittings; That is to say, they

they keep us Waking, and Hinder our Repose. The *Flea* thought it hard to suffer Death for an Impertunity: But to a Man that knows how to Value his Time and his Quiet, One Impertunity upon the Neck of Another, is the Killing of a Man Alive, and the very Worst of Deaths.

F A B. CXL.

A *Flea* and *Hercules*.

THere was a Fellow, that upon a *Flea-Biting* call'd out to *Hercules* for Help. The *Flea* gets away, and the Man Expostulates upon the Matter. Well! *Hercules*; (says he) You that would not take My Part against a Sorry *Flea*, will never stand by me in a Time of Need, against a more Powerful Enemy.

The M O R A L.

We Neglect God in Greater Matters, and Petition him for Trifles, nay and Take Pet at last if we cannot have our Askings.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis an Ill Habit to turn Offices and Duties of Piety into Matters and Words only of Course; and to Squander away our Wilhes and our Prayers upon Paltry Fooleries, when the Great Concerns of Life and Death, Heaven and Hell, lye all at stake. Who but a Mad man, that has so many Necessary and Capital Duties of Christianity to Think of, would ever have made a Deliverance from a *Flea-Biting* a Part of his *Litany*? It makes our Devotions Ridiculous, to be so Unfeeling on the One side, and so Over-sensible, and Sollicitous on the Other. By this Foolish and Impertinent Way of our Proceeding toward the Almighty, Men Slide by little and little into some sort of Doubt, if not a Direct Disbelief and Contempt of his Power. And then with the Country Fellow here, if we cannot Obtain Every Vain Thing we ask, our next Business is to take Pet at the Refusal, nay and in Revenge to give over Praying for Good and All; and so to Renounce Heaven for a *Flea-Biting*.

F A B. CXLII.

A *Man* and *Two Wives*.

IT was now *Cuckow-Time*, and a Certain *Middle-Aged Man*, that was Half-Gray, Half-Brown, took a fancy to Marry Two Wives, of an Age One under Another, and Happy was the Woman that could please him Best. They took Mighty Care of him to All manner of Purposes, and still as they were Combining the Good Man's Head, they'd be Picking out here and there a

Hair

Hair to make it all of a Colour. The Matronly Wife, she Pluck'd out All the *Brown Hairs*, and the Younger the *White*: So that they left the Man in the Conclusion no better than a *Bald Buzzard* betwixt them.

The M O R A L.

'Tis a much Harder Thing to Please Two Wives than two Masters; and He's a Bold Man that offers at it.

R E F L E X I O N.

MARRIAGES are Govern'd, rather by an Over-ruling Fatality, than by any Solemnity of Choice and Judgment; though 'tis a Hard Matter to find out a Woman, even at the Best, that's of a Just Scantling for her Age, Person, Humour, and Fortune to make a Wife of. This Fable presents us with One single Disparity that is of it self Sufficient, without a more than Ordinary Measure of Virtue and Prudence, to make a Man Miserable and Ridiculous. I speak of a Disparity of Years, which, in the Moral, takes in all Other Disproportions. The One's too Young, T'other too Old; to shew us that Marriage is out of Season if it does not Hit the very Critical Point betwixt them. 'Tis much with Wedlock, as it is with our Sovereign Cordials and Antidotes. There go a Thousand Ingredients to the making of the Composition: But then if they be not Tim'd, Proportion'd, and Prepar'd according to Art, 'tis a Clog to us rather than a Relief. So that it would have been Well, if Nature had Prescrib'd the *Dos* of Woman's Flesh, as she has Determin'd the *Necessity* of it.

F A B. CXLIII.

Two *Frogs* that wanted Water.

UPon the Drying up of a *Lake*, Two *Frogs* were forc'd to Quit, and to seek for Water Elsewhere. As they were upon the Search, they Discover'd a very Deep Well. Come (says One to T'other) Let us e'en go down here, without Looking any further. You say well, says her Companion; but what if the Water should fail us Here too? How shall we get Out again?

The M O R A L.

'Tis Good Advice to Look before we Leap.

R E F L E X I O N.

HASTY Resolutions are seldom Fortunate, and it is a piece of Necessary Prudence, for a Man, before he resolves any thing, to Consider what may be the Consequences of it.

We are taught by the Providence of These *Frogs*, to Consider the End of things before we Resolve upon the Means; for when the Die is Cast, 'tis too late to Wish for Another Chance. In our Deliberations what

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to do, we should Distinguish betwixt Lawful and Unlawful, Prudential and Foolish, a Less Present Good, and a Consequence of greater Evils, that we be not Betray'd by the Fair Appearances of Things Specious; Frauds and Fallacies, Glittering Outfides, &c. into Inconveniencies and Mistakes.

When a Man wants any thing, let him look for't in Time, and Consider Well before-hand what Occasion he has for't, and upon What Terms it is to be Had; for there may be such Conditions that a Man would not Comply with, even for the Saving, or Redeeming of his Life. There are Other Cases, where a Man must Part with More for the Getting of a Thing, than That Thing is Worth. Some again, where a Body runs the Risque of an Absolute Ruin, for the Gaining of a Present Supply: Wherefore there's No Remedy either Way, without a Strict Calculation upon the Profit or Loss on Both Sides. I want Money, but I will not make my self a Slave for't. I want a Friend at Court, but I will not Forfeit the Character of a Man of Honour, or the Conscience of a Christian, and an Honest Man, to Purchase such a Friend: I am in Prison; but I will not play the Knave to set my self at Liberty. These are All, Necessary Deliberations upon the Matter here in Question. Let us see how we shall get *Out* again, says the *Frog*, before we go *In*.

F A B. CXLIII.

A Dog and a Cock upon a Journey.

A Dog and a Cock took a Journey together. The Dog Kennel'd in the Body of a Hollow Tree, and the Cock Roofted at night upon the Boughs. The Cock crow'd about Midnight; (at his Usual Hour) which brought a Fox that was abroad upon the Hunt, immediately to the Tree; and there he stood Licking of his Lips, at the Cock, and Wheedling him to get him Down. He Protested he never heard so Angelical a Voice since he was Born, and what would not He do now, to Hug the Creature that had given him so Admirable a Serenade! Pray, says the Cock, speak to the Porter below to open the Door, and I'll come Down to ye: The Fox did as he was Directed, and the Dog presently seiz'd and Worry'd him.

THE MORAL.

The Main Business of the World is Nothing but Sharping, and putting Tricks upon One Another by Turns.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Good Discretion, when a Body has to do with an Adversary, that is either too Crafty, or too Strong for him, to turn him off to his Match; but it would be a Cleverer Way yet, to Encounter the Stratagem, and to Defeat One Sham with Another, as the Simplicity of the Cock here was too hard for the Wiliness of the Fox. Experience makes many a Wise Man of a Fool

a Fool, and Security makes many a Fool of a Wise Man. We have an Instance of the Former in the *Cocks* Over-reaching the *Fox*, and of the Other, in the *Foxes* Supine Confidence, that made him so intent upon his Prey, as to neglect his Safety. Now the *Cock*, that upon Long Tryal and Observation, knew the *Fox* to be the Common Enemy of all Poultry; had likewise a Dread and Suspicion of him by Instinct, which made him Naturally Cautious upon the very Principle of Self-Preservation. Whereas the *Fox*, that Trusted to his Address and Manage, without so much as Dreaming of a Cross Bite from so silly an Animal, fell Himself into the Pit that he had Digg'd for Another. It is much the same Case in the World when Providence is pleas'd to Confound the False, the Mighty, and the Blood-Thirsty, by Judgments of Lice and Frogs: That is to say, by the most Despicable of Instruments. To put an End to This Moral, It is a wonderful Thing how the very Force of Nature will Exert it self, in the Meanest and the Weakest of Creatures, in Cases of Extrem Necessity and Danger: As it made the *Cock* here too hard for the *Fox*.

F A B. CXLIV.

A Bat, Bramble and Cormorant.

A Bat, a Bramble, and a Cormorant Enter'd into Covenants with Articles, to joyn Stocks, and Trade in Partnership together. The Bat's Adventure was Ready Money that he took up at Interest; The Bramble's, was in Cloaths; and the Cormorant's, in Brags. They Put to Sea, and it so fell out, that Ship and Goods were Both Lost by Strefs of Weather: But the Three Merchants by Providence got safe to Land. Since the Time of this Miscarriage, the Bat never Stirs abroad till Night, for fear of his Creditors. The Bramble lays hold of All the Cloaths he can come at in hope to Light upon his Own again: And the Cormorant is still Sauntering by the Sea-side, to see if he can find any of his Brags cast up.

THE MORAL.

The Impression of any Notable Misfortune will commonly stick by a Man as long as he Lives.

REFLEXION.

Things that a Man has once set his Heart upon, will hardly be ever got out of his Head, but Every Hint and Occasion will be putting him in mind of 'em again. Ill Habits are not Easily Cur'd. 'Tis with almost All People in cases of Fright or Distraction of Mind, as it was with our Merchant Adventurers here. The Last Impression sticks Closest to us. There was a Miserable Wretch in *Bedlam* that had lost his Wits upon the Firing of a Ship at Sea, and His Head was still running upon Fire and Water; insomuch that the very Sight of either of them would put him into an Outrageous Fury. Another that was Mad for Love, would be Beating his Brains perpetually upon Anagrams and Sonnets. *Oliver's Enthusiastick Porter*, was

directly *Bible-Mad*, and up to the Ears still in the *Dark Prophets*, and the *Revelation*. In the Year 1688, When the *Original Contractors* were met in Council about Settling the Government, a very good Poor Woman carried her Little Trunks and Boxes to *Weld-House* for Protection, for fear of the *Mobile*. The House was Rised, and her Trinkets went away with the Rest. Upon this Loss she fell *Idle-Headed*; and to This very Day she stands like the *Bramble* in the *Fable*, near the place still, (where the Innocent Creature Lives) Catching of People by the Coats, and Asking them about her Trunks and Boxes: . . . *Pray*, says she, *When shall I have my Things again? My Trunks are not come home yet, &c.* The Doctrine upon the Whole is no more than This, That we are not to set our Hearts upon the Things of This World; for All Emotions of the Mind have somewhat in them of This Freak; and the only Way to be Happy and Quiet, is to make all Contingencies Indifferent to us.

F A B. CXLV.

A Lark in a Net.

A Poor Lark Enter'd into a Miserable Expostulation with a *Bird-Catcher*, that had Taken her in his Net, and was just about to put her to Death. Alas (says she) What am I to Dye for now? I am no Thief; I have Stolen neither Gold, nor Silver; but for Making Bold with One Pitiful Grain of Corn am I now to Suffer.

The M O R A L.

'Tis to no Purpose to stand Reasoning where the Adversary is both Party and Judge.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis a Folly, says the Old Moral, for People to run Great Hazards for small Advantage. And why may it not as well Reflect upon the Cruelty of taking away the Life of a Poor Innocent Creature for making bold with One Miserable Grain of Corn, when she was Hungry. But This is All For'd, and in Truth, it is a Dry Fable with Little or Nothing in't.

Or to Turn it Another Way yet, Here's the Life of a Poor Creature in Question, and the *Lark* Expostulates, and Pleads *Not Guilty*, but the Belly has No Ears, and the *Bird-Catcher* is so Intent upon his Interest, and Appetite, that he gives no Heed at all to the Equity of the Plea, which is but according to the Course of the World, when people Measure Right or Wrong by the Rule of their Own Profit or Loss. 'Tis Passion and Partiality that Govern in All These Cases.

F A B. CXLVI.

A Miser Burying his Gold.

A Certain Covetous, Rich Churl Sold his Whole Estate, and put it into Money, and then Melted down That Money again into One Mass, which he Bury'd in the ground, with his very Heart

Heart and Soul in the Pot for Company. He gave it a Visit Every Morning, which it seems was taken Notice of, and Somebody that Observ'd him, found out his Hoard one Night, and Carry'd it away. The Next day he missed it, and ran almost out of his Wits for the Loss of his Gold. Well, (says a Neighbour to him) And what's All This Rage for? Why you had no Gold at all, and so you Lost None. You did but Fancy all this while that you Had it, and you may e'en as well Fancy again that you have it still. 'Tis but laying a Stone where you laid your Money, and Fancying That Stone to be your Treasure, and there's your Gold again. You did not Use it when you Had it; and you do not Want it so long as you Resolve not to Use it.

The M O R A L.

Better no Estate at all, than the Cares and Vexations that attend the Possession of it, without the Use on't.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE are never the better for the Possession of any thing, Barely for the Propriety sake, but 'tis the Use and Application of it towards the Conveniences of Life, and the Comforts of Humane Society, that gives Every thing its Value. The Divine Goodness we see is perpetually at Work; Nature keeps on in her Course, and the Heavens shed their Influences without Intermision; and what's the Doctrine now of This Great Example, but that the Blessings of Providence, which are Common and Diffusive, ought not to lie Idle; and that Whoever Buries his Talent, either of Understanding, or of Fortune, breaks a Sacred Trust, and Cozens Those that stand in Need on't. But we have a sort of sordid Wretches among us that had rather Cast their Silver and Gold into the very Mine again from whence it was Taken, or leave it at the Mercy of Thieves, and Common Hazards, than that any Man Living should be the Better for't.

F A B. CXLVII.

A Stag with One Eye.

A One-Eyed Stag that was afraid of the Huntsmen at Land, kept a Watch That Way with T'other Eye, and fed with his Blind Side still toward an Arm of the Sea, where he thought there was no Danger. In this Prospect of Security, he was Struck with an Arrow from a Boat, and so Ended his Days with This Lamentation: Here am I destroy'd, says he, where I reckon'd my Self to be Safe on the One Hand; and No Evil has befall'n me, where I most Dreaded it, on the Other.

The

THE MORAL.

We are liable to Many Unlucky Accidents that no Care or Foresight can Prevent: But we are to Provide however the Best we can against them, and leave the Rest to Providence.

REFLEXION.

WE are many times Preserv'd or Destroy'd, by Those Accidents of Counsels, that in All Probability would have had quite Contrary Effects. But it is Our Part yet to Act according to Reason, and commit our selves to Heaven for the rest. We have our Blind Sides in the World, as well as the Stag had his by the Sea-side, and we have our Enemies too, that are still Watching to make Advantage of that Weakness. One Man is Transported out of his Reason, and his Honestly, by Sensual Pleasures: Another by Money, perhaps, or by Ambition. Every Man, in short, by Somewhat or other: And it is but striking him in the Right Vein, to do his Business. The Wisest of Men have their Follies; The Justest, their Iniquities, and the most Temperate of Men have now and then by Fits, their Excesses. Achilles himself (after all that his Mother could do for him) was left Vulnerable yet in the Hell, and Paris's Arrow found him Out there. We are taught further also to look to our selves on the *Blind Side*, as the Part that lies most Expos'd to an Attacque. And finally; That it is not in the Power of Humane Wisdom to secure us against Plots and Practices upon Humane Frailty: Nay, and when we have done our Best to Prevent Mischief, the very Precaution it self serves many times to Contribute to our Ruin. The Stag did All that was to be done here; but the Ways and Workings of Providence are unsearchable; and it is not in the Power of Humane Prudence to Obviate all the Accidents of Humane Life.

F A B. CXLVIII.

A Stag and a Lyon.

A Stag that was close Pursu'd by Huntsmen, fled for Safety into a Lyons Den; and as he was just Expiring under the Paw of the Lyon: Miserable Creature that I am, says he, to fly for Protection from Men, to the most Unmerciful of Beasts!

THE MORAL.

There are Harder and Gentler Ways, even of Ruin it self; as 'tis Common we see for Men under a Capital Sentence to Petition even for the Change of the Death.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Common Case for People to be Reduc'd to This Miserable Choice; That is to say, by what Hand or Means they'll rather Perish; under the Certainty of an Inevitable Destruction One Way or other. The Ancients have Moraliz'd it This Way. But it seems to Me (under favor) that the

Stag's

Stag's was a Forc'd Pur; and a Chance rather than a Choice, he did not fly from the Huntsmen to the Lyon for Protection; but it so fell out, that while he fled to Avoid a Less Danger, he ran into a Greater; We find This to be the Case of many Men, as well as Beasts, that are Forc'd to Fly for Refuge, to Murderers and Oppressors, instead of Patrons and Protectors.

F A B. CXLIX.

A Goat and a Vine.

A Goat that was hard Press'd by the Huntsmen, took Sanctuary in a Vineyard, and there he lay Close, under the Covert of a Vine. So soon as he thought the Danger was Over, he fell presently to Browzing upon the Leaves; and whether it was the Rusling, or the Motion of the Boughs, that gave the Huntsmen an Occasion for a Stricter Search, is Uncertain: but a Search there was, and in the End he was Discover'd, and shot. He dy'd in fine, with this Conviction upon him, that his Punishment was Just, for offering Violence to his Protector.

THE MORAL.

Ingratitude Perverts all the Measures of Religion and Society, by making it Dangerous to be Charitable and Good Natur'd.

REFLEXION.

INGRATITUDE is Abhor'd both by God and Man, and there is a Certain Vengeance Attends those that Repay Evil for Good, and seek the Ruin of their Protectors. This Fable Exposes the Baseness of That Horrid Vice, and it Preaches Thankfulness and Justice. The Obligations of Hospitality and Protection are so Sacred, that Nothing can Absolve us from the Discharge of Those Duties. 'Tis True, that This particular Instance holds better in the Morality of the Application, then it does in the Reason of the Thing: for the Question is not what the Beast does in his Kind; but what Ought to be done, with a respect to such a Benefit receiv'd. If a man should Launch into the History and Practice of Humane Nature, we should find Nothing more Common there, than one Rebellion Started upon the Pardoning of Another; and the very Minions of Princes Link'd in Conspiracies against their Master. But Those Things ever were, and ever will be, so long as Men are Men, and carry their Corruptions about them. There will be Goats, in fine, and there will be Vines, to answer This Moral, in *Sæcula Sæculorum*.

F A B. CL.

An Ass, a Lyon, and a Cock.

A S a Cock and an Ass were Feeding together, up comes a Lyon Open-Mouth toward the Ass: The Cock presently cries out, Away

Away Scoures the *Lyon*, and the *Ass* after him: Now 'twas the Crowing of the *Cock* that Frighted the *Lyon*, not the Braying of the *Ass*, as That Stupid Animal Vainly Fanci'd to Himself, for so soon as ever they were gotten out of the Hearing of the *Cock*, the *Lyon* turn'd short upon him, and tore him to pieces, with These Words in his Mouth: Let never any Creature hereafter that has not the Courage of a Hare, Provokè a *Lyon*.

THE MORAL.

The Force of Unaccountable Aversions, is Insurparable. The Fool that is Wise and Brave Only in his Own Conceit, runs on without Fear or Wit, but Noise does no Business.

REFLEXION.

MANY a Bragging Coxcomb is Ruin'd by a Mistake of Fear in an Enemy, and a Fancy of Courage in Himself. *Bandoin* Remarks upon the *Lyon's* Aversion to the *Cock*, that there's Nothing so Great, but it has its Failings, and so he makes the Pursuit of the *Lyon* to be a Particular Mark of the *Ass's* Weakness. *Mestier* will have the Fear to be Counterfeited, with a Design to Surprize the Pursuer; but This Fable seems still to look Another way.

It may appear a very Extravagant, Surprizing Encounter, that *Æsop* has Exhibited to us in This Fable. Here's a *Lyon* running away from a *Cock*, and an *Ass* Pursuing a *Lyon*: That is to say, here are Two of the most Unlikely Things in Nature brought together, in the Semblance of Fear in the One, and of Resolution in the Other: But the Moral is never the Worse yet for the Seeming Disproportions of the Figure; and the Characters in the Fiction, are well enough Suited to the Truth, and Life of the Case. The Flight of the *Lyon* must be Imputed here to the Natural Aversion that he has to the Crowing of a *Cock*. This is the Tradition; but it shall break No Squares whether it be so or not: For the Philosophy holds good in Other Instances No less Wonderful, whether it be True or False in This. How many Insurperable Disagreements do we Meet with, in the Business of Meats, Drinks, and Medicines; in Plants, Minerals, and Living Creatures! Now These Impulses are no more to be Controll'd, than the Primary, and the Unchangeable Powers and Laws of Nature: And These Instincts, after All, are no more to be Reason'd upon, than they are to be Resisted; and therefore it is, that we call them *Occult Qualities*; which is All One with Saying that we do not Understand how they Work, or What they Are. Now 'tis One Thing to Submit to an *Absolute Force*, Another Thing to Fly and Yield to a *Natural Infirmit*: So that 'tis No Departure from the Dignity of a *Lyon* to Fly, when Nature Drives him: Neither is it at all to the *Ass's* Reputation, to Pursue, when Vanity, Folly and Rashness Transport him.

The *Ass*, we see, lies under Many Mistakes here, and the More, and the Grosser they are, the more Suitable still to his Character. How many such *Asses* are there in the World, that Huff, Look Big, Stare, Drels, Cock, Swagger, at the same Noisy, Blustering Rate; and Nothing more familiar than for a Whistling Fop, that has not so much as One Grain of the Sense, or Soul of a man of Honour in him, to play the part of a *Fero*.
Nay

Nay, there are *Fanfavons* in the Tryals of Wit too, as well as in Feats of Arms, and none so forward to engage in Argument, or Discourse, as Those that are least able to go through with it. In One Word for All, the whole Race of Bawling, Fluttering Noddies, by what Name or Title soever Dignify'd or Distinguisht, are a Kin to the *Ass* in This Fable.

F A B. CL I.

A Gardiner and his Dog.

A Gardiner's Dog dropt into a Well, and his Master let himself down to Help him Out again. He reach'd forth his Hand to take hold of the Dog, and the *Curr* Snapt him by the Fingers: For he thought 'twas only to Duck him deeper. The Master went his Way upon't, and e'en Left him as he Found him. Nay (says he) I'm well enough Serv'd, to take so much Pains for the Saving of One that is Resolv'd to make away Himself.

THE MORAL.

Obligations and Benefits are Cast away upon Two sorts of People; Those that do not Understand them, and those that are not sensible of them.

REFLEXION.

THERE's No Fastening an Obligation upon Those that have neither Grace, Gratitude, nor Good Faith; and it is the same Case in Effect, with Those that do not Understand when they are Well-Us'd: From whence we may infer This Doctrine, that Fools and Knaves, are not Company for Honest Men. The Course and Violent Part of the Common People have much in them of this Currs Humour. They Plunge themselves into Difficulties by Mistaking their Way, and then fly in the Face of Those that would Set them Right again. In This Opposition to Duty and Discretion, they Pursue their Errors, 'till in the End, they are left to the Fate of their Own Madness and Folly; and Consequently Perish without Any Hope, or Means of Pity or Redress. The *Gard'ner* would have sav'd his Dog from Drowning, and the *Curr* bit his Master by the Fingers for his Pains.

F A B. CL II.

A Sow and a Dog.

Here pass'd some Hard Words betwixt a Sow and a Dog, and the Sow swore by *Venus*, that she'd tear his Guts out, if he did not mend his Manners. Ay, says the Dog, You do well to call upon her for Your Patroness, that will not so much as Endure any Creature about her that Eats Swines Flesh. Well (says the Sow) and That's a Token of her Love, to Hate Any thing that hurts me; but for Dogs' Flesh, 'tis good neither Dead, nor Living.

The MORA L.

Where the Matter in Controversie will not bear an Argument, 'tis a Turn of Art to bring it off with a Paradox.

REFLEXION.

'Tis an Ordinary Thing for People to Boast of an Interest where they have None, and then when they are Detected, 'tis a Stroke of Art to divert the Reproach, by Improving a Spitefull Word, or Thing, to a Bodies Own Advantage. This way of Dialogue, is a kind of *Tick-Tack*; Where the One's Bus'ness is to keep from making a Blot, and the Other's is to Hit it when 'tis made. It is a Happy Presence of Mind, to Anticipate Another Man's Thought, by Considering well beforehand what Construction, or Allusion his own Words will bear; for Otherwise, the Casting out an Inconsiderate Hint, is but the Setting of a Trap to Catch Himself. As the *Sow's* Appealing to *Venus* here, was as Good as an Answer thrown into the very Mouth of the *Dog*, which the might Easily have foreseen would be turn'd back upon her in the Bitterness of a Reproach: For the Reply lay so Open, the Other could not Well Miss it: But when all is done, Both Parts are to keep themselves upon their Guard; Or if either of 'em has Overshot himself, it is some sort of Reputation still, to make the Best of a Bad Game: As the *Sow* turn'd off the Scandal here with a Jest,

F A B. CLIII.

A Sow and a Bitch.

A Sow and a Bitch had a Dispute once, which was the Fruitfuller of the Two. The Sow Yielded it at last to the Bitch; but you are to take Notice at the Same time, says she, that your Puppies are All Blind.

The MORA L.

The Question among all sorts of Competitors is not Who does Most, but who does Best.

REFLEXION.

WE are not to put an Estimate upon Things by the Quantity, or the Number of them, but by their Quality and Virtue: Talking for Granted, that *Æsop's* Bitch was Fruitfuller than our Sows. See the Moral of *A Lynx and a Fox.* Fab. 283.

F A B. CLIV.

A Snake and a Crab.

There was a Familiarity Contracted betwixt a Snake and a Crab. The Crab was a Plain Dealing Creature, that Advis'd his

his Companion to give over Shuffling and Doubling, and to Practice Good Faith. The Snake went on in his Old Way: So that the Crab finding that he would not Mend his Manners, fet upon him in his Sleep, and Strangled him; and then looking upon him as he lay Dead at his Length: This had never befall'n ye, says he, if You had but Liv'd as Straight as You Dy'd.

The MORA L.

There's Nothing more Agreeable in Conversation, then a Franke Open way of Dealing, and a Simplicity of Manners.

REFLEXION.

GOOD Councell is lost upon an Habitual Hardness of Ill Nature: And in That Case it must be a Diamond that Cuts a Diamond; for One Fraud is best Undermin'd and Disappointed by Another. This Fable is a Figure upon a Figure, in Opposing the Straits of the Body of the Snake after he was Dead, to the Crookedness of his Manners when he was Living. But the License of *Mythology* will bear out the Hardness of the Allusion.

F A B. CLV.

A Shepherd and a Wolves Whelp.

A Shepherd took a Sucking Whelp of a *WVolve*, and Train'd it up with his Dogs. This *WVhelp* fed with 'em; Grew up with 'em, and whensoever they went out upon the Chace of a *WVolve*, the *WVhelp* would be sure to make One. It fell out sometimes that the *WVolve* scap'd, and the Dogs were forc'd to go Home again: But this *Domestique WVolve* would be still Hunting on, 'till he came up to his *Brethren*, where he took part of the Prey with them; and so back again to his Master. It happen'd now and then that the *WVolves abroad* were pretty Quiet for a Fit: So that this *WVhelp* of a *WVolve* was fain to make Bold ever and anon with a Sheep in Private by the By; but in the Conclusion, the Shepherd came to find out the Roguery, and Hang'd him up for his Pains.

The MORA L.

False Men are no more to be Reclaim'd then Wolves, and the Leaven of the Predecessors Sowres the Blood, in the very Veins of the Whole Family.

REFLEXION.

ILL Dispositions may be Suppress'd, or Dissembled for a while, but Nature is very hardly to be Alter'd, either by Councell, or by Education. It may do well enough, for Curiosity, and Experiment, to Try how far Ill Natur'd Men and Other Creatures may be Wrought upon by Fair Usage, and Good Breeding; But the Inclination and Cruelty

of the *Damm* will never out of the *Whelp*. It my Suspend peradventure, or intermit, for want of Occasion to shew it self; but Nature is like *Mercury*, there's No Killing it Quite. The *Wolfe* in the *Honse* has a Kindness still for the *Wolves* in the *Woods*, and continues in the Interest of the same Common Enemy. *Cat will to Kind*, as they say, and Wicked Men will be True to their Principles, how False soever to their Masters.

We may read in the Moral of This Fable, the common Practice of the World, and a Doctrine that we find Every day Verify'd, as well in Men, as in Beasts; for there are *Wolfe-Whelps* in *Palaces*, and *Governments*, as well as in *Cottages*, and *Forrests*. Do we not find in *History*, and *Experience*, Instances in abundance, even of *Publique Ministers* Themselves, that though taken up out of the very Herds of the Common Enemy; Admitted into Spectial Trusts; Fed by the Hand, and Treated with the Grace and Character of Particular Favourites, have their Hearts in the *Woods*, yet all this while among their Fellows. So that there's No Reclaiming of them. They go out however, as there is Occasion, and Hunt and Growle for Company; but at the same time, they give the Sign out of their Master's Hand, hold Intelligence with the Enemy; and Make use of their Power and Credit to Worry *Honest Men* then Themselves. It wants Nothing after This, but that they may live to have their Due; and with the *Dog* here in the Fable, go to Heaven in a String, according to the True Intent of the Allegory.

F A B. CLVI.

A *Lyon*, *Fox*, and a *Wolfe*.

THE King of Beasts was now grown Old, and Sickly, and All his Subjects of the *Forrest*, (saying only the *Fox*) were to pay their Duties to him. The *Wolfe*, and the *Fox* like a Couple of Sly Knaves, were still putting Tricks One upon Another, and the *Wolfe* took this Occasion to do the *Fox* a Good Office. I can Assure your Majesty, says the *Wolfe*, that 'tis Nothing but Pride and Insolence that keeps the *Fox* from shewing himself at Court as well as his Companions. Now the *Fox* had the Good Luck to be within Hearing, and so Presented himself before the *Lyon*, and finding him Extreamly Enrag'd, begs his Majesties Patience, and a Little Time only for his Defence. Sir (says he) I must presume to Value my self upon my Respect and Loyalty to your Majesty, Equal at least to any of your other Subjects; and I will be bold to say, that put them all together, they have not taken Half the pains for your Majesties Service now upon This very Occasion, that I have done. I have been Hunting up and down far and near, since your Unhappy Indisposition, to find out a Remedy for ye, which with much ado I have now Compas'd at last, and it is that which I Promised my self will prove an Infalible Cure. Tell me immediately (says the *Lyon*) what it is then: Nothing in the World, says the *Fox*, but to Flay a *Wolfe* Alive, and Wrap your Body up in the

the Warm Skin. The *Wolfe* was By all This while; and the *Fox* in a Snearing way advised him for the Future, not to irritate a Prince against his Subjects, but rather to Sweeten him with Peaccable and Healing Councells.

The MORAL.

The Business of a Pickthank is the Basest of Offices, but yet Diverting enough sometimes, when One Rascal happens to be Encounter'd with Another.

REFLEXION.

THERE's Nothing more Common in the World then these *Wolvisb Back-Friends*, in all our Pretensions; whether it be in Law, in Government, or in a Hundred other sorts of Cayme and Competition; Especially for the running down of a Man that's Declining in his Credit already. Calumny is Base at best; though Pleasant enough sometimes, where it falls out, that One Rascal is Countermining Another. But let the Reproach be never so True, it can hardly be Honest. Where the Office is done in Hugger-Mugger; and where the Intention is not Guided by a Conscience of the Dury. It is a way to Confound the Good and the Bad, where Knaves have Credit enough to be Believ'd, to the Wrong of Honest Men, and the Innocent left without Means of Defence.

He that would live Clear of the Envy and Hatred of Potent Calumniators, must lay his Finger upon his Mouth, and keep his Hand out of the Ink-Pot; for to do a Good Office upou the Point of Opinion, Intelligence, Brains, or Conscience, where this *Wolvisb* Humor prevails, is little better then a *Scandalum Magnatum*, or a Label upon his Superiors: But where it happens, that there's a *Fox* and a *Wolfe* in the Case; and One Sharper to Encounter Another, the Scene is Diverting enough.

F A B. CLVII.

A *Wife* and a *Drunken Husband*.

A Woman that lay under the Mortification of a *Fudling Husband*, took him once when he was Dead Drunk; and had his Body lay'd in a Charnel-House. By the time that she thought he might be come to Himself again, away goes she, and Knocks at the Door. Who's There? (says the *Toper*) One, says the Woman, that brings Meat for the Dead. Friend, says he, Bring Me Drink rather. I wonder any Body that Knows me, should bring me One without 'Tother. Nay then, says she, the Humour I perceive has taken Possession of him; He has gotten a Habit, and his Case is Desperate.

The MORAL.

Inveterate Ill Habits become Another Nature to us, and we may almost as well be Taken to Pieces, and New put together again, as Mended.

REFLE-

REFLEXION.

THE Intent of This Fable is to Work a Reformation of Manners, by shewing that Evil Habits are very hard to be Cur'd; for they take Root by Degrees, till they come in the End to be past both Remedy and Shame. Habitual Debauches make Excess of Drink as Necessary to a Man as Common Air, Especially when his Mind comes to be Wholly taken up with the Contemplation of his Vice. There are Those that can never Sleep without their Load, nor Enjoy One Easy Thought, till they have laid All their Cares to Rest with a Bottle. 'Tis much the same Thing with Other Sensual Pleasures, where Mens Bodies and Minds are given up to the Entertainment of them. But the Extravagance is never so Desperate, as when the Understanding is Taken up with the Study and Meditation of Those Pleasures, which the Body is no longer in Condition to Practice, and that's the most Deplorable, Hopeless, and Incurable State of an Evil Disposition; when Drink upon Drink is made use of for a Remedy.

F A B. CLVIII.

A Swan and a Goose.

THE Master of a House brought up a Swan and a Goose both together; The One for his Ear, the Other for his Belly. He gave Orders for the Goose to be Taken up, and Dress'd for Dinner. But the Place was so Dark, that the Cook took One for T'other. This Mistake had Cost the Swan her Life, if she had not Sung in That very Instant, and discover'd her self; by which Means she both sav'd her Life, and Express'd her Nature.

The MORAL.

A Man cannot be too Careful of what he does, where the Life of any Creature is in Question.

REFLEXION.

THERE's a Providence Attends Innocency and Virtue, the Power of Musick apart. 'Tis a Rule that goes a Great way in the Government of a Sober Man's Life, not to put any thing to Hazard that may be Secur'd by Industry, Consideration, or Circumspection. And this Caution reaches to a Thousand Cases in the Ordinary Course of Life. Men should Look before they Leap; Deliberate before they Resolve; Try, Weigh, Examine, and Behink themselves well of the Matter before they Execute. We fall into some Inconveniencies out of Pure Lazyness, and for want of taking Pains to Enform our selves Better: Into Others, out of Rashness; by doing Things in a Hurry, and Hand over Head at a Venture. Now there's no Excuse for a Blunder upon any of these Topiques, where there was both Time and Means to prevent it. What are we the better for the Faculty of Reason, without the Exercise of it? If the Cook would but have been at the Trouble of Carrying a Candle with him, he would have been in No Danger of taking a Span for a Goose.

F A B.

F A B. CLIX.

The Washing of a Black-moore.

A Man gave Money for a Black, upon an Opinion that his Swarthy Colour was rather Sluttery then Nature; and the Fault of his last Master, in a Great Measure, that he kept him no Cleaner: He took him Home with him, and try'd All manner of Washes to bring him to a Better Complexion: But there was no Good to be Done upon him; besides, that the very tampering Cast him into a Disease.

F A B. CLX.

A Raven and a Swan.

A Raven had a Great Mind to be as White as a Swan, and fancy'd to Himself that the Swan's Beauty proceeded in a High Degree, from his often Washing and Dyet. The Raven upon this Quitted his Former Course of Life and Food, and betook himself to the Lakes and Rivers: But as the Water did him no Good at all for his Complexion, so the Experiment Cost him his Life too for want of Sustenance.

The MORAL of the Two FABLES above.

Natural Inclinations may be Moulded and Wrought upon by Good Council and Discipline; but there are Certain specifick Properties and Impressions, that are never to be Alter'd or Defac'd.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Vain Thing to Attempt the Forcing of Nature; for What's Bred in the Bone will never out of the Flesh: And there can be no Thought of Altering the Qualities, the Colour, or the Condition of Life, that Providence has Allotted us.

'Tis Labour in Vain, to all manner of Purposes, to Endeavour the Mending of any of the Works of Nature; for she never did Any thing Amis. And then 'tis as Great a Madness to Attempt any Alteration upon them, because What Nature does, God does; whose Decrees are Unchangeable, and All his Works are Perfection in the Kind; but next to the Force of Natural Impressions, we may reckon That of Customs and Habits.

F A B. CLXI.

A Swallow and a Crow.

UPON a Dispute betwixt a Swallow and a Crow, which was the Greater Beauty of the Two: Yours, says the Crow, is only a Spring-Beauty, but mine lasts all the Year round.

The

The MORAL.

Of Two Things Equally Good, that's the Best that lasts longest.

REFLEXION.

THE Greatest of Temporal Blessings, are Health, and Long Life; and the most Durable of Good Things must Consequently be the Best. The Question here betwixt the *Crow* and the *Swallow*, has somewhat in it of the Case betwixt Virtue and Sensual Pleasures, as (for the purpose) of Youth, Wine, Women, and All other Entertainments whatsoever, that may serve to Gratify a Carnal Appetite. Here's Temporary Oppos'd to Eternal; Joys that shall Endure for Ever, Fresh, and in Vigor; to Satisfactions that are attended with Satiecy and Surfeits, and Flatten in the very Tasting.

F A B. CLXII.

A Nightingale and a Bat.

As a *Nightingale* was Singing in a Cage at a Window, up comes a *Bat* to her, and Asks her why she did not Sing in the Day, as well as in the Night. Why (says the *Nightingale*) I was Catch'd Singing in the Day, and so I took it for a Warning: You should have thought of This then, says T'other, before you were Taken; for as the *Cafe* stands now, Y're in no Danger to be Snapt Singing again.

The MORAL.

A Wrong Reason for the Doing of a Thing is worse than No Reason at all.

REFLEXION.

THERE's No Recalling of what's Gone and Past; so that After-Wit comes too Late when the Mischief is Done. That is to say, it comes too late for That Bour. But it is not Amis however, for a Man that has gone astray, to call to Mind where he went out of his Way, and to look back Step by Step into all his Miscarriages and Mistakes. The Glass of Life is Behind us, and we must look into what's Past, if we would take a View of what's to Come. A Fault Committed, or a Misfortune Incurr'd, cannot be Recall'd 'tis True; but yet the Meditating upon One False Step may help to Prevent Another. Wherefore 'tis Good, upon the Point of Common Prudence, to be Thoughtful, provided we be not more Sollicitous then the Thing is worth, and that we make a Right Use of Those Reflexions; that is to say, an Use of Repentance, where we did Morally Amis; an Use of Rectifying our Judgments, where we did Foolishly; and an Use of Caution in Both Cases, never to do the same Thing over again. This is no more then what in Conscience, Equity, and Reason we are Bound to do. But we must have a care all this while, not to run into False Consequences for want of laying Things and Things together; and to Sham Fallacies upon the World for Current Reason, as the *Nightingale* was taken Singing in the Day when she was at Liberty. And what's This to her Resolution of Singing only in the Night, now she's in the Cage.

F A B.

F A B. CLXIII.

A Boy and Cockles.

Some People were Roasting of *Cockles*, and they His'd in the Fire. Well (says a block-headed Boy) These are Vil-lanous Creatures sure, to Sing when their Houfes are a-fire o-ver their Heads.

The MORAL.

Nothing can be Well that's out of Season.

REFLEXION.

THERE's a Time for Jest, and a Time for Earnest, and it is a Dange-rous Mistake, not to Distinguish the One from the Other. The Fool's Con-ccit here, had both Clownery, and ill Nature in't, for there's Nothing more Bruta', or Barbarous, then the Humor of Insulting over the Miserable; Nothing more Contrary to Humanity, and Common Sense, then this Scandalous Way of Grinning and Jeering out of Season. But a Childish Con-ccit does well enough out of the Mouth of a Foolish Boy; for it is but Congruous, that Silly People should be pleas'd with Silly Words, and Things.

F A B. CLXIV.

Two Travellers and a Bag of Money.

AS Two Travellers were upon the Way together, One of 'em Stoops, and Takes up Something. Look ye here (says he) I have found a *Bag of Money*: No, says T'other, When Two Friends are together, You must not say [I] have found it, but [WE] have found it. The Word was no sooner Out, but immediately comes a *Hue and Cry* after a Gang of Thieves that had taken a Purse upon the Road. Lord! Brother (says He that had the *Bag*) We shall be Utterly Undone. Oh Phy, says T'other, You must not say [WE] shall be undone, but [I] shall be undone; for if I'm to have no Part in the Finding, sure I'll never go Halves in the Hanging.

The MORAL.

They that will Enter into Leagues and Partnerships, must take the Good and the Bad One with Another.

U

R E

REFLEXION.

THE Doctrine of this Fable is according to Reason, and Nature. People that are not Allow'd to be Sharers with their Companions in Good Fortune, will hardly ever agree to be Sharers in Bad. An Open, and an Honest Candor of Mind carries a Body Safe and Dry through all Ways and Weathers: Whereas in shifting and shuffling, a Man puts himself off his Guard; and the same Rule that serves him at One time, will not serve him at Another. Men are willing enough to have Part'ners in Loss, but not in Profit; and 'tis not the Traveller alone that cries [I] have found a Purse of Gold, and then Changes his Note upon the *Blue and Cry*, and says [WE] shall be hang'd for't; but 'tis the Course of All People of *Intrigue*, to give Every thing two Faces, and to Deal with the World, as the Spark did with the Oracle. The Bird shall be Dead or Living, which himself Pleases.

To Improve the Moral yet a little farther, we have a Thousand Disappointments in the Ordinary Course of Life, to Answer This in the Fable. Many a Man finds this Purse of Gold in a Mistress, in a Bottle, in an Office, and in All other the vain Satisfaction of This World: And what's the End on't at last, but when he has Compass'd his Longing, Gratify'd his Appetite, or, as he fancies, made his Fortune perhaps: He grows presently Sick of his Purchase; His *Conscience* is the *Blue and Cry* That pursues him, and when he reckons upon it that he has gotten a *Booby*, he has only caught a *Tartar*. The *Bag of Money* burnt the Poor Fellow's Fingers in the very Taking of it up.

F A B. CLXV.

Two Neighbour-Frogs.

THERE were Two Neighbour-Frogs; One of them Liv'd in Pond, and the Other in the High-way hard-by. The Pond-Frog finding the Water begin to fail upon the Road, would fain have gotten *Other Frog* over to her in the Pool; where she might have been Safe; but she was wonted to the Place, she said, and would not Remove. And what was the End on't now, but the Wheel of a Cart drove over her a while after, and Crush'd her to pieces?

The MORAL.

Some People are so Listless and Slothful, that they'd rather lie still and Die in a Ditch, then stir one Finger to Help themselves out on't.

REFLEXION.

CUSTOM is Another Nature; and what betwixt Obstinacy, and Sloth, if it be never so ill, and inconvenient, People are very Hard yet to Quit it.

He that does Nothing at all, does Worse than He, that upon the Account of Humane Frailty, does Amis; for nothing can be more contrary to God Himself, who is a Pure Act, then the Sleeping and Drowning away of our Life and Reason, that was given us for so many Better Purposes. The *Frog* in the High-way here, is the Lively Figure of such a Man; for a Life of Sloth is the Life of a Log, rather then the Life of a Reasonable Creature. 'Tis as much as a Body can well do, even with the Uttermost of his Prudence and Industry, to Rub through the Difficulties of the World, though he should keep himself perpetually a Doing. There is not perchance a more Insupportable Misery in Nature, then it would be, to put the Body into a Frame, that should keep it always in the same Posture. What can be said worse of Slothfulness now, when the very Vice is Equal to the most Exquisite of Torments? It is odious to God and Man, Useless to the World, Irksome to it Self, Miserable in All Estates, and utterly Incapable, either of Tasting, or Enjoying any thing of Comfort. The *Frog* was used to the Place, she said, and rather then Stir to help her Self, there she lay, till her Guts were pass'd out.

F A B. CLXVI.

A Bee-Master.

THERE came a Thief into a *Bee-Garden* in the Absence of the Master, and Robb'd the Hives. The Owner Discover'd it upon his Return, and stood Pausing a while to Be-think himself how This should come to pass. The *Bees*, in This *Interim*, came Laden home out of the Fields from Feeding, and Missing their Combs, they fell Powdering down in Swarms upon their Master. Well (says he) you are a Company of Senseless and Ungrateful Wretches, to let a Stranger go away Quietly that has Rist'd ye, and to bend All your Spite against your Master, that is at this Instant Beating his Brains how he may Repair and Preserve ye.

The MORAL.

'Tis the Course of the World for People to take their Friends for their Foes; and to Use them accordingly.

REFLEXION.

THE Mistake of a Friend for an Enemy, or of an Enemy for a Friend, is one of the most Pernicious-Errors of a Rash Man's Life; for there's Judgment, good Nature, Generosity, Justice, common Prudence, and All at Stake. Nothing can be more Disobliging to a Friend on the One hand, or more Rufinous to my self on the Other. Charity however bids me Hope and Think the Best, provided at the Same Time, that I Secure the main Chance. Now this Caution holds as well in *Politics*, as in *Private* and

and in Publick Cafes as well as in Private; for there is Nothing more Frequent, then for People to take their Oppressors for their Protectors, and their Protectors for Oppressors: As the *Bees* here Spar'd the *Thief*, and fell foul upon their *Keeper*. This is the very Humour of the *Mobile*, when they Mistake their Man.

F A B. CLXVII.

A Kingsfisher.

THE *Kingsfisher* is a Solitary Bird, that Wonts commonly by the Water-side, and Nestles in Hollow Banks to be out of reach of the Fowlers. One of These Birds happen'd to be foraging abroad for her Young Ones, and in This *Interim*, comes a Raging Torrent, that washes away Nest, Birds and all. Upon her Return, finding how 'twas with her, she brake out into This Exclamation: Unhappy Creature that I am! to fly from the bare Apprehension of One Enemy, into the Mouth of Another.

The M O R A L.

'Tis many a wise Man's hap, while he is providing against One Danger, to fall into Another: And for his very Providence to turn to his Destruction.

R E F L E X I O N.

MANY People apprehend Danger Where there's None, and fancy themselves to be Out of Danger where there's most of All. As the Fellow gave God Thanks at Sea when the Ship Struck upon a Sand, for bringing him into Shallow Water again, where he could feel the Bottom. This is to Mind us, That there is No State of Life so Secure, as not to lie Open to a Thousand Difficulties and Dangers; and that it is not possible for the Wit of Man to Provide against All Contingencies. There's No Fence against Inundations, Earth-quakes, Hurricanes, Pestilential Vapours and the like; and therefore it is Our Part, and Duty, to Hope, and Endeavour the Best, and at the Same Time, to provide for the Worst that can Befall Us. That which cannot be Helpt, must be Born.

F A B. CLXVIII.

Fishing in Troubled Waters.

A Fisher-man had Order'd his Net, for a Draught, and still as he was Gathering it up, he Dash'd the Water, to Fright the Fish into the Bag. Some of the Neighbourhood that look'd

on,

on, told him he did ill to muddle the Water so, and Spoil their Drink. Well (says he) But I must either Spoil your Drink, or have Nothing to Eat my self.

The M O R A L.

There's no Engaging the Mobile in a Sedition, till their Heads are so muddled first with Frights and Visions; That they can neither See, Hear, nor Understand.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Allegory is frequently Applied to those that make Advantage to Themselves by Embroyling the Publick; and set their Country A-fire for the Roasting of their Own Eggs. 'Tis the Only Trade that many People have to Live by, and the most Profitable Trade too, when the Occasion lies Fair for their Purpose. 'Tis with the Common People in this Case, just as 'tis with Fishes: Trouble the Waters, so that they cannot see their Way before them, and you Have 'em Sure in the Bag before they know where they are.

F A B. CLXIX.

An Ape and a Dolphin.

PEOPLE were us'd in the Days of Old, to carry Gamesome Puppies and Apes with 'em to Sea, to pass away the Time withal. Now there was One of these Apes, it seems, aboard a Vessel that was cast away in a very great Storm. As the Men were Paddling for their Lives, and the Ape for Company, a Certain Dolphin that took him for a Man, got him upon his Back, and was making towards Land with him. He had him into a Safe Road call'd the *Pyraeus*, and took occasion to Ask the Ape, whether he was an *Athenian* or not? He told him Yes, and of a very Ancient Family there. Why then (says the Dolphin) You know *Pyraeus*: Oh! exceedingly well, says T'other. (taking it for the Name of a Man) Why *Pyraeus* is my very Particular Good Friend. The Dolphin, upon This, had such an Indignation for the Impudence of the *Buffoon-Ape*, that he gave him the Slip from between his Legs, and there was an End of my very Good Friend, the *Athenian*.

The M O R A L.

Bragging, Lying, and Pretending, has Cost many a Man his Life and Estate.

R E

REFLEXION.

THIS is the Humour of a great many *Travelling Min*; as well as *Travelling Apes*: Men that will be Talking of Places that they never Saw, and of Persons that they never Heard of. Their Whole Conversation is made up of Councils and Intrigues, Reasons of State, Embassies, and Negotiations, that they never were skill'd in at all. Neither Men, Books, nor Sciences come Amis to 'em: And after All This Extravagant Busle, a Gay Coat and a Grimace is the Uphor of what they can Pretend to. These *Phantomes* however are Sometimes taken for Men, and born up by the Wellmeaning Ignorant Common People, as the *Ape* was here by the *Dolphin*; till in the Conclusion, their Sillyness lays them Open, Their Supporters give them the Slip, and down they Drop, and Vanish. How many of these Empty Chattering Fops have we daily put upon us, for Men of Sense and Business; that with *Balzack's Prime Minister*, shall spend ye Eight and Forty Hours together Poring over a Map, to look for *Aristocracy* and *Democracy*, instead of *Croatia* and *Dalmatia*, and take the Name of a Country for a Form of Government; Without any more ado, we have *Apes* in *History*, as well as in *Fiction*, and not a Rush matter whether they go on Four Legs, or on Two.

F A B. CLXX.

Mercury and a Statuary.

Mercury had a Great Mind once to Learn what Credit he had in the World, and he knew no Better Way, then to Put on the Shape of a Man, and take Occasion to Discourse the Matter as by the By, with a Statuary: So away he went to the House of a Great Master, where, among Other Curious Figures, he saw several Excellent Pieces of the Gods. The first he Cheapen'd was a *Jupiter*, which would have come at a very Easie Rate. Well (says Mercury) and what's the Price of that *Juno* There? The Carver set That a Little Higher. The next Figure was a *Mercury*, with his Rod and his Wings, and All the Ensigns of his Commission. Why, This is as it should be, says he, to Himself: For here am I in the Quality of *Jupiter's* Messenger, and the Patron of Artizans, with all my Trade about me. And now will this Fellow ask me Fifteen Times as much for This as he did for T'other: And so he put it to him, what he Valu'd that Piece at: Why truly, says the Statuary, you seem to be a Civil Gentleman, give me but my Price for the Other Two, and you shall e'en have That into the Bargain.

The

The MORAL.

This is to put the Vanity of Those Men out of Countenance, that by Setting too High a Value upon Themselves, appear by so much the more Despicable to Others.

REFLEXION.

'TIS an Old Saying, That *Listners never hear Well of Themselves*; and *Mercury's* Curiosity Sped accordingly in This Fable. All Vain Men that Affect Popularity, are apt to Fancy, that Other People have the same Opinion of Them, that they have of themselves; but Nothing goes Nearer the Heart of 'em, then to Meet with Contempt, instead of Applause, Esteem, and Reputation. They Muster up All their Commissions and Charters; as *Mercury* Values himself here, upon the Relation he had to *Jupiter*; Whose *Pimp* he is, and What's his Business. He gives to Understand also what a Friend the *Artizans* had at Court, and All too Little, to Gain him the Respect, but to much as of a Common Messenger.

F A B. CLXXI.

Mercury and Tiresias.

Mercury had a Great Mind to try if *Tiresias* was so Famous a *Diviner* as the World took him for, or not. So he went and Stole *Tiresias's* Oxen; and Order'd the Matter, to be in the Company with *Tiresias*, as upon Business by the By, when the News should be brought him of the Loss of his Oxen. *Mercury* went to *Tiresias* in the Shape of a Man, and the Tidings came as *Mercury* had Contriv'd it: Upon this, he took *Mercury* up to a High Tower, Hard by, and bad him look Well about him, and tell him what Birds he saw. Why, says *Mercury*, I see an *Eagle* upon Wing there, that takes her Course from the Right-hand to the Left. That *Eagle* (says *Tiresias*) is nothing to Our Purpose; wherefore Pray look again once. *Mercury* stood Gazing a while, and then told *Tiresias* of a Crow he had discover'd upon a Tree, that was One while looking up into the Air, and Another while down towards the Ground: That's enough; (says *Tiresias*) for this Motion of the Crow, is as much as to say, I do Appeal to Heaven, and to Earth, that the Man that is now with *Tiresias*, can help him to his Oxen again if He Pleaseth.

The

The MORAL.

This Fable is of a General Application to All Bold and Crafty Thieves and Impostors. It serves also to set forth the Vanity of Wizards, Fortune-Tellers, and the like.

REFLEXION.

KNAVES Set up these Jugglers, and Fools Maintain them. There must be Forms however, Characters, and Hard Words, Crabbed Looks, and Canting Calculations, for the Colour of the Pretence; but People should have a Care yet, not to take a Confederacy for a Science.

F A B. CLXXII.

A HOUND and a Mastiff.

There was a Man had *Two Dogs*; One for the *Chase*, T'other to look to the *House*; and whatever the *Hound* took Abroad, the *House-Dog* had his Part on't at Home. T'other Grumbled at it, that when he took all the Pains, the *Mastiff* should Reap the Fruit of his Labours. Well, says the *House-Dog*, That's None of my Fault, but my Maisters, that has not Train'd me up to Work for my self, but to Eat what others have Provided for me.

The MORAL.

Fathers and Masters have a Great deal to Answer for, if their Children and Servants do not Do as they should do.

REFLEXION.

MORE People are lost for want of a Good Education and Institution, then for want of Honest and Honourable Inclinations; and these are Miscarriages that Parents and Tutors are in a Great Measure to Answer for. We are here given to Understand, that there are Offices of Trust also, as well as Offices of Labour, and the One as Necessary to the Common Good as the Other. The *Mastiff* Maintains the *Hound*, as well as the *Hound* the *Mastiff*; and if the One did not keep the House from being Robb'd, the Other would have Nothing to Ear in't at all. So that This Fable, upon the Whole Matter, will serve for a Political Reading to Princes and Governors, as well as to Masters of Private Families, upon the Reciprocal Use, Benefit, and Necessity of Industry and Protection betwixt Rulers and Subjects, for the Preservation of a *Commonwealth*: The One Supplies us with what we Want, and the Other Supports us in the Defence of what we Get, and neither would Signify any thing to us without the Other.

F A B.

F A B. CLXXIII.

An Unhappy Match.

There was a Man, a Long time ago, that had got a *Shrew* to his *Wife*, and there could be No Quiet in the House for her. The *Husband* was Willing however to make the Best of a Bad Game, and so for Experiment Sake, he sent her away for a While to her Father's. When he came a little after to take her Home again, Prethee Sweet-heart (says he) How go Matters in the House where thou hast been? Introth, says she, they go I know not How: But there's None of the Family, you must know, can Endure Me: No, not so much as the very Hinds and Plough-men; I could Read it in the Faces of Them. Ah Wife! says the Husband, If People that Rise Early and come Home Late, and are all Day out of your Sight, cannot be Quiet for ye, what a Case is your Poor Husband in, that must Spend his Whole Life in your Company.

The MORAL.

When Man and Wife cannot Agree, Prudence will Oblige the One, and Modesty the Other, to put all their Little Controversies into their Pockets, and make the Best of a Bad Game.

REFLEXION.

THERE are more Ways to come to a Right Understanding of Things, then by Question and Answer. There are Certain Contentious Humors that are never to be Pleas'd, and he that Troubles his Head because he cannot Please them, is worse than a Mad-man. Nay, It falls out many times, that the very Desire and Endeavor to do it, makes it more Impossible, Especially where People are Imperious and Insulting, as well as Peevish. Now in the Case of this Fable, it may be a Question whether the *Wife*, or the *Woman*, was the more Freakish of the Two: For she was still the same Uneasie Fop where-ever she was; but the Poor Man however had Enough on't, in Both Capacities: That is to say, as a Common Incumbrance, and as a Particular Clog.

The Moral is a Piece of Good Council to All Men that Labour under that Unhappy Circumstance. First, in Prudence, to Try what Help for't: and then in Case of the Last Necessity, to come to some Peremptory Resolution to Deliver Themselves.

X

F A B.

F A B. CLXXIV.

A Wolfe and a Kid.

A Wolfe spy'd out a Straggl'g Kid, and Pursu'd him. The Kid found that the Wolfe was too Nimble for him, and so turn'd and told him: I perceive I am to be Eaten, and I would gladly Die as Pleasantly as I could: Wherefore, Pray give me but One Touch of Your Pipe before I go to Pot. The Wolfe Play'd, and the Kid Danc'd, and the Noise of the Pipe brought in the Dogs upon him. Well (says the Wolfe) This 'tis when People will be Meddling out of their Profession. My Bus'ness was to Play the Butcher, not the Piper.

The M O R A L.

When a Crafty Knave is Infatuated, any Silly Wretch may put Tricks upon him.

R E F L E X I O N.

LET Every Man stick to his Own Part, without Taking Another Man's Trade out of his Hand. This is the Old Moral, but we may Read upon't Another way too. 'Tis a very Unequal Encounter, when Malice, Craft, and Power are United against the Weak, and the Innocent: Saving where Providence Interposes to the Relief of the One, and to the Infatuation of the Other: As the Wolfe here, that had a Plot upon the Kid, was Confounded by a Counter-Plot of the Kid's upon the Wolfe: And such a Counter-Plot it was too, as the Wolfe with All his Sagacity was not able to Smell out. Wherefore let no Man Presume too much upon his Own Strength, either of Body or of Mind; but Consider within himself, that Heaven takes Part with the Oppressed; and that Tyrants Themselves are upon their Behavior to a Superior Power.

F A B. CLXXV.

A Fox and a Crab.

A Fox that was Sharp-set, Surpriz'd a Crab, as he lay out of the Sea upon the Sands, and Carry'd him away. The Crab, when he found that he was to be Eaten, Well (says he) This comes of Meddling where we have Nothing to do: for My Bus'ness lay at Sea, not upon the Land.

The M O R A L.

No Body Pities a Man for any Misfortune that Befalls him, in Matters out of his Way, Bus'ness, or Calling.

R E

R E F L E X I O N.

EVERY Man has his Post Assign'd him, and in That Station he is Well, if he can but Think himself so; and He that cannot keep himself Well, when he is Well, may Thank Himself: But Men of Curiosity and Levity can never be at Rest; for let their Present State be what it will, it never Pleaseth them. They have a Sickly Uneasiness upon them, which Way soever they lye, or in what Condition soever they are; no Place, no Posture, no State, either of Life or of Fortune agrees with 'em, but they run on, Shifting, and Changing, from One Error, and from One Qualm, to Another; Hankering after Novelty, and Trying New Experiments. We are Naturally given to be Peeping into Forbidden Secrets, and Groping in the Dark after we know not what. We never Think of the Main Bus'ness of Life, till a Vain Repentance Minds us of it at the Wrong End on't, and then, with the Crab in the Fable, we find that we have been Doing of One thing All this while, when we should have been Doing Another; and Abandoned the Station that God and Nature Allotted us, to our Irreparable Ruine.

F A B. CLXXVI.

A Musician.

A Man that had a very Course Voice, but an Excellent *Musique-Room*, would be still Practising in that Chamber, for the Advantage of the *Eccho*. He took such a Conceit upon't, that he must needs be shewing his Parts upon a Publick Theatre, where he Performed so very Ill, that the Auditory His'd him off the Stage, and threw Stones at him.

The M O R A L.

A Man may Like himself very Well in his Own Glass, and yet the World not Fall in Love with him in Publick. But the Truth on't is, We are Partial in our own Case, and there's no Reading of Our Selves but with Other Mens Eyes.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE's a Great Difference betwixt an Orator in the Schools, and a Man of Bus'ness upon a Stage of Action. Many a Man that Passes for a Philosopher in Private, behaves himself most Ridiculously in Publick; as what's more Uncouth (with Respect be it spoken) then a Pedant out of his Element? There are Flattering Chambers, as well as Flattering Glasses, and the One Helps out a Bad Voice, as the Other Countenances an ill Favour'd Face: That is to say, the One Drowns the Harshness of the Pipe, as the Other Covers, or Disguises the Coarseness of the Complexion. But Men must not think to Walk upon These Stilts; if they come to set up in Publick once; The One, for an *Italian Capon*, the Other, for an *English Beauty*... Wherefore

fore it will become All People to Weigh and Measure Themselves, before they Venture upon any Undertaking that may bring their Lives, Honour, or Fortune in Question. Some *Songsters* can no more Sing in any Chamber but their Own; then some *Clarks* can Read in any Book but their Own; Put them out of their Road once, and they are Meer *Cat-Pipes* and *Dunces*.

F A B. CLXXVII.

Thieves that Stole a Cock.

A Band of *Thieves* Brake into a House once, and found Nothing in't to Carry away, but One Poor *Cock*. The *Cock* said as much for Himself as a *Cock* could say; but Insisted Chiefly upon the Services of his Calling People up to their Work, when 'twas time to Rise. Sirrah (says one of the *Thieves*) You had Better have let That Argument Alone; for Your Waking the Family Spoils our Trade, and We are to be Hang'd forth for your Bailing.

The MORAL.

That which is One Body's Meat, is Another Body's Poison; as the Trusting up of Thieves is the Security of Honest Men. One Foolish Word is Enough to Spoil a Good Cause, and 'tis many a Man's Fortune to Cut his Own Throat with his Own Argument.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Hard Matter for a Man that Argues against the Truth, and the Reason of a Thing, to Consist with Himself, for having no Rule to Walk by, 'tis Forty to One but Some time or Other he will lose his Way: Especially when he is to Accommodate his Story to the Various Circumstances of Times, Persons, and Occasions. But it is One Thing to forget Matter of Fact, and Another Thing to blunder upon the Reason of it. It is however, well Worthy of a Sober Man's Care, not to let any thing fall that may be turn'd upon him out of his Own Mouth. This Presence of Mind, 'tis true, is not Every Bodies Talent; neither does This Consideration Enter into Every Bodies Thought; but it were better if it Were so, and so it Ought to be.

F A B. CLXXVIII.

A Crow and a Raven.

YOUR *Raven* has a Reputation in the World for a Bird of Omen, and a kind of small *Prophet*. A *Crow* that had Observ'd the *Raven's* Manner and Way of Delivering his Predictions,

sets

sets up for a *Foreboder* too; and so gets upon a Tree, and there stands Nodding and Croaking, just over the Head of some People that were Passing by. They were a little Surpriz'd at first; but so soon as they saw how 'twas. Come, my Masters (says One of the Company) let's e'en go forward, for this is but the Chattering of a Foolish *Crow*, and it signifies Nothing.

The MORAL.

Iow are Superstitious Men Hagg'd Out of their Wits and Senses, with the Fancy of Omens, Forebodings, Old Wives Tales and Visions; and upon a Final Examination of the Matter, Nothing at all in the Bottom on't!

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Affectation of Powers and Faculties, that are Above us, is not only Vain, and Unprofitable, but Ridiculous; for the Matter, upon Examination, will not abide the Test. *Your Empricks, Piss Pot-Prophets, Fortune-Tellers, and Buffoon-Pretenders to State and Government*, fall under the Lath of this Moral. And so do All your little Smatterers in Arts and Sciences of what Kind, or Quality soever: But there goes more to the Making of a Prophet, than Nodding or Croaking. 'Tis not the Gown and the Cap that Makes the Doctor; Neither is it the Supercilious Gravity of Countenances and Forms, that presently Dubbs any Man a Philosopher. Not but that a Fool may Put himself in the Garb, and so far imitate the Meen, and Motions of a Wise Man, as at first Blush to Put a Body to a Stand what to Make of him: But upon further Consideration, the Original is as Easily known from the Copy, as the Ass in his borrow'd Skin was from the Lyon: Or I might have said, as the *Crow* here from the *Raven*: Their Ears and their Tongues Betray them.

F A B. CLXXIX.

A Crow and a Dog.

A *Crow* Invited a *Dog* to Joyn in a Sacrifice to *Minerva*. That will be to no Purpose (says the *Dog*) for the Goddess has such an Aversion to ye, that you are Particularly Excluded out of all Auguries. Ay, says the *Crow*, but I'll Sacrifice the rather to her for That, to try if I can make her my Friend.

The MORAL.

We find it in the Practice of the World, that Men take up Religion more for Fear, Reputation, and Interest, than for True Affection.

R E.

REFLEXION.

THIS Pagan Fable will bear a Christian Moral, for more People Worship for Fear, and for Interest, than for Love and Devotion. As the *Indians* do the *Devils*, That they may not Hurt 'em, It Teaches us farther, that we are not to take Pet, or Despond, under any Cross or Calamity that the Almighty is pleas'd to lay upon us. The Judgments of Heaven are Just, and let them fall never so Heavy, they are yet let's then we deserve. The Devil Himself, when he was let loose upon *Job*, could not Transport That Patient, Good Man beyond his Temper, or make him Quit his Hold. Resignation and Perseverance are All that a Man has to Trust to in This Extremity. There's no Good to be done by Struggling, nor any way left us to make our Peace with, but to try by Faith, Prayer, and a New Life, if we can make our Offended Master Once again our Friend. So that upon the Uphor, Afflictions are but the Methods of a Merciful Providence, to Force us upon the only Means of setting Matters Right, betwixt Divine Justice and Humane Frailty.

F A B. CLXXX.

A Raven and a Snake.

AS a Snake lay Lazing at his Length, in the Gleam of the Sun, a Raven Took him up, and flew away with him. The Snake kept a Twisting and a Turning, till he Bit the Raven, and made him Curse himself for being such a Fool, as to Meddle with a Purchase that cost him his Life.

The MORAL.

Nature has made All the Necessaries of Life, Safe and Easy to us, but if we will be Hankering after Things that We neither Want nor Understand, we must take our Fortune, even if Death it Self should happen to be in the Case.

REFLEXION.

IF Men would but Ballance the Good and the Evil of Things, the Profit and the Loss, they would not Venture Soul, Body, and Reputation, for a Little Dirty Interest. 'Tis much the same Thing betwixt Us, and our Sensual Acquisitions, that it is betwixt the Raven and the Snake here. Men of Eager Appetites Chop at what comes next, and the Purchase seldom fails of a Sting in the Tail on't. Nor is it to be Expected, that Passion without Reason should Succeed better. Our Senses are Sharp-set upon All Fleshly Pleasures, and if they be but fair to the Eye, Relishing to the Palate, Harmonious to the Ear, Gentle to the Touch, and Fragrant to the Smell, 'tis all we Look for, and all we Care for. 'Tis true, all this while, that our very Nature Requires a Dose of These Enjoyments; nay, and that Providence

dence it self does not only Allow, but Prescribe it: for the Common Comfort and Benefit of Humane Society, and of Mankind; for Life would be no longer Life without it. But the Crime and the Danger lies in the Excess, and in the Immoderate Love and Use of them. Was not the Apple in *Paradise* fair to the Eye, and Grateful to the Taste, and yet there was Death in't. What were the Poets *Sirens*, but Figures of our *Seducers*, that Charm us by the Ear, and Tempt us to *leap Over-board*: That is to say, by Debauching us into False Doctrines and Opinions, which do but Answer, on the One side, the Moral of the *Songs* on the Other. And so for the Touch, and the Smell, the Former, 'tis true, has made more Havock in the World, but yet a Man may be Poyson'd with a Perfume, as well as with a Nauteous Potion. To Conclude, we have *Snakes* in our *Beds*, in our *Cups*, in our *Dishes*, and whoever dips too deep, will find *Death in the Pot*.

F A B. CLXXXI.

A Daw and Pigeon.

A Daw took Particular Notice of the Pigeons in such a Certain *Dove-House*, that they were very Well Fed, and Provided for: So he Went and Painted himself of a *Dove-Colour*, and took his Commons with the Pigeons. So long as he kept his Own Counsel, he Pass'd for a Bird of the Same Feather; but it was his Hap once at Unawares, to Cry [KAW,] upon which Discovery, they Beat him out of the House, and when he came to his Old Companions again, They'd have None of him neither; so that he Lost himself Both Ways by This Disguise.

The MORAL.

He that Trims betwixt Two Interests, loses himself with Both, when he comes to be Detected, for being True to Neither.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Caution us against All Superfluous and Dangerous Desires. Our Own Lot is Best, and by Aiming at what we have Not, and what is Impossible to be had, we lose what we have already. No Man goes out of Himself but to his Loss. Imitation is Servile, let it be Where, How, and What it will. Nature Points out to us which way Every Man's Talent and Genius lies; and He that keeps to his Own Province, or Bias, speeds Best. The Painting of the Daw like a Pigeon, did not make him One, neither can any Man do himself Right in Another Bodies Shape: Besides, that when he is once out, 'tis Hard to find his Way Home again: The Hypocrite is never so far from being a Good Christian, as when he looks Likest One. 'Tis much a Case with a Faction in a Government, and a Daw in a *Pigeon-House*. There's a Fraud driven on, and they Assimilate themselves, as much as may be, to the Interest they Propose to be the Better for. They put

put on all Appearances in Matter of Opinion, Practice and Pretence, Suitable to the Humour they are to Joyn withal: But still Some Unlucky Accident or Other happens to Discover them in the End; and then, when they would go off again, the People of their Own Plume and Colour Beat 'em away, and Refuse to Entertain them. This is no more then what we find to be True in All Turns of State. Double-Dealers may Pass Muster for a While, but All Parties Wash their Hands of them in the Conclusion.

F A B. CLXXXII.

A Daw with a String at's Foot.

A Country Fellow took a Daw and ty'd a String to his Leg; and so gave him to a Little Boy to Play withal. The Daw did not much like his Companion, and upon the First Opportunity gave him the Slip, and away into the Woods again, where he was Shackled and Starv'd. When he came to Die, he Reflected upon the Folly of Exposing his Life in the Woods, rather than Live in an Easie Servitude among Men.

The MORAL.

'Tis Fancy, not the Reason of Things, that makes Life so Uneasie to us as we Find it. 'Tis not the Place, nor the Condition; but the Mind Alone that can make any Body Miserable or Happy.

REFLEXION.

MEN that are Impatient under Imaginary Afflictions, change continually for Worse, as the Daw did here in the Fable, that Threw himself into a Starving Necessity, rather then he would Submit to the Tolerable Inconvenience of an Easie Restraint. This was a Republican Daw, that Kav'd for Liberty, not Understanding that he that Lives under the Bondage of Laws, is in a State of Freedom: And that Popular Liberty, when it passes Those Bounds, is the most Scandalous Sort of Slavery. Nothing would serve him, but he must be at his Own Disposal, and so away he goes, carries his String along with him, and Shackles Himself. This is just the Humour and the Fate of Froward Subjects. They Fancy themselves Uneasie under the Errors of a Male-administration of Government, when their Quarrel strikes, in truth, at the very Root and Conditions of Government it self. It is as Impossible for a Government to be without Faults, as for a Man to be so. But Faults or No Faults, It comes yet much to a Case; for where they cannot Find 'em, they can Create them; And there goes no more to't neither, then the Calling of Necessary Justice by the Name of Oppression. And what's the End on't, more then This now? They Run away from their Masters into the Woods, and there, with Æsop's Daw, they either Starve, or Hang Themselves.

F A B.

F A B. CLXXXIII.

Jupiter and Fraud.

Jupiter Appointed Mercury to make him a Composition of Fraud and Hypocrisie, and to give Every Artificer his Dose on't, The Medicine was Prepar'd according to the Bill, and the Proportions duly Observ'd, and Divided: Only there was a great deal too Much of it made, and the Overplus remain'd still in the Mortar. Upon Examining the Whole Account, there was a Mistake it seems, in the Reck'ning; for the Taylors were forgott'n in the Catalogue: So that Mercury, for Brevity sake, gave the Taylors the Whole Quantity that was Left; and from hence comes the Old Saying; *There's Knavery in All Trades, but Most in Taylors.*

The MORAL.

It is in some sort Natural to be a Knave. We were Mad; so, in the very Composition of our Flesh and Blood; Only Fraud is call'd Wit in One Case, Good Husbandry in Another, &c. while 'tis the Whole Business of the World for One Man to Couzen Another.

REFLEXION.

LYING and Couzening is a General Practice in the World, tho' it appears in some Men, and in some Trades, more then in other. Æsop is still introducing some or other of the Gods, to Countenance the Corruptions of Flesh and Blood: And since Custom and Interest will have it so, that all Tradesmen must use Fraud, more or less, even in their own Defence, the Practice being in some sort so Necessary, 'tis not amiss to bring in Jupiter to justify it. But why is this False and Double Dealing apply'd to Tradesmen only, when it is Common to Mankind? And why among them, to Taylors above the Rest? when all the Business that passes in this World betwixt Man and Man is Manag'd by Collusion and Deceit, in as High a Measure: So that the Composition might have been as well Prepar'd for Humane Nature. Are we not False, in Our Pretended Civilities, Formal Complements, and Respects; in our Confidences, and in our Professions? Are we not False, in Promising, and Breaking? Is not He that Robs me of my Good Name, a more Abominable Cheat, then he that Couzens me of a Yard of Damask? Is not He that Betrays me in his Arms, a more Detestable Wretch then He that Contents Himself in the Way of his Trade, to Pick my Pocket? Without any more Words, we are All Jugglers in some Kind, or in some Degree or Other. But there's this to be said for't yet, that we Play Foul by Consent. We Couzen in our Words, and in our Actions; only we are Agreed upon't, that such and such Forms of Civility, like some Adulterate Quoins, shall pass Current for so much. A Fashionable Imposture, or Hypocrisie, shall be call'd Good Manners

Y

Manners, and so we make a shift in some sort to Legitimate the Abuse. In *Jupiter's* appointing these Frauds, we read the Power of Humane Frailty that Disposes us to Entertain them: For we are False enough by Nature without any need of Prescription.

F A B. CLXXXIV.

Jupiter and Modesty.

MAN was made in such a Hurry (according to the Old Fable) that *Jupiter* had forgotten to put *Modesty* into the Composition, among his other Affections; and finding that there was no Way of Introducing it afterwards, Man by Man, he Proposed the turning of it Loose among the Multitude: *Modesty* took her self at first to be a Little hardly Dealt withal, but in the End, came over to Agree to't, upon Condition that *Carnal Love* might not be suffer'd to come into the same Company; for where-ever that comes, says she, I'm Gone.

The M O R A L.

Sensual Love knows neither Bars nor Bounds. We are all Naturally Impudent; only by Custom, and Fig-leaves, we have been taught to Disguise the Master, and Look Demurely; and that's it which we call Modesty.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Extravagant Heats and Transports of Lovers, and Voluptuaries, take away all Shame. This Fable Hints to us the Wild Extravagance of an Unbridled Appetite, and that till that Devil be laid, there can be no Thought of Lodging *Carnal Love* and *Modesty* under the same Roof. *Jupiter's* forgetting *Modesty* in the Composition of Man, intimates the Difficulty of Admitting it, till Flesh and Blood has done the Friendly Office towards the Peopling of the World; for there's hardly any Place for Council, till these Heats are in some Measure taken off; and it is no Wonder, that when Love comes to be without Reason, it should be without *Modesty* too; for when 'tis once past Government, it is consequently past Shame. When Our Corruptions, in fine, are Strong, and Our Understandings Weak, we are apter to Hearken to the Motions of the Blood, and to the Vain Imaginations of a Deprav'd Affection, than to the Dry Doctrines and Precepts of Authority and Vertue.

The Difficulty of keeping Young and Hot Blood in Order, does mightily Enforce the Necessity of an Early Care for the Training up of Children, and giving them a Tincture, before it be too Late of those Doctrines and Principles, by which they are afterward to Govern the Whole Frame of their Lives. For in their Tender Years they are more Susceptible of Profitable and Vertuous Impressions, than afterwards, when they come to be Solicited by the Impulse of Common, and Vulgar Inclinations. They should

should in Truth, be kept out of Distance, of either Seeing or Hearing: Ill Examples: Especially in an Age that is Govern'd more by President than by Reason.

F A B. CLXXXV.

Jupiter's Wedding.

WHEN the Toy had once taken *Jupiter* in the Head to Enter into a State of Matrimony, he Resolv'd for the Honour of his Celestial Lady, that the whole World should keep a *Festival* upon the Day of his Marriage, and so Invited all Living Creatures, *Tag-Rag* and *Bob-Tail*, to the Solemnity of his Wedding. They all came in very Good Time, saving only the *Tortoise*. *Jupiter* told him 'twas Ill done to make the Company Stay, and Ask'd him, Why so Late? Why truly says the *Tortoise*, I was at Home, at my Own House, my Dearly Beloved House, and [*Home is Home, let it be never so Homely.*] *Jupiter* took it very Ill at his Hands, that he should think himself Better in a Ditch, than in a Palace, and so he pass'd this Judgment upon him; that since he would not be persuaded to come out of his House upon that Occasion, he should never Stir abroad again from that Day forward, without his House upon his Head.

The M O R A L.

There's a Retreat of Sloth and Affectation, as well as of Choice and Virtue; and a Beggar may be as Proud, and as Happy too in a Cottage, as a Prince in a Palace.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE are to Learn from hence (says the *Old Moral*) that there's no Trifling, Dallying, or Delaying with Men in Power: And that Contentment in a Mean Condition at Home, is beyond all the Luxurious Treats in the World, Abroad, with Pomp and Envy. The Danger of Trifling with Great Men does not come up methinks, to the Full Force, and Intent of this Fable, which seems rather to set forth the Mistakes of Impotent Greatness, in Mis-judging the Test and Standard of Humane Happiness. What's a Voluptuous Dinner, and the Frothy Vanity of Discourse that commonly attends these Pompous Entertainments? What is it but a Mortification, to a Man of Sense and Virtue, to spend his time among People that take Good for Evil, and Punish where they should Reward, and Reward where they should Punish? The *Tortoise* was Forbidden the Court; that is to say, he was Banished from the sight of Vain, Wicked, and Unprofitable Examples: *Jupiter* gave the *Tortoise* the Honour of an Invitation, but that Honour was yet to the Poor *Tortoise's* Loss; for He that's Transported out of his Nature, and out of his Element, let the Change be what it will, is a Loser by the Bargain. A Plain, and a Homely Home, with Competency and Content;

is beyond all the Palaces under the Heavens; The Pomp, the Plenty, and the Pleasures of them over and above. To say nothing of the Surfeits that are gotten by Excesses of Eating and Drinking; The Restless Nights, Factious Emulations, Fewsds, and Disgusts that Attend them: Besides the Slavery of being Ty'd up to other Peoples Hours, Meals, and Fashions. He that has no Ambition, is Happy in a Cell. or in a Cottage; whereas the Ambitious Man is Miserable, even upon a Throne. He that thinks he has not Enough, Wants, and He that Wants is a Beggar.

The *Tortoise* came Late, for he came Unwillingly, which is the Case of many a Worthy Man. that Sacrifices his Peace to Formalities of Complement, and Good Manners. *Jupiter* took Snuff at the Contempt, and Punish'd him for't. And what was the Punishment? He sent him Home again. That is to say, He Remanded him to his Lot, and to his Choice. Such, in Short, is the Felicity of a Moderate, and a Steady Mind, that all Comforts are Wrapt up in't; for Providence turns the very Punishment of a Good Man, into an Equivalence to a Reward, by Improving that to his Advantage, which was intended for his Ruine; and making the *Tortoise's* Banishment a Bleissing to him.

F A B. CLXXXVI.

A *Wolfe* and a *Sheep*.

A *Wolfe* that lay Licking of his Wounds, and Extremely Faint, and Ill, upon the Biting of a Dog, call'd out to a *Sheep* that was passing by, Hark ye Friend (says he) if thou wouldst but Help me to a Soup of Water out of that same Brook there, I could make a Shift to get my self somewhat to Eat. Yes, says the *Sheep*, I make no Doubt on't; but when I bring ye Drink, my Carcass shall serve ye for Meat to't.

The M O R A L.

It is a Charitable and a Christian Office to Relieve the Poor and the Distressed; but this Duty does not Extend to Sturdy Beggars, that while they are Receiving Alms with One Hand, are ready to Beat out a Man's Brains with the Other.

R E F L E X I O N.

THAT *Sheep* has a Blessed Time on't that runs on a *Wolfe's* Errand: But *Æsop's* *Sheep* have more Wit, I perceive, than many of our Domestique Innocents. 'Tis a Court-Master-Piece, to draw Chestnuts out of the Fire with other Peoples Fingers; and to Complement a Man into a Post of Honour, a purpose to have him Knock'd o'th' Head in't: Now the *Sheep's* Case in the Fable, is but an Every-days Case in the World; when People are divided betwixt Charity and Discretion, how far to go, and where to stop. In Offices of This Doubtful Quality, We have only This General Rule to Walk by, that when we have to do with Known *Wolves*, we Know likewise that they

they are not to be Confided in. But this *Wolfe* (I must Confess) with a *Lambskin* over his Shoulders, might have pass'd Muster for a *Gospeller* in *Sheeps* *Cloathing*; which would have made it a more Dangerous Imposture. We are to Gather from hence, that there's no Trusting to the Fair Words and Appearances of a False, and a Malicious Enemy; for their very Kindnesses are no better then Snares. *Treachery* is a kind of a *Lay-Hypocrite*, and they are Equally Odious both to God and Man: Over and above the Corrupting of our Manners, the Hardening of our Hearts; the Dissolving of all the Bonds of Faith, Confidence and Society, and the Extinguishing of Good Nature it self: And all This in our own Defence too.

F A B. CLXXXVII.

Hares, *Foxes*, and *Eagles*.

THere goes an Old Story of a Bloody War betwixt the *Hares*, and the *Eagles*; and the *Hares* would fain have drawn the *Foxes* into their Alliance; but very Frankly and Civilly, they gave them this Answer, That they would serve them with all their Hearts, if they did not Perfectly Understand both the *Hares* themselves and the *Enemy* they were to Cope withal.

The M O R A L.

There's no Ent'ring into any League, without well Examining the Faith, and Strength of the Parties to't.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Folly, to the Highest Degree, for Men to run the Risque of their Lives and Fortunes, by Ent'ring into Leagues with the Weak, against an Adversary that is Manifestly too Strong for them Both. 'Tis Hazzardous to Contract Unequal Friendships and Alliances, and there's an Inequality of Disposition and Humor, as well as of Power. The False are as Dangerous as the Fearful: Only with this Difference, that the One will do a Man Hurt, and the Other can do him no Good. The End of Leagues is Common Assistance and Defence; And he that joyns Interest with those that cannot Help him, stands as single as he did before; which destroys the End of Common Union; for where there's no Hope of Reciprocal Aid, there can be no Reason for a Mutual Obligation: And it is the same Thing in Business, Council, and Commerce, that it is in Arms and Force. The Case of the *Hares* and *Foxes* in a Confederacy against the *Eagles*, is a Common Case betwixt Kingdoms and Common-wealths.

F A B. CLXXXVIII.

An Ant formerly a Man.

THE *Ant*, or *Pismire*, was formerly a *Husband-man*, that secretly Filch'd away his Neighbour's Goods and Corn, and stor'd all up in his own Barn. He drew a General Curse upon his Head for't, and *Jupiter*, as a Punishment, and for the Credit of Mankind, turn'd him into a *Pismire*; but this Change of Shape wrought no Alteration. either of Mind, or of Manners; for he keeps the same Humour and Nature to This very Day.

The M O R A L.

That which Some call Good Husbandry, Industry and Providence, Others call Raking, Avarice, and Oppression: So that the Virtues and the Vices, in Many Cases, are hardly Distinguishable but by the Name.

R E F L E X I O N.

WHEN Vicious Inclinations are brought once, by Custom, and Practice, to be Habitual, the Evil is Desperate, for Nature will be still True to her self, through all Forms and Disguises. And *Custom* is a *Second Nature*. By the Poetical Fictions of Men turn'd into the Shape of Beasts, and Insects, we are given to Understand that they do effectually Make themselves so, when they Degenerate from the Dignity of their Kind: So that the *Metamorphosis* is in their Manners, not in their Figure. When a Reasonable Soul descends to keep Company in the Dirt with *Ants*, and *Beetles*, and to Abandon the Whole Man to the Sensuality of Brutal Satisfactions he forfeits his Peerage, and the very Privilege of his Character and Creation; for he's no longer a *Man* that gives himself wholly up to the Works of a *Beast*. Only one Word more now, upon the Judgment that Befel the *Husband man*, which bids us have a Care of Avarice, Rapine and Oppression; for the Curse of Heaven Attends them.

F A B. CLXXXIX.

Travellers by the Sea-side.

A Company of People that were walking upon the Shore, saw somewhat come Hulling toward them a great Way off at Sea. They took it at first for a Ship, and as it came Nearer, for a Boat only; but it prov'd at last to be no more than a Float of Weeds and Rushes: Whereupon they made this Reflexion within Themselves, *We have been Waiting here for a Mighty Business, that comes at last to just Nothing.*

The

The M O R A L.

We Fancy things to be Greater or Less at a Distance, according to Our Interest or Inclination to have them either the One or the Other.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Doctrine of this Fable is held forth to us in a Thousand Cases of Curiosity, Novelty, &c. We make a Wonderful Matter of Things at a Distance, that Signify Little or Nothing at all, nearer hand. And we are as much Impos'd upon in the Prospect of our Hopes and Fears: The Dangers, and the Blessings that we either Dread, or Propose to our selves, look a great deal Bigger a far off, then in Effect they are. And what's the Mystery of All this now, but that we judge of Things by False Images and Appearances, without Entering into the True State and Reason of them: So that at this Rate, we divide our Lives betwixt Flattering Illusions, and Restless Apprehensions: Never at Ease, either on the One side, or on the Other. The Mischiefs is, that we are Over-solicitous about Matters that are out of our Power, and Star gazing after Futurities; when in truth, our Business lies just under our Noses; That is to say, in the Attending, and Improving of Present Opportunities. In few Words, a Wife Man Counts his very Minutes: He lets no Time slip him; for Time is Life: which he makes Long, by the Good Husbandry of a Right Use and Application of it, from One Moment to Another. This is not yer to Exclude the Providence of Tracing Premises into Consequences, or Causes into their Effects; but to Caution us not to look at the Wrong End of the Glass; and so Invert the Prospect. We see Things at hand, as they really are, but at a Distance, only as they seem to be: Patience and Consideration will set us Right in our Judgments and in our Measures. It is much thereabouts with the Common People too, in the Matter of Remote Grievances. They Represent, and Fancy to Themselves, Hell, Slavery and Damnation, at a Distance, in many a Case, which at hand signifies not so much as a Flea-biting.

F A B. CXC.

A Wild Ass and a Lamb.

A *Savage Ass* was Airing himself in a Pleasant Meadow, with a Coat and Carcass in very Good Plight, up comes a *Wild* one to him from the next Wood, with this short Greeting. *Brother* (says he) *I Envy your Happiness*; and so he left him; It was his Hap some short time after this Encounter, to see his *Tame Brother*, Groaning under an Unmerciful Pack, and a Fellow at his Heels Goading him forward. He Rounds him in the Ear upon't, and Whispers him, *My Friend* (says he) *your Condition is not I Perceive, what I took it to be, for a body may buy Gold too Dear: And I am not for Purchasing Good Looks and Provender at this Rate.*

The

The MORAL.

Betwixt Envy and Ingratitude, we make Our Selves twice Miserable; out of an Opinion, First, that our Neighbour has too Much; and Secondly, that We our Selves have too Little.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to Caution us against running the Risque of Disappointments that are greater than the Present Inconveniences; and where the Misery, and Hazzard, does more than Countervail the Benefit.

In the Fable of the Horse and the Ass (Numb. 38.) The Ass finds himself Mistaken in his Opinion, both of the Foundation of Happiness, and of the Stability of it. His Mistake in This, looks another way; for he took his Brother to be Happy when he was not so; Even according to his own Standard: But we are too apt to think other People more Happy, and our selves Less, then in Truth, They, or We are: Which Savours of a Malevolence on the One hand, and an Ingratitude on the Other. Nay, it falls out many times, that the Envious Persons are rather to be Envy'd of the Two. What had the Wild Ass here to Complain of, or the Tame One to be Envy'd for? The Former was but in the Plight that Wild Asses usually are; and in truth ought to be. When they are in the Woods they are at Home, and a Forrest-Life, to them, is but according to Nature. As to the State and Rudeness of his Body, 'tis but Answerable to the Condition of his Lot. The Tame Ass, 'tis true, was Better Fed, but then he was Harder Wrought, and in the Carrying of Packs, he did but serve Mankind in the Trade that Providence had Assign'd him; for he was made for Burdens. 'Tis a Fine Thing to be Fat and Smooth; but 'tis a Finer Thing to Live at Liberty and Ease.

To speak Properly, and to the Point, there is no such Thing as Happiness or Misery in this World (commonly so Reputed) but by Comparison; neither is there any Man so Miserable, as not to be Happy, or so Happy, as not to be Miserable, in some Respect or Other: Only we are apt to Envy our Neighbours the Possession of Those Advantages that we Want, without ever giving Thanks for the Blessings that They Want, and We our selves Enjoy. Now This Mixture in the Distributions of Providence, duly Consider'd, serves to make us Easy, as well as Necessary One to Another; and so to Unite us in a Consistence both of Friendship, and of Civil Convenience: For it is no less Requisite to Maintain a Truck in the Matter of Moral Offices, and Natural Faculties, then in the Common Bus'ness, of Negotiation, and Commerce; and Humane Society can no more Subsist without the One, then without the Other. One Man furnishes Brains, Another Money, a Third, Power, Credit, Mediation, Intelligence, Advice, Labour, Industry: (to say Nothing of a Thousand other Instances Reducible to This Head) so that the Rule of Communication holds as well betwixt Man and Man; as betwixt Country and Country; What One has Nor, Another Has, and there is not That Man Living, but in some Case or Other, stands in Need of his Neighbour. Take away This Correspondence, and the very Frame of all Political Bodies drops, to pieces. Every thing is Best in sine, As God has Made it, and where God

has

has Plac'd it. The Tame Ass Wrought Hard, for his Fine Coat, and the Wild one Far'd Hard, to Ballance the Comfort of his Freedom.

F A B. CXCI.

Asses to Jupiter.

THE Asses found themselves once so Intolerably Oppressed, with Cruel Masters, and Heavy Burdens, that they sent their Ambassadors to Jupiter, with a Petition for Redress. Jupiter found the Request Unreasonable, and so gave them This Answer, That Humane Society could not be Preserv'd without Carrying Burdens some way or other: So that if they would but Joyn, and Piss up a River, that the Burdens which they now Carry'd by Land might be carried by Water, they should be Eas'd of That Grievance. This set them All a Pissing Immediately, and the Humour is kept up to This very Day, that whenever One Ass Pisses, the Rest Piss for Company.

The MORAL.

'Tis the Uttermost Degree of Madness and Folly, to Appeal from Providence and Nature.

REFLEXION.

THE Decrees and Appointments of Heaven are Unchangeable, and there's no Contending. How many Popular Counter-parts of the Asses Petition to Jupiter for Redress of Grievances, have we liv'd to see within our own Memory, and all, for Things, not only Unreasonable, but utterly Impossible. We read however in the Answer, the Quality, and the Reproach of the Prayer, which is Granted upon Conditions as Impracticable, as the Thing desir'd is Ridiculous.

The Asses are here Complaining (after the Way of the Mobile) for being put to the very Use and Bus'ness they were Made for; as if it were Cruelty and Oppression to Employ the Necessary Means, which God and Nature has given us, for the Attaining of Necessary Ends. If we Confound Higher and Lower, the World is a Chaos again, and a Level. Is not a Labourer as much a Tool of Providence as the Master-Builder? Are not the Meanest Artisans, of the same Inlittution with Ministers of Counsel and State? The Head can no more be without the Body, then the Body without the Head; and neither of them without Hands and Feet to Defend, and Provide, both for the One, and for the Other. Government can no more Subsist without Subjection, then the Multitude can Agree without Government: And the Duty of Obeying, is no less of Divine Appointment, then the Authority of Commanding.

Z

Here's

Here's a *Petition* to *Jupiter*, in Truth, against Himself; and in the Moral, a Complaint to God against Providence; as if the Harmony of Nature, and of the World; The Order of Men, Things, and Bus'ness, were to be Embroil'd, Dissolv'd, or Alter'd, For the Sake of so many *Asses*. What would become of the Universe if there were not Servants as well as Masters? Beasts to Draw, and Carry Burdens, as well as Burdens to be Drawn and Carry'd? If there were not Instruments for Drudgery, as well as Offices of Drudgery: If there were not People to Receive and Execute Orders, as well as others to Give and Authorize them? The Demand, in fine, is Unnatural, and Consequently both Weak and Wicked; and it is likewise as Vain, and Unreasonable, to Ask a Thing that is wholly Impossible. But 'tis the *Petition* of an *Ass* at last, which keeps up the Congruity of the Moral to the Fable.

The Ground of the Request, is the Fiction of a Complaint, by reason of Intolerable Burdens. Now we have Grievances to the Life, as well as in Fancy; and *Asses* in *Flesh* and *Blood* too, and in *Practice*, as well as in *Example*. We have *Herd*s in *Society*, as well as in the *Fields*, and in the *Forests*; And we have *English* too, as well as *Arcadian Grievances*. What? (Cries the Multitude) are not our Bodies of the same Clay, and our Souls of the same Divine Inspiration with our Masters? Under these Amusements, the Common People put up so many Appeals to Heaven, from the Powers and Commands of their Lawful Superiors, under the Obloquy of Oppressors; and what Better Answer can be return'd to All their Clamorous Importunities, then this of *Jupiter*? Which most Emphatically sets forth the Necessity of Discharging the *Asses* Part; and the Vanity of Proposing to have it done any Other Way. As who should say, the Bus'ness of Humane Nature must be done. Lay your Heads together, and if you can find any way for the doing it, without one sort of People under Another, You shall have Your Asking. But for a Conclusion, He that's born to Work, is out of his Place and Element when he is Idle.

F A B. CXCII.

An *Ass* and the *Frogs*.

AN *Ass* Sunk down into a Bog among a Shoale of *Frogs*, with a Burden of Wood upon his Back, and there he lay, Sighing and Groaning, as his Heart would Break: Hark ye Friend (says one of the *Frogs* to him) if you make such a Bus'ness of a *Quagmire*, when you are but just fall'n into't, what would you do I Wonder, if you had been here as long as we have been?

The M O R A L.

Custom makes things Familiar and Easy to us; but every thing is Best yet in its own Element.

R E

R E F L E X I O N.

NATURE has Assign'd Every Creature its Proper Place and Station; and an *Ass* in a *Bog* is out of his Element, and out of his Province. The Fable it self has not Much in't: but it may serve to Teach us in the Moral, that it is a High Point of Honour, and Christianity, to bear Misfortunes, with Resolution, and Constancy of Mind: And that Steadiness, is a Point of Prudence, as well as of Courage; for People are the Lighter, and the Easier for't. But it was an *Ass*, we see, that *Complain'd*, and (if a Body may play the Fool with him) he was but an *Ass* for *Complaining*: First, of what he could not Help; and 2^{ly}, to be never the Better for't. 'Tis with a *Man* in a *Jayle*, much at the Rate as it was with this *Ass* in the *Bog*. He's Sullen and out of Humour at his first coming In; the Pris'ners Gather about him, and there He tells 'em his Case Over and Over I warrant ye. Some make Sport with him; Others Pity him, and this is the Trade they drive for the First Four or Five Days perhaps; but so soon as the Qualm is over, the *Man* comes to himself again; makes merry with his Companions, and since he cannot be in his Own House, he reckons Himself as good as at Home in the very Prison. 'Tis the same Thing with a *Bird* in a *Cage*; when she has Flutter'd her self a Weary, she sits down and Sings. This 'tis to be Wonted to a Thing. And were it not a Standal now, if Philosophy should not do as much with us as Custom, without leaving it to Necessity to do the Office of Vertue. It might be added to this Moral, that what's Natural to One may be Grievous to Another. The *Frogs* would have been as much at a Loss in the *Stable*, as the *Ass* was in the *Bog*.

F A B. CXCIII.

A *Gall's Ass* and a *Raven*.

AS an *Ass* with a *Gall'd Back* was Feeding in a Meadow; a *Raven* Pitch'd upon him, and there Sate, Jobbing of the Sore. The *Ass* fell a Frisking and Braying upon't; which set a *Groom*, that saw it at a Distance, a Laughing at it. Well! (says a *Wolfe* that was Passing by) to see the Injustice of the World now! A Poor *Wolfe* in that *Raven's* Place, would have been Persecuted, and Hunted to Death presently; and 'tis made only a Laughing Matter, for a *Raven* to do the Same Thing that would have Cost a *Wolfe* his Life.

The M O R A L.

One Man may better Seal a Horse, than Another Look over the Hedge.

Z *

R E

REFLEXION.

THE Same Thing in One Person or Respect, is not always the Same Thing in Another: The Grooms Grinning at the Gambols of the *Ass*, tells us that there are Many Cases that may make People Laugh without Pleasing them, as when the Surprise, or Caprice of some Fantastical Accident happens to strike the Fancy; Nay, a Body cannot forbear Laughing Sometimes, when he is yet Heartily Sorry for the Thing he Laughs at; which is, in Truth, but an Extravagant Motion, that never comes near the Heart: Wherefore the *Wolfe* was Out in his Philosophy, when he call'd it a *Laughing-Matter*; Besides, that he should have Distinguish'd upon the Disproportion betwixt the Worrying of a *Wolfe*, and the Pecking of a *Raven*; That is to say, betwixt a Certain Death on the One Hand, and only a Vexatious Inconvenience on the Other. The *Raven* understood what sort of Spark he had to do withal, and the Silly *Ass* stood Preaching to Himself upon the Text of *No Remedy but Patience*.

F A B. CXCIV.

A *Lyon*, *Ass* and *Fox*.

AS an *Ass* and a *Fox* were together upon the Ramble, a *Lyon* Meets them by the Way. The *Fox's* Heart went *Pit-a-Pat*; but however to make the Best of a Bad Game, he sets a Good Face on't, and up he goes to the *Lyon*. Sir, says he; I am come to Offer Your Majesty a Piece of Service, and I'll Cast my self upon Your Honour for my Own Security. If you have a Mind to my Comparison, the *Ass* here, 'tis but a Word Speaking, and You shall have him Immediately. Let it be Done then, says the *Lyon*. So the *Fox* Trepann'd the *Ass* into the Toyl, and the *Lyon*, when he found he had Him sure, began with the *Fox* Himself, and after that, for his Second Course, made up his Meal with the Other.

The M O R A L.

We Love the Treason, but we hate the Traitor.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable Advises Every Man in Prudence to be sure of Knowing his Company before he Embarque with them in any Great Matter; Though He that Betrays his Companion, has the Fortune commonly to be Betray'd Himself.

Here's

Here's the *Folly* of the *Ass* in Trusting the *Fox* that he knew to be a Treacherous Companion; and here's the *Naivety* of the *Fox* in Betraying the *Ass*, which was but according to his Nature. Now this does not hinder yet, but that the *Lyon* Forfeited a Point of Honour in the Worrying of him; And this Fiction throughout is but the Emblem of Things that are Familiar to us in the World. The *Lyon* might have been Allow'd an Aversion to the *Fox*, as a Perfidious Creature, but the Devouring of him upon these Terms, was Another Treachery in Himself. There may be this said at last for the Congruity of the Fancy, that a Just and a Generous *Lyon*, would not have Sunk so Low as to hold any Communication with a *Fox*, much less to Concert with him in his False Dealing. But this *Lyon* was meant for the Figure of a Wicked Governor, Conferring upon Frauds with Wicked Ministers; Now if he had spar'd the *Ass*, for his Simplicity, and Pinch'd the *Fox* for his Perfidy, the Proceeding might have had some Semblance of a Generous Equity: But an Honourable Mind will scorn to make Advantage of a Treacherous Instrument. That is to say, by Assenting to the Treachery: So that the Moral seems to carry more Force with this Bias. Upon the Whole Matter, here's the Silly *Ass* pays Dear for the Credulity and Folly of Keeping ill Company. The *Fox* is Met withal in his Own Way, for Breaking the Faith of Society; but still there wants some Judgment Methinks, to Attend the *Lyon*; for He that Encourages One Treason, does not only Practice, but Promote Another; and lays the Foundation of a Doctrine, that will come Home to Himself in the Conclusion. When a *Prince* fails in Point of Honour and Common Justice, 'tis enough to Stagger his People in their Faith, and Allegiance. But the *Lyon* here in the Fable came off better then our Political *Lions* usually do in the World.

F A B. CXC.V.

A *Hen* and a *Swallow*.

THERE was a Foolish *Hen* that sat Brooding upon a Nest of *Snakes Eggs*. A *Swallow*, that Obscrv'd it, went and told her the Danger on't. Little do you think, says she, what you are at this Instant a Doing, and that You are just now Hatching Your Own Destruction; for This Good Office will be your Ruine.

The M O R A L.

'Tis the Hard Fortune of many a Good Natur'd Man to breed up a Bird to Pick out his Own Eyes, in despite of All Cautions to the Contrary.

R E.

REFLEXION.

THIS is the Case of Many People in the World, that spend their Time in Good Offices for Others, to the Utter Ruine of Themselves: And there's No Better to be Expected from a Wicked Age, and an Ill Natur'd People. They that want Foresight, should do well to Harken to Good Council. He that thinks to Oblige Hard-Hearted People by an Officious Tenderness, and to fare the Better Himself for putting it into Their Power to Hurt him, will find only so much Time, Pains, and Good-Will, utterly cast away; at the Foot of his Account. 'Tis Good however, to Hope, and to Presume the Best, provided a Man be Prepar'd for the Worst. The Mistake lies in This, that the Charity begins Abroad that Ought to begin at Home. They that cannot see into the End of Things, may well be at a Loss in the Relation of them; and a Well-Meaning Piety is the Destruction of many an Honest Man, that sits Innocently Brooding upon the Political Projects of Other People, though with the Heart all the While, of a Patriot, and a True Friend to the Publique. Tell him the Consequences of Matters, and that he is now Hatching of *Serpents*, not of *Chickens*: A Misguided Zeal makes him Deaf and Blind to the True State, and Issue of Things. He sits his Time out, and what's the End on't; but the Plot Naturally Discloses it self in a Common Ruine: It is a Great Infelicity to make a Wrong Choice of a Friend: But when Men are Advertis'd of the Danger beforehand, it is as Great a Fault if they will take No Warning. The *Hen* was told on't, but the *Swallow* had the Fate, as well as the Gift of *Cassandra*; to speak Truth, and not to be believ'd: Which has been the Misfortune of many an Honest Man in All Times, and particularly in the very Age we live in.

F A B. CXCVI.

A Pigeon and a Picture.

A Pigeon saw the Picture of a Glass with Water in't, and taking it to be Water indeed, flew Raskly and Eagerly up to't, for a Soup to Quench her Thirst. She brook her Feathers against the Frame of the Picture, and falling to the Ground upon't, was taken up by the By-Standers.

The MORAL.

Rash Men do many things in Haste that they Repent of at Leisure.

RE-

REFLEXION.

'TIS not Good to be Over-Fierce upon any Thing, for fear of Mistaking, or Misunderstanding the Matter in Question. Moderation is a High Point of Wisdom, and Temerity on the Other Hand, is ever Dangerous: For Men are Subject to be Couzen'd with Outward Appearances, and so take the Vain Images, and Shadows of Things, for the Substance. All Violent Passions have somewhat in them of the Rashness of This Pigeon; and if That Rashness be not as Fatal in the One Case, as This was in the Other, 'tis a Deliverance that we are more Indebted for, either to the Special Grace of an Over-ruling Providence, or to the Mediation of That which we call Chance, then to any thing of our own Government and Direction. One Man may have the Advantage of Another in the Benefit of a Presence of Mind, which may serve in a Great Measure, to Fortifie us against Surprizes, and Difficulties not to be foreseen: But a sound Judgment is the Result of second Thoughts, upon Due Time and Consideration, which way to bring Matters to a Fair Issue. This Precipitate Temper is little better than a Physical Madness; for there is somewhat of an Alienation in't, when People proceed, not only Without, but Contrary to Reason. How many Instances do we see daily, of People that are Hurry'd on, without either Fear or Wit, by Love, Hatred, Envy, Ambition, Revenge, &c. to their Own Ruine: which comes to the very Case of the Pigeon's breaking her Wing against the Picture, and the Miscarriage is Every jot as Ridiculous.

F A B. CXCVII.

A Pigeon and a Crow.

A Pigeon that was brought up in a Dove-House, was Braggng to a Crow how Fruitful she was. Never Value Your self, says the Crow, upon That Vanity; for the More Children, the more Sorrow.

The MORAL.

Many Children are a Great Blessing; but a Few Good Ones are a Greater; All Hazzards Consider'd.

REFLEXION.

THE Care, Charge, and Hazzard of a Brood of many Children, in the Education and Proof of them, does, in a Great Measure, Countervail the Blessing: Especially where they are gotten in a State of Slavery. Sorrow and Vexation is Entail'd upon the whole Race of Mankind. We are Begotten to't; We are Born to't; and as it has Descended to us, so it is by us to be Handed down to Those that come after us. The Strefs of the Fable lies upon the Hazzard of having a Numerous Stock of Children, which

which must of Necessity, whether they Live or Dye, furnish Matter of Great Anxiety to the Parents. The Loss of them is Grievous to us. The Mischance of them, by falling into Lewd and Vicious Courses, is much Worse: And one such Disappointment is sufficient to Bait the Comfort of All the Rest. Nay, the very Possibility, or rather the Likelyhood and Odds, that some out of such a Number will Prove Ungracious and Rebellious, makes our Beds Uncasse to us; Fills our Heads and our Hearts with Carking Thoughts, and keeps us in Anxiety Night and Day for fear they should be so, and prove like Vipers, to Eat out the Belly of their Own Mothers.

F A B. CXCIII.

A Woman and her Two Daughters.

A Woman that had Two Daughters, Bury'd one of them, and her Mourners were Provided to Attend the Funeral. The Surviving Daughter Wonder'd to see Strangers so much concern'd at the Loss of her Sister, and her Nearest Relations so Little. Pray Mother, says she, What's the Reason of This? Oh, says the Mother, We that are a-Kin to her, are never the Better for Crying, but the Strangers have Money for't.

The M O R A L.

Mourners are as Mercenary as Common Prostitutes; They are at His Service that bids Most for them.

R E F L E X I O N.

FUNERAL Tears are only Civilities of Course, but there must be Wringing of Hands yet, and Ejulations, some where or Other; and where the Relations are not in Humor for't, 'tis the Fashion to Provide Mercenaries to do the Office. The Moral of This will reach to All the Pompous Solemnities of our Mourning Processions, which upon the Whole, Amount to no more then Dress and Pageantry, to make the Show look Dismal, and so many Sowre Faces that are Hir'd to Adorn the *Hypocrisis*. This was the Widow's Case, that Cry'd her self Half Mad and Blind with a Thousand Passionate Interjections, for the Loss of her Dear Husband. [*Never so Dear, so Dear a Man!*] This Woman, I say (when she had done All This, and Renounc'd the World, the Flesh and the Devil, with as much Solemnity as e-ver she did in her Baptism) was at the Long-Last prevail'd upon to hear the Will read: But when she found in the Conclusion, that the *Dear Man* she so often call'd upon, had left her Nothing that he could keep from her, but her Wedding-Ring and her Apron-Strings, Up she started, Wip'd her Eyes, Rais'd her Voice, [*And is This all with a Pox!*] she cry'd; and with Those Words in her Mouth, she came to her self again. Now This Widow, in the Pure Strength of Flesh and Blood; cry'd as Arrantly for Money as the Mercenaries in the Fable.

F A B. CXCIX.

A Shepherd and his Sheep.

IN Old time when Sheep fed like Hogs upon Acorns, a Shepherd drove his Flock into a Little Oak-Wood, spread his Coat under a Tree, and up he went to shake 'em down some Mast. The Sheep were so Keen upon the Acorns, that they Gobbled up now and then a Piece of the Coat along with 'em. When the Shepherd took Notice of it: What a Company of Ungrateful Wretches are you, says he, that Cloath all Other People that have No Relation to you, and yet Strip Your Master, that gives ye both Food and Protection!

The M O R A L.

The Belly has no Ears; and a Ravenous Appetite Guttles up whatever is Before it, without any regard either to Things or Persons.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Freak mightily in Fashion among some People to Affect a Singularity in their Lives and Manners, and to Live in a Direct Opposition to the Ordinary Rules of Prudence and Good Nature, As in returning Evil for Good for the Purpose; Nay, and in some Cases, Good for Evil too; where 'tis done more to be seen of Men then for God's sake, and where the Vanity of Doing it Destroys the Merit of the Vertue. The Fable will also bear This Moral, That Eager Appetites have not a Right Taste of Things; for the Coat goes down as well as the Acorns: but the main Strife of it falls upon Those that *Rob Peter*, as we say, to *Pay Paul*, and take the Bread out of their Masters Mouths to give it to Strangers. And the Kindness of the Master is yet a Further Aggravation of the Crime. We have abundance of Cases in Practice, as well as in Story, that strike upon This Topique. Have we never read of a Sacrilegious Convocation of *Divines*, that at the same Time that they liv'd upon the Altar, Betray'd it; and while they Robb'd God himself of his Due, Divided the Spoils of the Church among the Rabble. Have we never heard of Men that Gobbled the Priviledges and Revenues of the Crown, and then Squander'd them away in Donatives upon the Common People? Or, What shall we say of the Scoffing Atheist, that turns all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul, as much as in him lies, to the Reproach of his Maker, and yet at the same time too as Pleasant Company to the World as the Wit of a Libertine can make him. What is all This now but a Sheep Stripping his Master, and Cloathing Strangers.

F A B. CC.

Jupiter and a Herds-man.

A Herds-man that had lost a Calf out of his Grounds, went up and down after it; and when he could get No Tydings on't, he betook himself at last to his Prayers, according to the Custom of the World, when People are brought to a Forc'd-Put. Great *Jupiter* (says he) Do but shew me the *Thief* that stole my Calf, and I'll give thee a Kid for a Sacrifice. The Word was no sooner pass'd; but the *Thief* appear'd; which was indeed a *Lyon*. This Discovery put him to his Prayers once again. I have not forgotten my Vow, says he, but now thou hast brought me to the *Thief*, I'll make. That *Kid* a *Bull*, if thou'lt but set me Quit of him again.

The M O R A L.

We cannot be too Careful, and Considerate what Vows, and Promises we make; for the very Granting of our Prayers turns many times to our Own Ruine.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable Condemns All Rash Vows and Promises, and the Unsteadiness of those Men that are first mad to have a Thing, and as soon Weary of it. Men should Consider well before hand what they Promise, what they Vow; nay, and what they Wish for. least they should be Taken at their Words, and afterward Repent. We make it Half our Business to Learn our Gain, and Compass those Things, which when we come to Understand, and to have in our Possession, we'd give the whole Earth to be Rid of again: Wherefore he that Moderates his Desires without laying any Strefs upon Things Curious, or Uncertain; and Resigns himself in All Events to the Good Pleasure of Providence, succeeds Best in the Government of his Fortune, Life, and Manners. The Herds-man was in a State of Freedom, we see, till he made himself a Voluntary Slave, by Entering into a Dangerous, and Unnecessary Vow; which he could neither Contract without Folly, nor Keep without Loss and Shame; For Heaven is neither to be Wheedled, nor Bribe'd. Men should so Pray, as not to Repent of their Prayers, and turn the most Christian and Necessary Office of our Lives into a Sin. We must not Pray in One Breath to Find a Thief, and in the Next to get shut of him.

F A B.

F A B. CCI.

A Gnat Challenges a Lyon.

As a *Lyon* was Blustering in the Forrest, up comes a *Gnat* to his very Beard, and Enters into an Expostulation with him upon the Points of Honour and Courage. What do I Value your Teeth, or your Claws, says the *Gnat*, that are but the Arms of Every Bedlam Slut? As to the Matter of Resolution; I defy ye to put That Point Immediately to an Issue. So the Trumpet Sounded, and the Combatants Enter'd the Lists. The *Gnat* Charg'd into the Nostrils of the *Lyon*, and there Twing'd him, till he made him Tear himself with his Own Paws. And in the Conclusion he Master'd the *Lyon*. Upon This, a Retreat was Sounded, and the *Gnat* flew his way: But by Ill hap afterward, in his Flight, he struck into a Cobweb, where the *Victor* fell a Prey to a *Spider*. This Disgrace went to the Heart of him, after he had got the Better of a *Lyon*, to be Worsted by an *Insect*.

The M O R A L.

'Tis in the Power of Fortune to Humble the Pride of the Mighty, even by the most Despicable Means, and to make a Gnat Triumph over a Lyon: Wherefore let no Creature, how Great or how Little soever, Presume on the One side, or Despair on the Other.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE is Nothing either so Great, or so Little, as not to be Lyable to the Vicissitudes of Fortune, whether for Good or for Evil. A Miserable *Fly* is sufficient, we see, to take down the Stomach of a *Lyon*; and then to Correct the Insulting Vanity of That *Fly*, it falls the next Moment into the Toyl of a *Spider*. 'Tis Highly Improvident not to Obviate small Things; and as Ridiculous to be Baffled by them; and it is not the Force neither, but the Importunity that is so Vexatious and Troublesome to us. The very Teizing of the *Lyon* Gall'd him more then an Arrow at his Heart would have done. The Doctrine is This, That no Man is to Presume upon his Power and Greatness, when every Pitiful Insect may find out a Way to Discompose him. But That Pitiful Insect again is not to Value himself upon his Victory neither; for the *Gnat* that had the Better of the *Lyon*, in the very next Breath was Worsted by a *Spider*.

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THE

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F A B L E S
 O F
BARLANDUS, &c.

F A B. CCII.

A *Lyon* and a *Frog*.

A *Lyon* that was Ranging about for his Prey, made a Stop all on a Sudden at a Hideous Yelling Noise he heard, which not a little Startled him. The Surprize put him at first into a Shaking Fit; but as he was looking about, and Préparing for the Encounter of some Terrible Monster, what should he see but a Picitful *Frog* come Crawling out from the Side of a Pond. And is This All? (says the *Lyon*) and so berwixt Shame and Indignation, he put forth his Paw, and Pash'd out the Guts on't.

The M O R A L.

There's no Resistng of First Motions; but upon Second Thoughts we come Immediately to our selves again.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Surprize of the *Lyon* is to teach us that no Man living can be so Présent to Himself, as not to be put beside his Ordinary Temper upon some Accidents or Occasions; but then his Philosophy brings him to a Right Understanding of Things, and his Resolution carries him thorough All Difficulties. It is Another *Emphatical* Branch of This Emblem, that as the *Lyon* Himself was not Thorough-Proof against This Fantastical *Alarm*; so it was but a Poor Wretched *Frog* all this while, that Discompos'd him, to shew the Vain Opinion and False Images of Things, and how apt we are to be Transported with Those Fooleries, which, if we did but Understand, we should Despise. Wherefore 'tis the Part of a Brave, and a Wise Man to Weigh, and Examine Matters without Delivering up himself to the Illusion of Idle Fears, and Panick Terrors. It was in truth,
 below

below the Dignity of a *Lyon* to Kill the Poor Creature, but This, however may be said in Plea for't, that he was asham'd to leave behind him a Witnesses of his Weakness.

F A B. CCIII.

An *Ant* and a *Pigeon*.

AN *Ant* dropt, Unluckily into the Water as she was Drinking at the Side of a *Brook*. A *Wood-Pigeon* took Pity of her, and threw her a little Bough to lay hold on. The *Ant* sav'd her self by that Bough, and in That very Instant, spies a Fellow with a Birding-Piece, making a Shoot at The *Pigeon*. Upon This Discovery, she presently runs up to him and Stings him. The *Fowler* starts, and breaks his Aim, and away flies the *Pigeon*.

The M O R A L.

All Creatures have a Sense of Good Offices, and Providence it self takes Care, where Other Means fail, that they may not Pass Unrewarded.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Practice of Requiring Good Offices is a Great Encouragement to the Doing of them; and in truth, without Gratitude there would be Little Good Nature; for there is not One Good Man in the World that has not need of Another. This Fable of the *Ant* is not All-together a Fiction, for we have many Instances of the Force of Kindness; even upon Animals and Insects: To pass over the Tradition of *Androclus's Lyon*, the Gratitude of Elephants, Dogs and Horses is too Notorious to be Deny'd. Are not Hawks brought to the Hand, and to the Lure? And in like manner, are not *Lions*, *Tigers*, *Bears*, *Wolves*, *Foxes*, and other Beasts of Prey Reclaim'd by Good Usage? Nay, I have seen a Tame Spider, and 'tis a Common Thing to have a Lizzard come to Hand. Man only is the Creature, that to his Shame no Benefits can Oblige, no, nor Secure, even from seeking the Ruine of his Benefactor: So that This *Pismire* sets us a Lesson here in her Thankfulness to her Preserver.

F A B. CCIV.

A *Peacock* and a *Pye*.

IN the Days of Old, the Birds liv'd at Random in a Lawless State of *Anarchy*; but in time they began to be Weary on't, and Mov'd for the Setting up of a King. The *Peacock* Valu'd himself upon his Gay Feathers, and put in for the Office: The Pretenders were heard, the Question Debated; and the Choice fell upon the Poll to King *Peacock*: The Vote was no sooner pass'd, but up stands a *Pye* with a Speech in his Mouth to This Effect: *May it please your Majesty*, says he, *We should be glad to Know, in Case the Eagle should fall upon us in your Reign. as she has formerly done, how will you be able to Defend us?*

The M O R A L.

In the Business of either Erecting, or Changing a Government, it ought to be very well Consider'd before hand, what may be the Consequences, in Case of such a Form, or such a Person.

R E F L E X I O N.

KINGS are not to be Chosen for the Beauty or the Gracefulness of their Persons, but for the Reputation they have in the World, and the Endowments of their Minds. This Fable shews likewise the Necessity of Civil Order, and the Danger of Popular Elections, where a Factious Majority commonly Governs the Choice. Take the Plurality of the World, and they are neither Wise, nor Good; and if they be left to Themselves, they will Undoubtedly Chuse such as They Themselves Are. 'Tis the Misery of *Elective Governments*, that there will be Eternally Corruption and Partiality in the Choice; for there's a Kind of a Tacit Covenant in the Case, that the King of their Own making shall make his Makers Princes too: So that they Work for Themselves. all this while, not for the Publique: But the *Pye's* Question stopt all their Mouths, and it was wisely let fall too without a Reply, to intimate that it was Unanswerable.

F A B. CCV.

An Impertinent Dr. and his Patient.

A Physician was told One Morning, that a Certain Patient of his was Dead, why then *the Lord's Will be Done,* says he: We are All Mortal; but if This Man would, have forborn Wines, and Us'd Clysters, I'd have Warranted his Life This Bout for God-a-Mercy. Well, says one, but why did you not rather give him This Advice when it might have done him Good, then stand Talking of it to no manner of Purpose Now the Man is Dead?

The MORAL.

'Tis to no Purpose to think of Recalling Yesterday; and when the Steed is Stoll'n, of Shutting the Stable Door.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable Recommends to us the Doing of Every thing in its Due Season, for either too Soon or too Late signifies Nothing. It is but *making Almanacks for the Last Year,* to stand Talking what Might have been done; when the Time of Doing it is past. When a Battle is Lost, This or That, we say, might have Prevented it. When a Tumult is Emprov'd into a Rebellion, and a Government Overturnd by't, 'tis just to as much purpose to say, This or That might have Sav'd All: As for our *Doctor,* here to say, when his Patient was Dead, that it was for want of going such or such a way to Work. We have abundance of These Wise Men in the World that are still looking backward without seeing One Inch of the way before them. Not but that the Experience of Things Past, may be very Instructive to us toward the Making of a Right Judgment upon Things to come, but in such a Case as This, it is wholly Vain and Unprofitable to all manner of Intents. 'Tis the Business of a Substantial and Well-Grounded Wisdom, to be still looking forward from the the First Indispositions into the Growth and Progress of the Disease. It Traces the Advance of Dangers step by step, and shews us the Rise and Gradations of the Evil, and gives us Light, either toward the Preventing, or the Suppressing of it. We have in such an Instance as This, the means before us of a True and an Useful Perception of Things, whereas Judgments that are made on the Wrong-side of the Danger, Amount to no more than an Affectation of Skill, without either Credit or Effect. Let Things be done when they May be done, and When, and As they Ought to be done: As for the Doctor's *Issing* upon the Business, when his Patient was Dead, it was just to as much purpose as if he had Blown Wind in's Breech.

F A B.

F A B. CCVI.

A Lyon, Ass and Fox.

THere was a Hunting-Match agreed upon betwixt a Lyon, an Ass, and a Fox, and they were to go Equal Shares in the Booty. They ran down a Brave Stag, and the Ass was to Divide the Prey; which he did very Honestly and Innocently into Three Equal Parts, and left the Lyon to take his Choice: Who never Minded the *Dividend*; but in a Rage Worry'd the Ass, and then bad the Fox Divide; who had the Wit to make Only One Share of the Whole, saving a Miserable Pittance that he Reserv'd for Himself. The Lyon highly approv'd of his Way of Distribution; but Prethec *Reynard,* says he, who taught thee to Carve? Why truly says the Fox, I had an Ass to my Master; and it was His Folly made me Wise.

The MORAL.

There must be no Shares in Sovereignty. Court-Conscience is Policy. The Folly of One Man makes Another Man Wise; as one Man Grows Rich upon the Ruines of Another.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable is sufficiently Moraliz'd Elsewhere; but it gives us further to Understand, that Experience is the Mistress of Knaves as well as of Fools. Here was the Innocence of the Ass, and the Craft of the Fox, Both in One. He sav'd his Skin by the Modesty of the Division, and left enough for himself too, over and above! For Asses are No great *Venson Eaters.*

F A B. CCVII.

A Wolfe and a Kid.

AS a Wolfe was passing by a Poor Country Cottage, a Kid spy'd him through a Peeping-Hole in the Door; and sent a Hundred Curses along with him. Sirrah (says the Wolfe) if I had ye out of your Castle, I'd make ye give Better Lagaue.

B b

The

The MORAL.

A Coward in his Castle, makes a Great Deal more Blister than a Man of Honour.

REFLEXION.

THE Advantages of Time and Place are enough to make a Poultron Valiant. There's Nothing so Courageous as a Coward if you put him out of Danger. This way of Brawl and Clamour, is so Arrant a Mark of a Dastardly Wretch, that he does as good as Call himself so that Uses it. The *Kid* behind the Door has the Privilege of a Lord *Majors Fool*. He's under Protection: The One is Scurrilous, and the Other Sawcy; and yet These are the Two Qualities that pass but too frequently in the World for Wit and Valour.

F A B. CCVIII.

An Ass to Jupiter.

A Certain Ass that serv'd a Gard'ner, and did a great deal of Work for a very little Meat, fell to his Prayers for Another Master. Jupiter Granted his Request, and turn'd him over to a Potter, where he found Clay and Tile so much a Heavier Burden than Roots and Cabbage, that he went to his Prayers once again for Another Change. His next Master was a Tanner; and there, over and above the Encrease of his Work, the very Trade went against his Stomach: For (says he) I have been only Pinch'd in my Flesh, and Well Rib-Roasted sometimes under my Former Masters; but I'm In now for Skin and All.

The MORAL.

A Man that is ever Shifting and Changing, is not, in truth, so Weary of his Condition, as of Himself; And he that still Carries about him the Plague of a Restless Mind, can never be pleas'd.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a High Point of Prudence for any Man to be Content with his Lot. For 'tis Forty to One that he that Changes his Condition out of a Present Impatience and Dissatisfaction, when he has try'd a New one, Wishes for his Old One again; and Briefly, the more we shift the Worse Commonly we are. This Arises from the Inconstancy of our Minds, and One Prayer does but make way for Another. Those People, in fine, that

are Destin'd to Drudgery may well Change their Masters; but never their Condition.

He that finds himself in any Distress either of Carcass or of Fortune, should do well to Deliberate upon the Matter, before he Prays for, or Resolves upon a Change. As for Example now, what is it that Troubles me? Is there any Help for't or no? What do I want? Is it Matter of Necessity or Superfluity? Where am I to look for't? How shall I come at it? &c.

Now All our Grievances are either of Body or of Mind, or (in Complication) of Both, and either the Remedy is in our Own Power, or it is not. There are some Things that we cannot do for our selves without the Help of Others: There are some Things again that Other People Cannot do for Us, nor are they any way else to be done but by Our selves. In the One Case we are to seek abroad for Relief, and in the other, Whoever Consults his Reason, and his Duty, will find a Certain Cure at Home: So that it goes a Great way in the Philosophy of Humane Life, to Understand the Just Measures of what we are Able to do, and what we are Oblidg'd to do, in Distinction from the Contrary; for Otherwise we shall spend our Days with *Aesop's* Ass in Hunting after Happiness where it is not to be found, without ever looking for't where it is. 'Tis allow'd us, to be sensible of Broken Limbs, and Diseas'd Bodies: And Common Prudence sends us to Surgeons and Physicians, to Piece, and Patch them up again. But in These Cases we Examine the Why, the What, and the How of Things, and Propose Means Accommodate to the End. 'Tis Natural to be Mov'd with Pain, and as Natural to Seek Relief; And it is well done at last, to do that which Nature bids us do; But for Imaginary Evils, Every Man may be his Own Doctor. They are Bred in our Affections, and we may Ease our selves. If the Question had been a Spavin, or a Gall'd Back, and the Ass had Petition'd to Jupiter for Another *Carrier*, it might have been a very Reasonable Request. Now if he had but Pitch'd upon such or such a Particular Master, it might have done well enough too: But to grow Weary of One Master, or of One Condition, and then to be presently Wishing in General Terms for Another: This is only an Inconsiderate Ejaculation thrown off at Random, without either Aim or Reason. Upon the Whole Matter, it is but laying our own Faults at the Door of Nature and Providence, while we Impute the Infirmities of our Minds to the Hardship of our Lot.

To proceed according to the Distribution of my Matter; it is much with Usin This Case, as it was with the Man that fell from his Horse and could not get up again. He was sure he was Hurt, he said, but could not tell Where. That is to say, first our Grievances are Fantastical where they are not Corporal. 2^{ly}. It is Another Error in us, that in All our Fantastical Disappointments, we have Recourse to Fantastical Remedies. 3^{ly}. Providence has Allotted Every Man a Competency for his State and Business. All beyond it is Superfluous, and there will be Grumbling without End, if we come to reckon upon't, that we want This or That because we Have it Not, instead of Acknowledging that we Have This or That, and that we want Nothing. These Things duly Weigh'd, what can be more Providential then the Blessing of having an *Antidote* within our selves against all the Strokes of Fortune! That is to say, in the Worst of Extremities, we have yet the Comfort left us of Constancy, Patience, and Resignation.

'Tis not for a Wife and an Honest Man, to stand Expostulating with the Nature of Things. As for Instance, Why should not I be This or That, or be so or so, as well He or T'other? But I should rather say to my self after This manner. Am not I the Creature of an Almighty Power; and is it not the same Power and Wisdom that Made and Order'd The World, that has assign'd me this Place, Rank or Station, in't? This Body, This Soul, This every Thing? What I am, I must be, and ther's no Contending with Invincible Necessity; No Disputing with an Incomprehensible Wildom: To say Nothing of the Impiety of Appealing from an Inexplicable Goodness. If I can Mend my Condition by any Warrantable Industry and Vertue, the VVay is Fair and Open; And That's a Priviledge that Every Reasonable Creature has in his Commission: But without Fixing upon some Certain Scope, and Prescribing Just and Honourable VVays to't, ther's Nothing to be done. 'Tis a VVicked Thing to Repine; and 'tis as Bootless, and Uneasy too; for One Restless Thought, Begets, and Punishes Another. VVe are not so Miserable in our Own VVants, as in what Others Enjoy: And then our Levity is as Great a Plague to us as our Envy, so that we need Nothing more then we have, but Thankfulness, and Submission, to make us Happy. It was not the Ground of the *Asses* Complaint, that it was VVorse with *Him* then with *Other Asses*; but because *Ire* was an *Ass*: And he was not so Sick of his *Master*, as of his *Work*. His Fortune was well enough for such an *Animal*, so long as he kept himself within his Proper Sphere and Bus'ness: But if the Stones in the VVall will be taking upon them to Reproach the Builder; and if Nothing will please People unless they be Greater then Nature ever Intended them; VVhat can they Expect, but the *Asses* Round of Vexatious Changes, and Experiments; and at last, when they have made Themselves VVeary and Ridiculous, e'en glad to set up their Rest upon the very Spot where they Started.

F A B. CCIX.

A *Troutan* and her *Maids*.

IT was the Way of a Good Housewifely Old Woman, to call up her *Maids* Every Morning just at the *Cock-Crowing*. The *VVenches* were loth to Rise so soon, and so they laid their Heads together, and Kill'd the Poor *Cock*: for, say they, if it were not for his Waking our *Dame*, she would not Wake us: But when the Good Woman's Clock was gone, she'd Mistake the Hour many times, and call 'em up at Midnight: So that instead of Mending the Matter, they found themselves in a Worse Condition Now then Before.

The

The M O R A L.

One Error makes way for another. First, we Complain of small things: Then we Shift, and instead of Mending the Matter, we find it Worse, till it comes at last to the Tinker's Work of Stopping One Hole, and making Ten.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Common Thing for People that are Uneasy, to fly to Remedies that are VVorse then the Disease; VVherefore Men should Deliberate before they Resolve; and say to Themselves, This we suffer at Present, and This or That we Propose to Get by such and such a Change; and so set the One against the Other. The *VVenches* were call'd up too Early, they thought, and so for fear of having too Little Sleep, they ran the Risque of having no Sleep at all. And it fares much at the same Rate in Publick Grievances that it does in Private; VVhen rather then bear the Importunity of a Flea-biting, we are apt to run our selves Hand over Head into a Bed of Scorpions; which is such another kind of an Expedient, as if a Body should Beat out his Brains to Cure the Head-Ack. Flesh and Blood is Naturally Impatient of Restraint; beside the Itch and Curiosity that we have, to be Prying and Searching into Forbidden Secrets; and to see (as one says) *What Good is in Evil*: 'Tis Natural to us to be VVeary of what we have, and still to be Hankering after something or other that we have Not: And so our Levity Pushes us on from One Vain Desire to Another, in a Regular Vicissitude, and Succession of Cravings and Satiety: VVe want (as I say) what we have not, and grow Sick on't when we have it. Now the VVise Man Clears the VVhole Matter to us, in Pronouncing *All things under the Sun* (That is to say, the Pomp, the Pleasures, and the Enjoyments of This VVorld) to be *Vanity of Vanities, and All, Vanity*. The Truth of it is, we Govern our Lives by Fancy, rather then by Judgment. VVe Mistake the Reasons of Things, and Impute the Issue of them to VVrong Causes. So that the Lesson given us here, is Preceptive to us, not to do any thing but upon due Consideration. The *VVenches* Kill'd the *Cock* for calling them up so soon, whereas the Crowing of the *Cock* was the Cause, in Truth, that they were call'd up no sooner.

F A B. CCX.

A *Lyon* and a *Goat*.

A *Lyon* spy'd a *Goat* upon the Crag of a High Rock, and so call'd out to him after this Manner: Hadst not thou better come Down now, says the *Lyon*, into This delicate Fine Meadow? Well, says the *Goat*, and so perhaps I would, if it were not for the *Lyon* that's there Before me: But I'm for a Life of Safety, rather then for a Life of Pleasure.
Your

Your Pretence is the Filling of My Belly with Good Grass, but your Bus'ness is the Cramming of your Own Guts with Good Goats-Flesh: So that 'tis for your Own Sake, not Mine, that you'd have me come down.

The MORAL.

There's no Trusting to the Formal Civilities and Invitations of an Enemy, and his Reasonings are but Snarcs when he pretends to Advise us for our Good.

REFLEXION.

HE that Advises another to his Own Advantage, may be very Reasonably Suspected to give Counsel for his Own Ends. It may so fall Out, 'tis True, as to be Profitable for Both: But all Circumstances would be Well Examin'd in such a Case before we Trust. This is the Song of your Men of Prey, as well as of your Beasts of Prey, when they Set up for the Good of the Goats and Common People. How many Fine Things have we had told us in the Memory of Man, upon the Subject of our Liberties, Properties, and Religion, and the Delivering of us from the Fears and Jealousies of Idolatry, and Arbitrary Power! And what was the Fruit of All This in the End, but Vision and Romance on the Promising Hand, and an Exchange of Imaginary Chains, for Real Locks and Bolts, on the Other: But *Æsop's* Beasts saw further into a Mill-stone than our Mobile: And that the *Lion's* Invitation of the Goat from the Rocks into the *Fool's Paradise* of a Delicate Sweet Meadow, signify'd no more in Plain English, than *Come down that I may Eat ye.*

F A B. CCXI.

A Vultur's Invitation.

THE Vultur took up a Fit of very Good Humour once, and Invited the Whole Nation of the Birds to make Merry with him, upon the Anniversary of his Birth-Day. The Company came; The Vultur shuts the Doors upon them, and Devours his Guests instead of Treating them.

The MORAL.

There's no Meddling with any Man that has neither Faith, Honour, nor Good Name in him.

RE-

REFLEXION.

'TIS Dangerous Trusting to specious Pretext of Civility and Kindness, where People are not well assur'd of the Faith and Good Nature of Those they have to do withall; In which case, the Butchery, and the Breach of Hospitality Represented in This Fable, under a Masque of Friendship, was no more, then what might Reasonably enough be Expected under such Circumstances. There are Men of Prey as well as Beasts and Birds of Prey, and for Those that Live upon, and Delight in Bloud, there's no Trusting of them: for let them pretend what they will, they Govern themselves, and take their Measures according to their Interests, and Appetites. 'Tis a Hard Case yet, for Men to be forc'd upon Ill Nature, in their Own Defence, and to suspect the Good Faith of Those, that give us All the Protestations and Assurance of Friendship, and Fair Dealing that One Man can give Another. Nay the very Suspicion is an Affront, and almost sufficient to Authorize some sort of Revenge. He that Violates the Necessary Trust and Confidence that One Man ought to Repose in Another, does what in Him lies, to Dissolve the very Bond of Humane Society; for there's no Treachery so Close, so Sure, and so Pernicious, as That which Works under a Veil of Kindness. We set Toyls, Nets, Gins, Snares, and Traps for Beasts and Birds 'tis True; and we Bait Hooks for Fishes; But All This is done in their Own Haunts, and Walks, and without any Seal of Faith and Confidence in the Matter: But to break the Laws of Hospitality, and Tenderness; To Betray our Guests under our Own Roofs, and to Murder them at our Own Tables; This is a Practice only for Men and Vulturs to be Guilty of.

F A B. CCXII.

Bustards and Cranes.

SOME Sports-men that were abroad upon Game, spy'd a Company of Bustards and Cranes a Feeding together, and so made in upon 'em as fast as their Horses could carry them. The Cranes that were Light, took Wing immediately, and sav'd themselves, but the Bustards were Taken; for they were Fat, and Heavy, and could not Shift so well as the Other.

The MORAL.

Light of Body and Light of Purse, comes much to a Case in Troublesome Times; Only the One saves himself by his Activity, and the Other scapes because he is not worth the Taking.

RE-

REFLEXION.

CAMERARIUS makes This to be an Emblem of the Taking of a Town, where the Poor scape better then the Rich ; for the One is let go, and the Other is Plunder'd and Coop'd up. But with Favour of the Moralists, it was not at the Fowler's Choice, which to Take, and which to Let go ; for the *Cranes* were too Nimble, and got away in spite of him : So that This Phantastic seems rather to Point at the Advantages that some have over Others, to make Better shift in the World then their Fellows, by a Felicity of Make, and Constitution, whether of Body or of Mind : Provided always, that they Play Fair, and Manage all Those Faculties with a Strict Regard to Common Honesty and Justice.

F A B. CCXIII.

Jupiter and an *Ape*.

Jupiter took a Fancy once to Summon all the Birds and Beasts under the Canopy of Heaven to appear before him with their Brats, and their Little ones, to see which of 'em had the prettiest Children : And who but the *Ape* to put herself Foremost, with a Brace of her *Cubbs* in her Arms, for the Greatest Beauties in the Company.

F A B. CCXIV.

An *Eagle* and an *Owl*.

A Certain *Eagle* that had a mind to be well serv'd, took up a Resolution of Preferring Those that she found most agreeable, for Person and Address ; and so there past an Order of Council for All Her Majesty's Subjects to bring their Children to Court. They came accordingly, and Every One in their Turn was for Advancing their Own : Till at last the *Owl* fell a Mopping, and Twinkling, and told Her Majesty, that if a Gracious Meen and Countenance might Entitle any of her Subjects to a Preference, she doubted not but her Brood would be look'd upon in the First Place ; for they were as like the Mother, as if they had been spit out of her Mouth. Upon this the Bord fell all into a Fit of Laughing, and call'd Another Cause.

The MORAL of the Two FABLES above.

No Body ever saw an Ill-favour'd Fool in the World yet, Man, or Woman, that had not a Good Opinion of its Own Wit and Beauty.

REFLEXION.

SELF Love is the Root of All the Vanities that are struck at in These Two Fables, and it is so Natural an Infirmity, that it makes us Partial even to Those that come of us, as well as to our selves : And then it is so Nicely Divided, betwixt Piety, Pride, and Weakness, that in Many Cases 'tis a hard Matter to Distinguish the One from the Other. 'Tis a Frailty for a Man to Think Better of his Children then they Deserve : But then there is an Impulse of Tenderness, and of Duty, that goes along with it, and there must be some sort of an Esteem in the Case too, for the setting of That In-bred Affection at Work. The Difficulty lies in the Moderating of the Matter, and in getting the True *Medium* betwixt being Wanting to our Own Flesh and Blood, once Remov'd, and Assuming too much to our selves. Let the Attachment be what it will, we must not suffer our Judgments to be either Perverted, Blinded, or Corrupted by any Partiality of Prepossession whatsoever.

The Moral here before us, Extends to the Fruits and Productions of the Brain, as well as of the Body ; and to Deformities in the Matter as well of Understanding, as of Shape. We are Taught here Principally, Two Things ; First, how Ridiculous it is for a Man to Dote upon *Fops* and *Buffoons*, though never so much the Issue of his Own Head and Loins ; And yet Secondly, How Prone we are to Indulge our Own Errors, Follies and Miscarriages, in Thought, Word, and Deed. The World has Abundance of these *Apes* and *Owls* in't : So that Whoever does but look about him, will find so many Living Illustrations of This Emblem, that more Words upon the Subject would be needless.

F A B L E S

O F

A N I A N U S, &c.

F A B. CCXV.

An Oak and a Willow.

THere happen'd a Controversie betwixt an *Oak* and a *Willow*, upon the Subject of Strength, Constancy and Patience, and which of the Two should have the Preference. The *Oak* Upbraided the *Willow*, that it was Weak and Wavering, and gave way to Every Blast. The *Willow* made no Other Reply, then that the next Tempest should Resolve That Question. Some very little while after This Dispute, it Blew a Violent Storm. The *Willow* Ply'd, and gave way to the Gust, and still recover'd it self again, without receiving any Damage: But the *Oak* was Stubborn, and chose rather to *Break* then *Bend*.

The M O R A L.

A Stiff and a Stubborn Obstinacy, is not so much Firmness, and Resolution, as Willfulness. A Wise and a Steady Man bends only in the Prospect of Rising again.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE are Many Cases, and Many Seasons; wherein, Men must either Bend or Break: But Conscience, Honour, and Good Manners, are first to be Consulted. When a Tree is Press'd with a strong Wind, the Branches may Yield, and yet the Root remain Firm. But Discretion is to Govern us, where and when we may be Allow'd to Temporize, and where and when not. When Bending or Breaking is the Question, and Men have No Other Choice before them, then either of Complying, or of being Undone; 'tis No Easie Matter to Distinguish, Where, When, How, or to What Degree, to Yie'd to the importunity of the Occasion, or the Diffi-

culty of the Times. It is a Certain Rule, 'tis true (but a General One) That *No Ill is to be done: that Good may come of it*: Now the Point will be at last, what's *Simply Good* or *Evil*; What in the *Contemplation*; and how far the *Intention*, or the *Probable Consequences* of such, or such an *Action*, may *Qualifie* the *Case*: Taking This *Consideration* along with us too, that we are under a *Great Temptation* to be *Partial* in favour of our selves, in the *Matter* of *Eate*, *Profit*, or *Safety*.

The *First Point* to be *Preserv'd Sacred*, and from whence a *Man* is never to *Depart*, though for the *Saving* of his *Life*, *Liberty*, *Popular Credit*, or *Estate*; That *First Point*, I say, is *Conscience*. Now All *Duties* are *Matter of Conscience*, resp. *Dively* to the *Subject* that they are *Exercis'd* upon; Only with This *Restriction*, that a *Superior Obligation Discharges*, or at least *Suspends* the *Force* of an *Inferior*: As to such a *Circumstance* for the *Purpose*, such a *Degree*, or such a *Saton*. Now there are other *Niceries* also, as of *Honour*, *Decency*, and *Discretion*, *Humanity*, *Modesty*, *Respect*, &c. that *Border* even upon the *Indispensable Tyes* of *Religion* it self; and though they are *Not Matter of Conscience*, *Simply*, and *Apart*, they are yet so *Restrictively*, with a *Regard* to *Other Considerations*: That is to say, though they are *Not so* in the *Abstract*, they *Become so* by *Affinity* and *Connexion*: And such *Civil Matters* they are, as fall within the *Purlews* of *Religion*. There are *Tryals* of *Men*, as well as *Tryals* of *Trees*. *Storms* or *Inundations* are the same *Thing* to the *One*, that the *Iniquity* of such or such an *Age*, or *Conjuncture*, is to the *Other*. Now 'tis not *Courage* but *Stomack*, that makes many *People Break*, rather than they will *Bend*; even though a *Yielding* upon that *Puntillo* (and with a *Good Conscience* too) might perhaps have sav'd a *State*. *Fractures* *Undoubtedly* are *Dangerous*, where the *Publick* is to be *Crush'd* under the *Ruine*: But yet after All This *Discanting*, and *Modifying* upon the *Matter*, there's no less *Hazzard* on the *Yielding* side too, then there is on the *other*. *Men may be Stiff* and *Obstinate*, upon a *Wrong Ground*, and *Men may Ply*, and *Truckle* too, upon as *False a Foundation*. Our *Bodies may be forc'd*, but our *Minds* *Cannot*: So that *Humane Frailty* is *No Excuse* for a *Criminal Immorality*. Where the *Law of God* and *Nature* *Obliges* me, the *Plea of Humane Frailty* can *Never Discharge* me. There's as much *Difference* betwixt *Bending* and *Sinking*, as there is betwixt *Breaking* and *Bending*. There must be no *Contending* with *Insuperable Powers* on the *One Hand*, and no *Departing* from *Indispensable Duties* on the *Other*: Nor is it the *Part*, either of a *Christian*, or of a *Man*, to *Abandon* his *Post*. Now the *Just Medium* of This *Case* lies betwixt the *Pride*, and the *Abjection* of the *Two Extrems*. As the *Willow*, for the *Purpose*, *Bows*, and *Recovers*, and the *Resignation* is *Crown'd* and *Reward'd* in the *Success*. The *Oak* is *Stubborn*, and *Inflexible*, and the *Punishment* of that *Stiffness*, is *One Branch* of the *Allegory* of This *Fable*.

F A B.

F A B. CCVI.

A Fisherman and a Little Fish.

AS an *Angler* was at his *Sport*, he had the *Hap* to *Draw* up a *very Little Fish* from among the *Fry*. The *Poor Wretch* begg'd heartily to be *thrown* in again; for, says he, I'm *not come* to my *Growth* yet, and if you'll let me *alone* till I am *Bigger*, Your *Purchase* will *turn* to a *Better Account*. Well! says the *Man*, but I'd rather have a *Little Fish* in *Possession*, then a *Great One* in *Reversion*.

The MORAL.

'Tis *Wisdom* to take what we *May*, while 'tis to be *Had*, even if it were but for *Mortality* sake.

REFLEXION.

THERE's no *Parting* with a *Certainty* for an *Uncertainty*. But This *Fable* is *abundantly Moraliz'd* Elsewhere.

F A B. CCXVII.

An Ant and a Grasshopper.

AS the *Ants* were *Airing* their *Provisions* *One Winter*, Up comes a *Hungry Grasshopper* to 'em, and begs a *Charity*. They told him that he should have *Wrought* in *Summer*, if he would not have *Wanted* in *Winter*. Well, says the *Grasshopper*, but I was not *Idle* neither; for I *Sung* out the *Whole Season*. Nay then, said they, You shall e'en do *Well* to make a *Merry Year* on't, and *Dance* in *Winter* to the *Tune* that You *Sung* in *Summer*.

The MORAL.

A *Life of Sloth* is the *Life of a Brute*; but *Action* and *Industry* is the *Business* of a *Great*, a *Wise*, and a *Good Man*.

R E.

REFLEXION.

HERE's a Reproof to Men of Sensuality, and Pleasure. The Moral Preaches Industry, and Beats down Sloth; and Shews that After-wit is Nothing Worth. It must be an Indutrious Youth that provides against the Inconveniencies, and Necessities of Old Age; And he that Fools away the One, must either Beg or Starve in the Other. *Go to the Ant thou Sluggard;* (says the *Wise Man*) which in Few Words Summs up the Moral of This Fable. 'Tis Hard to say of Laziness, or Luxury, whether it be the more Scandalous, or the more Dangerous Evil. The very Soul of the Slothful, does Effectually bur lie Drowning in his Body, and the Whole Man is Totally given up to his Senses: Whereas the Profit and the Comfort of Industry, is Substantial, Firm, and Lasting: The Blessings of Security and Plenty go along with it, and it is never out of Season. What's the *Grafshopper's* Entertainment now, but a Summers Song? A Vain, and an Empty Pleasure? Let it be Understood however, that we are not to Pass *Avarice* upon the World under the Title of *Good Husbandry*, and *Thrift*: and under That Cover to Extinguish *Charity* by not Distributing the Fruits of it. We are in the First Place, to Consult our Own Necessities, but we are Then to Consider in the Second Place, that the Necessities of our Neighbours have a Christian Right to a Part of what we have to Spare. For the Common Offices of Humanity, are as much Duties of *Self-Preservation*, as what Every *Individual* Contributes to its Own Well-Being. It is in short, the Great Interest and Obligation of *Particulars*, to Advance the Good of the *Community*.

The Strefs of This Moral lies upon the Preference of Honest Labour to Idleness; and the Refusal of Relief on the One Hand, is intended only for a Reproof to the Inconsiderate Loss of Opportunity on the Other. This does not hinder yet, but that the *Ants*, out of their Abundance, ought to have Reliev'd the *Grafshopper* in her Distress, though 'twas her Own Fault that Brought her to't: For if One Man's Faults could Discharge Another Man of his Duty, there would be no longer any Place left for the Common Offices of Society. To Conclude, We have our Failings, Every Mothers Child of us, and the Improvidence of my Neighbour mult not make Me Inhumane. The *Ant* did well to *Reprove* the *Grafshopper* for her *Slothfulness*; but she did ill then to refuse her a *Charity* in her *Distress*.

F A B.

F A B. CCXVIII.

A Bull and a Goat.

A Bull that was Hard Press'd by a *Lyon*, ran directly toward a *Goat-Stall*, to Save Himself. The *Goat* made Good the Door, and Head to Head Disputed the Passage with him. Well! says the *Bull*, with Indignation, If I had not a more Dangerous Encmy at my Heels, then I have Before me, I should soon Teach you the Difference betwixt the Force of a *Bull*, and of a *Goat*.

The MORAL.

'Tis no Time to Stand Quarrelling with Every Little Fellow, when Men of Power are Pursuing us upon the Heel to the very Death.

REFLEXION.

IT is Matter of Prudence, and Necessity; for People in many Cases to put up the Injuries of a Weaker Enemy, for fear of Incurring the Displeasure of a Stronger. *Baudoin* fancies the *Bull* to be the Emblem of a Man in Distress, and the *Goat* insulting over him; and *Moralizes* upon it after This Manner. [There's Nothing that a Courtier more Dreads and Abhors, then a Man in Disgrace; and he is presently made All the Fools and Knaves in Nature up to: For He that's Unfortunate is Consequently Guilty of All manner of Crimes.] He Applies This Character to those that Persecute Widows and Orphans, and Trample upon the Afflicted; though not with out some Violence Me-thinks, to the Genuine Intent of This Figure; for the *Goat* was only *Passive*; and his Bus'ness was, without any Insolence, or Injustice, to Defend his free-Hold.

F A B. CCXIX.

A Nurse and a Wolfe.

AS a *Wolfe* was Hunting up and down for his Supper, he pass'd by a Door where a Little Child was Bawling, and an Old Woman Chiding it. *Leave your Vixen-Tricks*, says the *Woman*, or *I'll throw ye to the Wolfe*. The *Wolfe* Over-heard her, and Waited a pretty While, in hope the *Woman* would be as good as her Word; but No Child coming, away goes the *Wolfe* for That Bout. He took his Walk the Same Way again toward the Evening, and the Nurse he found had Chang'd her Note; for she

she was Then Muzzling, and Cokcing of it. *That's a Good Dear,* says she, *If the Wolfe comes for My Child, We'll e'en Beat his Brains out.* The Wolfe went Muttering away upon't. There's No Meddling with People, says he, that say One Thing and Mean Another.

The M O R A L.

'Tis Fear more then Love that makes Good Men, as well as Good Children, and when Fair Words, and Good Council will not Prevail upon us, we must be Frighted into our Duty.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Heart and Tongue of a Woman are commonly a Great way asunder. And it may bear Another Moral; which is, that 'tis with Froward Men, and Froward Factions too; as 'tis with Froward Children, They'll be sooner Quieted by Fear, and Rough Dealing, then by any Sense of Duty or Good Nature. There would be no Living in This World without *Penal Laws,* and *Conditions.* And *Do or Do not,* This or That at Your Peril, is as Reasonable, and Necessary in Families as it is in Governments. It is a Truth Imprinted in the Hearts of All Mankind, that the *Gibbets,* *Pillories,* and the *Whipping Posts* make more *Converts* then the *Pulpits*: As the *Child* did more here for *fear* of the *Wolfe,* then for the *Love* of the *Nurse.*

F A B. CCXX.

An Eagle and a Tortoise.

A *Tortoise* was thinking with himself, how Irksome a Fort of Life it was, to spend All his Days in a Hole, with a House upon his Head, when so many Other Creatures had the Liberty to Divert Themselves in the Free, Fresh Air, and to Ramble about at Pleasure. So that the Humor took him One Day, and he must needs get an *Eagle* to teach him to Fly. The *Eagle* would fain have put him off, and told him, 'twas a Thing against Nature, and Common Sense; but (according to the Freak of the Wilful Part of the World) the More the One was Against it, the More the Other was For it: And when the *Eagle* saw that the *Tortoise* would not be said *Nay,* she took him up a matter of *Steeple-high* into the Air, and there turn'd him Loose to shift for Himself. That is to say; she dropt him down, *Squab* upon a Rock, that Dash'd him to Pieces.

The M O R A L.

Nothing can be either Safe, or Easy that's Unnatural.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS shews us, how Unnatural a Vanity it is, for a Creature that was Made for One Condition, to Aspire to Another. The *Tortoises* Place was upon the Sands, nor among the Stars; and if he had kept to his Station, he would have been in No Danger of Falling. Many a Fool has Good Council Offer'd him, that has not either the Wit, or the Grace to Take it; and his Willfulness commonly Ends in his Ruine.

Every thing in Nature has it's Appointed Place, and Condition, and there's No putting a Force upon any thing, contrary to the Bials and Intent of it's Institution. What Bus'ness has a *Tortoise* among the Clouds? Or why may not the Earth it self as well Cover a Higher Place, as any Creature that's Confin'd to't? It is, in short, a Silly, an Extravagant, and in Truth, so Impious a Fancy, that there can hardly be a Greater Folly then to Wish, or but so much as to suppose it: But there's an Ambition in Mean Creatures, as well as in Mean Souls. So many Ridiculous Uplifts as we find Promoted in the World, we may imagine to be so many *Tortoises* in the Air; and when they have Flutter'd there a While, like *Paper Kites,* for the Boys to stare at, He that took them up, grows either Asham'd, or Weary of them, and so lets them Drop again; and, with the Devil Himself, e'en leaves them where he found them. This may serve to put a Check to the Vanity and Folly of an Unruly Ambition; that's Deaf, not only to the Advice of Friends, but to the Councils and Monitions of the very Spirit of Reason it self: For Flying without Wings is All one with Working without Means. We see a Thousand Instances in the World, Every jot as Ridiculous as This in the Fable. That is to say, of Men that are Made for One Condition, and yet Affect Another. What Signifies the Fiction of *Phaeton* in the Chariot of the *Sun*? The *Frog* vying Bulk with an *Oxe*; or the *Tortoise* Riding upon the Wings of the Wind; but to Prescribe Bounds and Measures to our Exorbitant Passions; and at the same time, to shew us upon the Issue that All Unnatural Pretensions are Attended with a Certain Ruine?

F A B. CCXXI.

An Old Crab and a Young.

C *Child,* (says the *Mother*) You must Use your self to Walk Streight, without Skewing, and Shailing so Every Step you set: Pray *Mother* (says the *Young Crab*) do but set the Example your self, and I'll follow ye.

F A B. CCXXII.

The Goose and Goffelin.

WHY do you go Nodding and Wagging so like a Fool, as if you were *Hipshot*? says the *Goose* to her *Goffelin*. The *Young One* try'd to Mend it, but Could not; and so the *Mother* ty'd Little Sticks to her Legs, to keep her Upright: But the *Little One* Complain'd then, that she could neither Swim, nor Dabble with 'em. Well, says the *Mother*, Do but hold up your Head at least. The *Goffelin* Endeavour'd to do That too; but upon the Stretching out of her Long Neck, she complain'd that she could not see the Way before her: Nay then, says the *Goose*, if it will be no Better, e'en carry your Head and your Feet, as your Elders have done before ye.

The MORAL of the TWO FABLES above.

All Examples Corrupt even the Best Dispositions, but we must Distinguish betwixt Natural and Moral Actions.

R E F L E X I O N.

IT is Time Lost to Advise Others to do what we either Do not, or Can not do Our Selves. There's no Crossing of Nature; but the Best way is to rest Contented with the Ordinary Condition of Things. 'Tis but so much Labour thrown away, to Attempt the Altering of Instincts, or the Curing of Ill Habits.

Example Works a great Deal more then Precept; for Words without Practice, are but Councils without Effect. When we do as we say, 'tis a Confirmation of the Rule; but when our Lives and Doctrines do not Agree, it looks as if the Lesson were either too Hard for us, or the Advice not worth the While to Follow. We should see to Mend our Own Manners, before we Meddle to Reform our Neighbours, and not Condemn Others for what we do our Selves: Especially where they follow the Nature of their Kind, and in so doing, Do as they Ought to do. Let Every thing Move, March, and Govern it self, according to the Proper Disposition of the Creature; for it would be Every Jot as Incongruous, for a *Crab* to Walk like a *Man*, as for a *Man* to Walk like a *Crab*. This may be apply'd to the Lessons that are given us for the Ordering of our Lives and Families. But above All Things, Children should not be Betray'd into the Love and Practice of any thing that is Amis, by Setting Evil Examples before them; for their Talent is only Imitation; and 'tis ill Trusting Methinks in such a Case, without a Judgment to Distinguish.

This Allegory may pass for a very Good Lecture to Governors, Parents, and Tutors, to behave themselves Reverently both in Word and Deed, before their Pupils, with a kind of Awful Tenderness for

the Innocency and Simplicity of Youth. For Examples of Vices, or Weaknesses, have the same Effect upon Children, with Examples of Vertue; Nay, it holds in Publick too as well as in Private, that the Words and Actions of our Superiors have the Authority and Force of a Recommendation. *Regis ad Exemplum*, is so True, that 'tis Morally Impossible to have a Sober People under a Mad Government. For where Lewdness is the Way to Preferment, Men are Wicked by Interest, as well as by Imitation: But to Return to the Streets of the Fable, Let a *Goose* Walk like a *Goose*; and leave Nature to do her Own Business her Own Way.

F A B. CCXXIII.

The Sun and the Wind.

THERE happen'd a Controversie betwixt the *Sun* and the *Wind*, which was the Stronger of the Two; and they put the Point upon This Issue: There was a Traveller upon the Way, and which of the Two could make That Fellow Quit his Cloak should carry the Cause. The *Wind* fell presently a Storming, and threw Hail-Shot over and above in the very Teeth of him. The Man Wraps himself up, and keeps Advancing still in spite of the Weather: But this Gust in a short Time Blew over; and then the *Sun* Brake out; and fell to Work upon him with his Beams; but still he Pushes forward, Sweating, and Panting, till in the End he was forc'd to Quit his Cloak, and lay himself down upon the Ground in a Cool Shade for his Relief: So that the *Sun*, in the Conclusion, carry'd the Point.

The MORAL.

Reason and Resolution will Support a Man against All the Violences of Malice and Fortune; but in a Wallowing Qualm, a Man's Heart and Resolution fails him, for want of Fit Matter to Work upon.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Part of Good Discretion in All Contests, to Consider over and over, the Power, the Strength, and the Interest of our Adversary; and likewise again, that though One Man may be more Robust then Another, That Force may be Baffled yet by Skill and Address. It is in the Business of Life as it is in a Storm, or a Calm at Sea: The Blast may be Impetuous; but seldom lasts long; and though the Vessel be Press'd never so Hard, a Skilful Steers-man will yet bear up against it: But in a Dead Calm, a Man loses Spirits, and lies in a Manner Expos'd, as the Scorn and Spectacle of Ill Fortune.

F A B. CCXXIV.

An Ass in a Lyon's Skin.

THERE was a Freak took an Ass in the Head, to Scour a broad upon the Ramble; and away he goes into the Woods, Masquerading up and down in a Lyon's Skin. The World was his Own for a while, and where-ever he went, Man and Beast Fled before him: But he had the Hap in the Conclusion, partly by his Voice, and partly by his Ears, to be Discover'd, and consequently Uncas'd, well Laugh'd at, and well Cudgell'd for his Pains.

The M O R A L.

The World abounds in Terrible Fanfarons, in the Masque of Men of Honour: But these Braggadocio's are Easie to be Detected; for no Counterfeit of any Good Quality of Vertue whatsoever, will abide the Test.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE's Nothing more Frequent, or more Ridiculous in the World then for an Ass to Dress himself up like a Lyon: A Duncce sets up for a Doctor; a Beggar for a Man of Estate; a Scoundrel for a Cavalier; a Poltron for a Sword man: But Every Fool still has some Mark or other to be Known by, thorough All Disguises; and the More he takes upon him, the Arranter So he makes Himself, when he comes to be Unmasqu'd.

Every Fool, or Fools Fellow, carries More or Less, in his Face, the Signature of his Manners, though the Character may be much more Legible in some, then in Others; As the Ass was found out by his Voice, and by his Ears. Let him keep his Words betwixt his Teeth, and he may pass Muster perhaps for a Man of some Sense; but if he comes to Open once, he's Lost: For Nature never put the Tongue of a Philosopher into the Mouth of a Coxcomb: But however, let him be, in truth, what he Will, he is yet so Conscious of what he Ought to be, that he makes it his Bus'ness to pass for what he is not: And in the Matter of Counterfeits, it is with Men, as it is with False Money: One Piece is more or less Passable then Another, as it happens to have more or less Sense, or Sterling in the Mixture. One General Mark of an Impostor, is This; That he Out-does the Original; As the Ass here in the Lyon-Skin, made Fifty times more Clutter then the Lyon would have done in his Own; And Himself Fifty times the more Ridiculous for the Disguise.

If a Man turn his Thoughts now from This Fancy in the Forrest, to the Sober Truth of Daily Experience in the World, he shall find Asses in the Skins of Men, Infinitely more Contemprible then This Ass in the Skin of a Lyon. How many Terrible Asses have we seen in the Garb of Men of Honour! How many Insipid, and Illiterate Fops, that take upon them to Retail Politiques, and sit for the Picture of Men of State! How

many

many Judas's with Hail Master in their Mouths! How many Church-Robbers that Write themselves Reformers! In One Word, Men do Naturally love to be thought Greater, Wiser, Holier Braver, and Juster then they Are; and in fine, Better Qualify'd in All Those Faculties that may give them Reputation among the People, then we find 'em to be.

The Moral of This Fable Hits all sorts of Arrogant Pretenders, and runs Effectually into the Whole Bus'ness of Humane Life. We have it in the very Cabinets, and Councils of State, the Bar, the Bench, the Change, the Schools, the Pulpits, All Places, in short, are full of Quacks, Jugglers and Plagiaries, that set up for Men of Quality, Conscience, Philosophy, and Religion. So that there are Asses with Short Ears, as well as with Long, and in Robes of Silk and Dignity, as well as in Skins of Hair. In Conclusion, An Ass of the Long Robe, when he comes once to be Detected, looks Infinitely Sillier, then he would have done in his own Shape: Neither is Ass's Ass Laugh'd at here for his Ears, or for his Voice, but for his Vanity, and Pretence; for T'other is but according to his own Kind and Nature; and Every thing is Well and Best, while it Continues to be as God made it.

F A B. CCXXV.

A Fox and a Worm.

A Worm put forth his Head out of a Dunghil, and made Proclamation of his Skill in Physick. Pray, says the Fox, Begin with your Own Infirmities before you Meddle with other Peoples.

The M O R A L.

Physician Cure thy Self.

R E F L E X I O N.

SA Y I N G and Doing are Two Things. *Physician Cure thy Self*, Preaches to us upon This Fable. Every Man does Best in his own Trade, and the Cobler is not to go beyond his Last. We have of These Dunghil-Pretenders, in All Professions, and but too many of them that Thrive upon their Arrogance. If This Worm had met with an Ass to Encourage his Vanity, instead of a Fox to Correct it, he might have been Advanc'd to a Doctor of the College perhaps: Or to some more Considerable Post of Honour, either in Church or State.

F A B.

F A B. CCXXXVI.

A Curs'd Dog.

There was a very Good *House-Dog*, but so Dangerous a Cur to Strangers, that his Master put a *Bell* about his Neck, to give People Notice before-hand when he was a Coming. The *Dog* took this *Bell* for a Particular Mark of his Master's *Favour*, till One of his Companions shew'd him his Mistake: You are Mightily Out (says he) to take this for an Ornament, or a Token of Esteem, which is in truth, no Other then a Note of Infamy set upon you for your Ill Manners.

The M O R A L.

This may serve for an Admonition to Those that make a Glory of the Marks of their Shame, and Value themselves upon the Reputation of an Ill Character.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS a Bad World, when the Rules and Measures of Good and Evil, are either Inverted; or Mistaken; and when a Brand of Infamy passes for a Badge of Honour. But the Common People do not Judge of Vice or Vertue, by the Morality, or the Immorality of the Matter, so much as by the Stamp that is set upon't by Men of President and Figure. What's more Familiar than an Ostentation of Wickedness; where Impiety has the Reputation of Vertue? As in the Excesses of Wine, and Women, and the Vanity of bearing up against all the Laws of God and Man. When Lewdness comes once to be a Fashion, it has the Credit in the World that other Fashions have; as we see many times an Affectation even of Deformity it self, where some Exemplary Defect has brought that Deformity to be a Mode. The Fancy of This *Dog* was somewhat like the *French Woman's Freak*, that stood up for the Honour of her Family: *Her Coat was Quarter'd*, she said, *with the Arms of France*; which was so far True, that she had the *Flower-de-Luce* Stamp'd, we must not say *Branded* upon her Shoulder.

FAB.

F A B. CCXXXVII.

Two Friends and a Bear.

TWO Friends that were Travelling together, had the Fortune to Meet a *Bear* upon the Way. They found there was no Running for't. So the One Whips up a Tree, and the Other throws himself Flat with his Face upon the Ground. The *Bear* comes directly up to him, Muzzles, and Smells to him; puts his Nose to his Mouth, and to his Ears, and at last, taking for Granted that 'twas only a Carcass, there he leaves him. The *Bear* was no sooner gone; but Down comes his Companion, and ask'd him, what it was the *Bear* Whisper'd him in the Ear. He bad me have a Care, says he, how I keep Company with those, that when they find themselves upon a Pinch, will leave their Friends in the Lurch.

The M O R A L.

Every Man for Himself, and God for us All.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable has in a Few Words a Great many Useful, and Instructive Morals. The Man upon the Tree Preaches to us upon the Text of [*Charity begins at Home*] According to the False and Perverse Practice of the World when their Companions are in Distress. The *Bear* passes a Judgment upon the Abandoning of a Friend in a Time of Need, as an Offence both to Honour and Vertue; And moreover, Cautions us, above All Things, to have a Care what Company we keep. There's no Living in This World without Friendship; No Society; No Security without it; Besides that, the Only Tryal of it is in Adversity. And yet nothing Commoner in times of Danger, then for States-men, Sword-men, Church-men, Law-men, and in truth, all sorts of Men, more or less, to leave their Masters, Leaders, or Friends, to *Bears* and *Tygers*; Shew them a Fair pair of Heels for't, and cry, *The Devil Take the Hindmost*.

FAB.

F A B. CCXXVIII.

A Horse-man's Whig Blown off.

THere was a *Horse-man* had a Cap on with a *False Head of Hair* Tack'd to't. There comes a Puff of Wind, and Blows off *Cap and Whig together*. The People made sport, he saw, with his Bald Crown, and so very fairly he put In with them to Laugh for Company. Why Gentlemen (says he) would you have me keep other Peoples Hair Better then I did my Own.

The MORAL.

Many a Man would be Extremely Ridiculous, if he did not Spoil the Jest by Playing upon Himself first.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Turn of Art, in many Cases, either of Deformity, or Mischance, where a Man lies open to a Reproach to Anticipate an Abuse, and to make Sport with Himself first. A Man may be Shame-Fac'd, and a Woman, Modest, to the Degree of Scandalous. I knew a Lady had one of the most Bashful, Scrupulous Persons to her Daughter that ever was Born. Well, says she, *I am mightily afraid, This Girl will prove a Whore; for she is so Infinitely Modest, that in my Conscience, if any Man should ever Ask her the Question, she would not have the Face to Deny him.* A Frank Easy way of Openness and Candor agrees Best with All Humours; and He that's Over-solicitous to Conceal a Thing, does as good as make Proclamation of it. Wherefore the *Horse-man* here *Laugh'd first*; and so Prevented the Jest.

F A B. CCXXIX.

Two Pots.

THere were *Two Pots* that stood near One Another by the Side of a River, the One of *Brass*, and the Other of *Clay*. The Water overflow'd the Banks, and Carry'd them Both away: The *Earthen Vessel* kept Aloof from T'other, as much as Possible. Fear Nothing, says the *Brass Pot*, I'll do you No Hurt: No, No, says T'other, not willingly; but if we should happen to Knock by Chance, 'twould be the same Thing to Me: So that You and I shall never do well together.

The

The MORAL.

Unequal Fellowships and Alliances are Dangerous. Not but that Great and Small, Hard, and Brittle, Rich and Poor, may sort Well enough together so long as the Good Humour Lasts; but wherever there are Men there will be Clashing some time or other, and a Knock, or a Contest spoils All.

REFLEXION.

THERE can be no True Friendship, properly so Call'd, but betwixt Equals. The Rich and the Poor, the Strong and the Weak will never agree together: For there's Danger on the One side, and None on the Other, and 'tis the Common Interest of All Leagues and Societies, to have the Respective Parties Necessary to One Another. And there needs no Ill Will, or Malice neither, to do the Mischief, but the Disparity, or Disproportion Alone is enough to do the Work. The same Quantity of Wine that makes One Man Drunk, will not Quench Another Man's Thirst. The same Expence that breaks One Man's Back is not a Flea-biting to Another: Wherefore, Men should sort themselves with their Equals; for a Rich Man that Converfes upon the Square with a Poor Man, shall as certainly Undoe him, as a *Brass Pot* shall break an *Earthen* One, if they Meet and Knock together.

F A B. CCXXX.

GOOD Luck and BAD Luck.

THere was a Middling sort of a Man that was left well enough to pass by his Father, but could never think he had enough, so long as any Man had more. He took Notice what Huge Estates many Merchants got in a very short Time; and so Sold his Inheritance, and betook himself to a way of Traffique and Commerce. Matters succeeded so Wonderfully well with him, that Every body was in Admiration to see how Mighty Rich he was grown all on a Sudden. *VVhy Ay, says he, This 'tis when a Man Understands his Business; for I have done all This by my Industry.* It would have been well if he had stopt there: But Avarice is Insatiable, and so he went Pushing on still for More; till, what by Wrecks, Bankrupts, Pyrates, and I know not how many other Disappointments, One upon the Neck of Another, he was reduc'd in Half the Time that he was a Rising, to a Morfel of Bread. Upon these Miscarriages, People were at him over, and over

E c

again,

again, to know how This came About. Why says he, My Damn'd *Fortune* would have it so. *Fortune* happen'd to be at That Time within Hearing, and told him in his Ear, that he was an Arrogant, Ungrateful Clown; To Charge Her with All the Evil that Befell him, and to take the Good to Himself.

F A B. CCXXXI.

A Country-man and Fortune.

AS a Labourer was at his Work a Digging, he Chops his Spade upon a Pot of Money; Takes it up, Blesses the Place where he found it, and away he goes with his Treasure. It so fell out, that *Fortune* Saw and Heard All that was Past, and so she call'd out to him upon the Way. Heark ye Friend, says she; You are very Thankful, I perceive, to the Place where you found This Money; but 'tis the *Jade Fortune*, I warrant ye, that's to be Claw'd away for't: if you should happen to Lose it again. Pray tell me now why should not you Thank *Fortune* for the *One*, as well as *Curse* her for the *Other*.

F A B. CCXXXII.

An Old Woman and the Devil.

THIS a Common Practicce, when People draw Mischiefs upon their Own Heads, to cry, *the Devil's in't*, and *the Devil's in't*. Now the *Devil* happen'd to spy an *Old Woman* upon an Apple-Tree. Look ye (says he) You shall see that *Bedlam* Catch a Fall there by and by, and Break her Bones, and then say 'twas all long of me. Pray Good People will you bear me Witness, that I was none of her Adviser. The *Woman* got a Tumble, as the *Devil* said she would, and there was she at it. *The Devil* Ought her a *Shame*, and *the Devil* put her upon't: But the *Devil* Clear'd himself by sufficient Evidence, that he had no Hand in't at all.

F A B.

F A B. CCXXXIII.

A Boy and Fortune.

THEre was a Boy fast asleep upon the very Brink of a River. *Fortune* came to him, and wak'd him. Child, says she, prethee get up, and go thy ways, thou' Tumble in and be Drown'd else, and then the Fault will be laid upon Me.

The Moral of the Four Fables Above.

We are apt to Ascribe our Successes in This World, and to Impute our Misfortunes, to Wrong Causes. We Assume the One to our Selves, and Charge the Other upon Providence.

REFLEXION.

THESE Four Fables run upon the same Bias; That is to say, the Moral is a Lash at the Vanity of Artogating That to our selves, which succeeds Well, and Ingratitude of making Providence the Author of Evil, which seldom escapes without a Judgment in the Tayle on't. But our Hearts are so much set upon the Value of the Benefits we receive, that we never Think of the Bestower of them, and so our Acknowledgments are commonly paid to the Second Hand, without any Regard to the Principal. We run into Mistakes, and Misfortunes, of our Own Accord; and then when we are once Hamper'd, we lay the Blame of our Own Faults and Corruptions upon Others. This is much the Humour of the World too in Common Business. If any thing Hits, we take it to our Selves; if it Miscarries, we shuffle it off to our Neighbours. This Arises, partly from Pride, and in part from a Certain Canker'd Malignity of Nature. Nay rather than Impute our Miscarriages and Disappointments to our Own Corruptions, or Fraillities, we do not Stick to Arraign Providence it self, though under Another Name, in all our Exclamations against the Rigour, and the Iniquity of *Fortune*. Now this *Fortune* in the *Fable*, is Effectually, *God Himself*, in the *Moral*. We are apt to Value our selves upon our Own Strength and Abilities, and to Entitle Carnal Reason to the very Works of Grace: And where any thing goes Wrong with us, we lay our Faults, as we do our Bastards, at Other Peoples Doors. This or That was not well done, we say, but alas it was none of our Fault. We did it by Constraint, Advice, Importunity, or the Authority perhaps of Great Examples, and the Like. At This rate do we Palliate our Own Weaknesses and Corruptions, and at the same Rate do We likewise Assume to our selves Other Peoples Merits. The Thing to be done, in this, is to Correct the Arrogance of Claiming to our selves the Good that does not belong to us on the One Hand, and of Imputing to our Neighbours the Ill that they are not Guilty of, on the Other. This is the Sum of the Doctrine that's Pointed at in the Case and Custom of Dividing our Miscarriages betwixt *Fortune* and the *Devil*.

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F A B.

F A B. CCXXXIV.

A Peacock and a Crane.

AS a Peacock and a Crane were in Company together, the Peacock spreads his Tail, and Challenges the Other, to shew him such a Fan of Feathers. The Crane, upon This, Springs up into the Air, and calls to the Peacock to Follow him if he could. You brag of your Plumes, says he, that are fair indeed to the Eye, but no way Useful or Fit for any manner of Service.

The M O R A L.

Heaven has provided not only for our Necessities, but for our Delights and Pleasures too; but still the Blessings that are most Useful to us, must be preferred before the Ornaments of Beauty.

R E F L E X I O N.

N O Man is to be Despis'd for any Natural Infirmity, or Defect; for Every Man has something or other in him of Good too, and That which One Man Wants, Another Has. And it is all according to the Good Pleasure of Providence. Nature is pleas'd to Entertain her self with Variety. Some of her Works are for Ornament, others for the Use and Service of Mankind. But they have All Respectively, their Proprieties, and their Virtues; for she does nothing in Vain. The Peacock Values himself upon the Gracefulness of his Train. The Crane's Pride is in the Rankness of her Wing; Which are only Two Excellencies in several Kinds. Take them apart, and they are Both Equally Perfect: but Good Things Themselves have their Degrees, and That which is most Necessary and Useful, must be Allow'd a Preference to the Other.

F A B. CCXXXV.

A Tyger and a Fox.

AS a Huntsman was upon the Chace, and the Beasts flying before him; Let Me alone, says a Tyger, and I'll put an end to This War my self: At which Word, he Advanced towards the Enemy in his Single Person. The Resolution was no sooner Taken, but he found himself Struck through the Body with an Arrow. He fasten'd upon it presently with his Teeth, and while he was Trying to Draw it out, a Fox Ask'd him, from what Bold Hand it was that he Receiv'd
This

This Wound. I know Nothing of That, says the Tyger, but by the Circumstances, it should be a Man.

The M O R A L.

There's No Opposing Brutal Force to the Stratagems of Human Reason.

R E F L E X I O N.

B O L D N E S S without Counsel, is no better then an *Impetus*, which is commonly Worked by Conduct and Design. There's No Man so Daring but some time or Other he Meets with his Match. The Moral, in short, holds forth This Doctrine, that Reason is too Hard for Force; and that Temerity puts a Man off his Guard. 'Tis a High Point of Honour, Philosophy and Vertue, for a Man to be so Present to Himself as to be always Provided against All Encounters, and Accidents whatsoever; but This will not Hinder him from Enquiring Diligently into the Character, the Strength, Motions, and Designs of an Enemy. The Tyger lost his Life for want of This Circumpection.

F A B. CCXXXVI.

A Lyon and Bulls.

TH E R E was a Party of Bulls that Struck up a League to Keep and Feed together, and to be *One and All* in case of a Common Enemy. If the Lyon could have Met with any of them Single, he would have done His Work, but so long as they Stuck to This Confederacy, there was No Dealing with them. They fell to Variance at last among Themselves: The Lyon made his Advantage of it, and then with Great Ease he Gain'd his End.

The M O R A L.

This is to tell us the Advantage, the Necessity, and the Force of Union; And that Division brings Ruine.

R E-

REFLEXION.

THERE's No Resisting of a Common Enemy ; No Maintaining of a Civil Community, without an Union for a Mutual Defence ; and there may be also, on the Other Hand, a Conspiracy of Common Enmity and Aggression. There are Cases indeed of Great Nicety that fall under the Topic of the Right and Lawfulness of Joining in such Leagues. He that is not *Sui Juris*, must not Enter into any Covenants or Contracts to the Wrong of his Master : But there are Certain Rules of Honesty, and Methods of Government, to Direct us in all Agreements of This Quality. A Thing simply Good in it self, may become Unjust and Unrighteous, under such and such Circumstances. In a Word, the Main Bond of All Bodies and Interests is Union, which is No Other in Effect than a Common Stock of Strength and Counsel Joyn'd in One. While the *Bulls* kept together, they were Safe ; but so soon as ever they separated, they became a Prey to the *Lyon*.

F A B. CCXXXVII.

A Fir and a Bramble.

HERE goes a Story of a *Fir-Tree*, that in a Vain spiteful Humour, was mightily upon the Pin of Commending it self, and Despising the *Bramble*. My Head (says the *Fir*) is advanc'd among the Stars. I furnish Beams for Palaces, Masts for Shipping : The very Sweat of my Body is a Sovereign Remedy for the Sick and Wounded : Whereas the Rascally *Bramble* runs creeping in the Dirt, and serves for No Purpose in the World but Mischief. Well, says the *Bramble* (that Over-heard all This). You might have said somewhat of your Own Misfortune, and to My Advantage too, if Your Pride and Envy would have suffer'd you to do it. But pray will you tell me however, when the Carpenter comes next with his Axe into the Wood to Fell Timber, whether you had not rather be a *Bramble* than a *Fir-Tree*.

The M O R A L.

Poverty Secures a Man from Thieves, Great and Small : Whereas the Rich, and the Mighty are the Mark of Malice, and Cross Fortune, and still the Higher they Are, the Nearer the Thunder.

R E.

REFLEXION.

THERE is no State of Life without a Mixture in't of Good and Evil ; and the Highest Pitch of Fortune is not without Dangers, Cares, and Fears. This Doctrine is Verify'd by Examples Innumerable, through the Whole History of the World, and that the Mean is Best, both for Body, Mind, and Estate. Pride is not only Uneasie, but Unsafe too, for it has the Power and Justice of Heaven, and the Malicious Envy of Men to Encounter at the same Time ; and the *Axe* that Cuts down the *Fir*, is Rightly Moraliz'd in the Stroke of *Divine Vengeance*, that brings down the *Arrogant*, while the *Bramble* Contents it self in its Station : That is to say ; Humility is a Virtue, that never goes without a Blessing.

F A B. CCXXXVIII.

A Covetous Man and an Envious.

HERE was a *Covetous*, and an *Envious* Man, that Joyn'd in a Petition to *Jupiter*, who very Graciously Order'd *Apollo* to tell them that their Desire should be Granted at a Venture ; provided only, that whatever the One Ask'd, should be Doubled to the Other. The *Covetous* Man, that thought he could never have enough, was a good while at a Stand : Considering, that let him Ask Never so much, the Other should have Twice as much : But he came however by Degrees, to Pitch upon One Thing after Another, and his Companion had it Double. It was now the *Envious* Man's turn to Offer up His Request, which was, that One of his Own Eyes might be put out, for his Companion was then to lose Both.

The M O R A L.

Avarice and Envy are Two of the most Diabolical, and Insocial Vices under Heaven. The One Assumes All to it self, and the Other Wishes Every bit it's Neighbour Eats may Choak him.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some Pevilent Humours and Froward Natures, that Heaven it self has much ado to please. *Envy* Places it's Happiness in the Misery and Misfortune of Others ; and *Avarice* is never to be Pleas'd, unless it can get All to it self. They may seem to be nearer a-Kin then in truth they Are, though the One is seldom or never to be found without the Other. The Best Use of This Application, is to Possess us with a True Sense of the Reflexeness of these Two Passions ; and Consequently to make Those Weaknesses Odious to our selves, that are so Troublesome to the World ; and in truth, no Better then the Common Pest of Mankind.

FAB.

F A B. CCXXXIX.

A Crow and a Pitcher.

A Crow that was Extream Thirsty, found a Pitcher with a Little Water in't, but it lay so Low he could not come at it, He cry'd first to Break the Pot, and then to Overturn it, but it was both too Strong, and too Heavy for him. He Bethought Himself However of a Device at last that did his Bus'ness; which was, by Dropping a great many Little Pebbles into the Water, and Raising it That Way, till he had it within Reach.

The M O R A L.

There is a Natural Logick in Animals, over and above the Instinct of their Kinds.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Kind of a *School Question* that we find started in This Fable, upon the Subject of Reason and Instinct: And whether This Deliberative Proceeding of the Crow was not rather a *Logical Agitation* of the Matter, then the Bare *Analogy*, as we call it, of a Simple Impulse. It will be Objected, that we are not to Draw Conclusions from the Fictions of a Case, but whoever Consults his Experience, may satisfie Himself in many Instances that come up to This Supposition. We are also taught, that what we cannot Compass Directly, by the Force of Natural Faculties, may be brought to pass many times by Art and Invention.

F A B. CCXL.

A Lyon and a Man.

There was a Controversie Started betwix a Lyon and a Man, which was the Braver, and the Stronger Creature of the Two. Why look ye, says the Man, (after a long Dispute) we'll Appeal to That Statue there, and so he shew'd him the Figure of a Man Cut in Stone, with a Lyon under his Feet. Well! says the Lyon, if *We* had been brought up to Painting and Carving, as *You* are, where you have *One Lyon* under the Feet of a *Man*, you should have had *Twenty Men* under the Paw of a *Lyon*.

The

The M O R A L.

'Tis against the Rules of Common Justice for Men to be Judges in their Own Case.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Fancies of Poets, Painters, and Gravers, are No Evidences of Truth; for People are Partial in their Own Cases, and Every Man will make the Best of his Own Tale. 'Tis against Common Equity for the same People to be both Parties and Judges, and That's the Case here betwixt the *Man* and the *Lyon*. Now the *Lyon* is much in the Right, that Characters, Pictures, and Images, are All as the Painter, the Carver, or the Statuary pleases; and that there's a Great Difference betwixt a Flight of Fancy, and the History of Nature. 'Tis much Easier for a *Man* to make an *Ass* of a *Lyon* upon a *Pedestal*, then in a *Forrest*; and where it lies at his Choice, whether the Giant shall Kill the Squire, or the Squire the Giant. Argument is not the Work of the Chissel; neither does the Design of the Artift conclude the Truth of the Fact: But there is somewhat *Heroical* yet in the Imagination, though the Piece was never Drawn from the Life.

F A B. CCXLI.

A Boy and a Thief.

A Thief came to a Boy, that was Blubbering by the Side of a Well, and Ask'd him what he cry'd for. Why, says he, the String's Broke here, and I've dropt a Silver Cup into the Well. The Fellow presently Strips, and down he goes to search for't. After a while, he comes up again, with his Labour for his Pains, and the Roguy Boy, in the Mean time, was run away with his Cloaths.

The M O R A L.

Some Thieves are Ripe for the Gallows sooner then Others.

F f

R E

REFLEXION.

IT must be a *Diamond* that Cuts a *Diamond*, and there is No Pleasanter Encounter then a Tryal of Skill betwixt a Couple of Sharpers to Over-reach one Another. The *Boy's* beginning so Early, tells us that there are Cheats by a Natural Propensity of Inclination as well as by a Corruption of Manners. It was *Nature* that taught this *Boy* to Shark; not *Discipline*, or *Experience*. And so it was with *Two Ladies* that I have known (and *Women* of Plentiful Fortunes too) they could not for their Bloods keep themselves Honest of their Fingers, but would still be *Nimming* something or other for the very Love of *Thieving*. 'Tis an Unhappy Thing, that the Temperament of the Body should have such an Influence upon our Manners, according to the Instance of the *Boy* in This Fable: For the Morality, or Immorality of the Matter, is not the Whole of the Case.

F A B. CCXLII.

A Country-man and an Oxe.

A *Country-man* had got a Stubborn *Oxe*, that would still be Pushing and Flinging, whenever they went to Yoak, or to Tychim up. The *Man* Cuts off his Horns, and puts him to the Plough, and by That Means Secures Himself, both against his Head and his Heels; and in the Mean time, He Himself Guides the Plough: But though the *Oxe*, when he was thus Shackled and Disarmed, could not either Strike, or Gore him, he made a shift yet to throw Dust enough into his Eyes, and his Mouth, almost to Blind, and to Choak him.

The M O R A L.

A Malicious Man may be Bound Hand and Foot, and put out of Condition of doing Mischief, but a Malicious Will is never to be Master'd.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some Natures so Untractable, that there's No Good to be done upon them by Generosity, Kindness, Artifice, or Council, nay, the more pains a Man takes to Reclaim them, the Worse they are; and when they are put out of Condition to do Mischief by Violence, they will find a Way yet to Teize and Plague People with Restless, and Vexatious Importunities. They Love to be Troublefome, and with the *Shrew* upon the *Cucking-stool*, when their *Mouths* are Stopt, they'll call *Pricklouse* still with their very *Thumbs*.

F A B. CCXLIII.

A Man and a Satyr.

THERE was a *Man* and a *Satyr* that kept much together. The *Man* Clapt his Fingers one day to his Mouth, and Blew upon 'em. *What's That for?* (says the *Satyr*) why says he, My Hands are extream Cold, and I do't to Warm 'em. The *Satyr*, at Another time, found This *Man* Blowing his Porridge: And pray, says he, *What's the Meaning of that now?* Oh! says the *Man*, My Porridge are Hot, and I do't to Cool 'em. Nay, says the *Satyr*, if you have gotten a Trick of Blowing Hot and Cold out of the same Mouth, I have e'en Done with ye.

The M O R A L.

There's No Conversing with any Man that Carries Two Faces under One Hood.

REFLEXION.

THE Moral of this Fable must be Abstracted from the Philosophy of it, and taken in the Sense of carrying *Two Faces under One Hood*. It sets forth, however, the Simplicity of the *Satyr* in Not Understanding how Two such Contrary Effects should come from the same Lips: But it was Honestly done in him yet, to Renounce the Conversation of One that he took for a Double-Dealer; and that could Accomodate himself to make Fair with All Companies, and Occasions, without any regard to Truth, or Justice. It was This Fable that gave Rise to the Old *Adage* of *Blowing Hot and Cold*; which is taken for the Mark and Character of a Dissembler.

F A B. CCXLIV.

A Country-man and a Boar.

A *Country-man* took a *Boar* in his Corn once, and Cut off One of his Ears. He took him a Second Time, and cut off T'other. He took him a Third Time, and made a Present of him to his Landlord. Upon the Opening of his Head, they found he had no Brains, and Every Body fell a Wond'ring, and Discourfing upon it. Sir, says the *Clown*, If This *Boar* had had any Brains, he would have taken the Loss

of Both his Ears for a Warning, never to come into My Corn again. These Words of the Silly *Bumpkin* set the whole Company a Laughing.

The MORAL.

An Incurvible Fool that will take no Warning; there's no Hope of him.

REFLEXION.

THE Life and Conversation of some Men is so Brutal, as if they had only the Shape, without the Faculties of Reasonable Creatures. What's He better than the *Boar* in This Fable now, that Abandons himself wholly to his Appetites, and Pleasures; and after so many Repeated *Paxes*, and *Qualms*, One upon the Neck of Another, *Drinks* and *Whores* on still, in Despite of all Punishments, and Warnings. The *Boar's* Intemperance, and the Note upon him afterwards, on the Cutting of him up, that he had no Brains in's Head, may be Moraliz'd into the Figure of a Sensual Man, that has neither Grace, nor Knowledge, but runs headlong on to his Ruine, without either Conscience, or Consideration.

F A B. CCXLV.

A Bull and a Mouse.

A *Mouse* Pinch'd a *Bull* by the Foot, and then slunk into her Hole. The *Bull* Tears up the Ground upon't, and Tosses his Head in the Air, looking about, in a Rage, for his Enemy, but sees None. As he was in the Height of his Fury, the *Mouse* puts out her Head, and Laughs at him. Your Pride (says she) may be brought down I see, for all Your Blustering, and your Horns; for here's a Poor *Mouse* has got the Better of ye, and You do not know how to Help your self.

The MORAL.

There's no such way of Revenging an Affront upon a Creature that's below an Honest Man's Anger, as Neglect and Contempt.

REFLEXION.

NO Man lives without Enemies, and no Enemy is so Despicable, but some time or other he may do a Body a shrewd Turn. 'Tis Prudence to pass over Those Indignities, which are either too Little for our Consideration, or out of our Power to Reach, and Punish. For there's Nothing more Ridiculous, then an Impotent Anger, that spends it self to no manner of Purpose: and there's no Better way of Dealing with it; then to Laugh it Out of Countenance. All Men in the World that we see Transported into Outrages, for small Trivial Matters, fall under the *Lesson* of This *Bull* in the Fable, that ran Tearing Mad for the Pinching of a *Mouse*.

F A B. CCXLVI.

A Country-man and Hercules.

A *Carter* that had laid his *Wagon* Fast in a Slough, stood Gaping and Bawling to as many of the Gods and Goddesses as he could Muster up, and to *Hercules* Especially, to Help him out of the Mire. Why ye Lazy Puppy you, says *Hercules*, lay your Shoulder to the Wheel, and Prick your Oxen first, and Then's your Time to Pray. Are the Gods to do your Drudgery, d'ye think, and you lie Bellowing with Your Finger in your Mouth?

The MORAL.

Men in Distress must Work as well as Pray, they shall be never the Better else.

REFLEXION.

THIS is but after the Common Guise of the World, for People when they are put to a Plunge, to cry out to Heaven for Help, without Helping Themselves; whereas Providence Assists No Body that does not put his Own Shoulders to the Work. Prayers without Works, are Nothing Worth, either for Other People, or for Our selves [For Other People] I say, because there is a Double Duty Incumbent upon us in the Exercise of Those Powers, and Abilities, which Providence has given us for the Common Good of Both. There must be the Penny as well as the *Patronage*. 'Tis not a Bare Lord have Mercy upon us, that will help the Carr out of the Mire, or our Neighbour out of the Ditch, without putting our Hands to the Work. What signifies the Sound of Words in Prayer, without the Affection of the Heart, and a sedulous Application of the Proper Means that may Naturally lead to such an End: This is to say, Body and Soul must go together, in All the Offices of a Christian, as well

as of a Civil Life, where there is place for the Exercise of the Faculties of Both.

There is also a Pompous and a Noisive Devotion, that *cries aloud to be heard of Men*; which is by so much the more Odious in the sight of God than the Other, as an Hypocritical Affectation of Religion, is Worse than a Drowsie Heartlessness of Duty. The Moral of This Fable may be Understood to look Both Ways, but Care must be Taken however, not to let the Scandals of Theatrical Appearances, Divert, or Deter us from the Practice of Holy Offices, within the Bounds of Piety and Good Conscience: after the Example of Those, that set up for *Atheists*, for fear they should be taken for *Enthusiasts*. He, in fine, that *Made Body and Soul will be Serv'd and Glorify'd by Both*. Besides that, *Hercules* helps no Body that will not Help Himself.

F A B. CCXLVII.

A Hen and Golden Eggs.

A Certain Good Woman had a Hen, that Laid her Golden Eggs, which could not be, she thought, without a Mine in the Belly of her. Upon This Presumption she Cur her up to Search for Hidden Treasure: But upon the Dissection found her just like *Other Hens*, and that the Hope of Getting more had betray'd her to the Loss of what she had in Possession.

The MORAL.

This is the Fate, Folly and Mischief of Vain Desires, and of an Immoderate Love of Riches, Content wants Nothing, and Covetousness brings Beggery.

REFLEXION.

THEY that would still have more and more, can never have Enough; No, Not if a Miracle should Interpose to Gratify their Avarice; for it makes Men Unthankful to the Highest Degree, not only in General, for the Benefits they Receive, but in particular also to the very Benefactors Themselves. If the Nearest Friend a Covetous Man has in the World, had really a Mine in his Guts, he'd Rip him up to Find it: For his Bus'ness is to make the Most of what he has, and of what he can get, without any regard to the Course of Providence, or of Nature: And what's the End of All These Unreasonable Desires, but Loss, Sorrow, and Disappointment? The True Intent of This Fable is to Possess us with a Just Sense of the Vanity and Folly of these Craving Appetites. If the Woman could have been Contented with Golden Eggs, she might have kept That Revenue on still; but when Nothing less than the Mine it self would serve her, she lost Hen, Eggs and All.

F A B. CCXLVIII.

An Ape and her Two Brats.

There was an Ape that had Twins. She Doted upon One of them, and did not much Care for T'other. She took a sudden Fright once, and in a Hurry whips up her Darling under her Arm, and carries the Other a Pick-a Pack upon her Shoulders. In This Haste and Maze, Down she comes, and beats out her Favourites Brains against a Stone; but That which she had at her Back came off Safe and Sound.

The MORAL.

Fondlings are Commonly Unfortunate.

REFLEXION.

PARTIALITY in a Parent is commonly Unlucky, if not a little Unnatural, for Fondlings are in danger to be made Fools, by the very Error of their Education, and we find it Experimentally that the Children that are least Cocker'd make the Best, and Wisest Men. 'Tis well to be Tender, but to set the Heart too much upon any thing, is what we cannot Justify, either in Religion, or in Reason. I was Saying that Partiality was a little Unnatural too. I do not mean a Partiality of Inclination; for we cannot Command our Likings, or our Aversions; but I speak of a Partiality that shews it self in a Distinguishing Preference of One to the Other, and therefore what Hankering Dispositions soever we may have, That Fondness should not Transport us beyond the Bounds of a Discreet Affection: and Other Circumstances apart, we should no more be kinder to One Child than to Another, then we are Tender of One Eye more than of the Other; for they are Both our Own Flesh and Blood alike. Children are Naturally Jealous, and Envious, and the Quenching of their Spirits so Early, Hazzards the Damping of them for ever. Beside, that there is no such Fop in Fine, as my Young Master, that has the Honour to be a Fool of his Lady Mother's Making. She Blows him up with a Conceit of Himself, and there he Stops without ever Advancing One Step further. In short, she makes a Man of him at Sixteen, and a Boy all the Days of his Life after. And what is All This now, but the True Moral of the Ape with her Brats here in the Fable? The Cub that she carry'd at her Back had the Wit to Shift for it self; but the Other, that she Flugg'd at the Devil did the Witch, Perish'd in her very Arms.

F A B. CCXLIX.

An Oxe and a Heifer.

A Wanton *Heifer* that had little else to do then to Frisk up and down in a Meadow, at Ease and Pleasure, came up to a Working *Oxe* with a Thousand Reproaches in her Mouth; Bless me, says the *Heifer*, what a Difference there is betwixt your Coat and Condition, and Mine! Why, What a Gall'd Nasty Neck have we here! Look ye, Mine's as Clean as a Penny, and as smooth as Silk I warrant ye. 'Tis a Slavish Life to be Yoak'd thus, and in Perpetual Labour. What would you give to be as Free and as Easy now as I am? The *Oxe* kept These Things in his Thought, without One Word in Answer at present; but seeing the *Heifer* taken up a While after for a *Sacrifice*: Well Sister, says he, and have not you Frisk'd fair now, when the Ease and Liberty you Valu'd your self upon, has brought you to This End?

The M O R A L.

'Tis No New Thing for Men of Liberty and Pleasure, to make Sport with the Plain, Honest Servants of their Prince and Country: But Mark the End on't, and while the One Labours in his Duty with a Good Conscience, the Other, like a Beast, is but Fatting up for the Slaughter.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE was never any thing gotten by Sensuality and Sloth, either in Matter of Profit or of Reputation, whereas an Active, Industrious Life carries not only Credit and Advantage, but a Good Conscience also along with it. The Lazy, the Voluptuous, the Proud, and the Delicate are Struck at in This Fable: Men that Set their Hearts only upon the Present, without either Entering into the Reason, or looking forward into the End of Things: Little Dreaming that all this Pomp of Vanity, Plenty, and Pleasure, is but a Fattening of them for the Slaughter. 'Tis the Case of Great and Rich Men in the World; the very Advantages they Glory in are the Cause of their Ruine. The *Heifer* that Valu'd it self upon a Smooth Coat, and a Plump Habit of Body, was taken up for a *Sacrifice*; but the *Oxe* that was Despis'd for his Drudgery, and his Raw-Bones, went on with his Work still in the Way of a Safe and an Honest Labour.

F A B. CCL.

A Dog and a Lyon.

WHat a Miserable Life dost thou lead, says a Dog to a Lyon, to run Starving up and down thus in Woods and Deserts, without either Meat, or Ease. I am Fat and Fair you see, and it Costs me neither Labour, nor Pains. Nay, says the *Lyon*, you have many a Good Bit no Doubt on't; but then like a Fool you subject your self to the Clogs and Chains that go along with it: But for my Own Part, let him serve that serve Can, and serve Will, I'll Live and Die Free.

The M O R A L.

That Man deserves to be a Slave, that Sacrifices his Liberty to his Appetite.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Moral of This is the Same with That of *Dog and Wolfe*, *Fab. 69.*

F A B. CCLI.

A River-Fish and a Sea-Fish.

THERE was a Large Over-grown *Pike* that had the Fortune to be Carry'd out to Sea by a Strong Current, and he had there the Vanity to Value himself above All the Fish in the Ocean. We'l refer That (says a *Sturgeon*) to the Judgment of the Market, and see which of the Two Yields the Better Price.

The M O R A L.

Every Man has his Province Assign'd him, and none but a Mad-man will pretend to Impose; and to give Laws where he has Nothing to do.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE's no Folly like That of Vain Glory, nor any thing more Ridiculous then for a Vain Man to be still Boasting of Himself: For 'tis against All Law and Equity, for a Body to be admitted a Judge in ones

Own Case. A second Doctrine may be This (and we find it True by Experience) that *Money Governs the World*; and that the *Market Price* is the *Measure* of the Worth of *Men* as well as of *Fishes*: As the *Sturgeon* left it to the *Fish-monger* to Determine the Controversy betwixt *Him* and the *Pike*.

F A B. CCLII.

A Fox and a Leopard.

AS a *Leopard* was Valuing himself upon the Lustre of his Party-colour'd-Skin, a *Fox* gave him a Jog, and Whisper'd him, that the Beauty of the Mind was an Excellence, Infinitely to be Preferr'd above That of a Painted Out-side.

The M O R A L.

A Good Understanding is a Blessing Infinitely beyond All External Beauties.

R E F L E X I O N.

T H E R E are Degrees in Good Things. There are Blessings of Fortune, and Those are of the Lowest Rate. The Next above Those Blessings are the Bodily Advantages of Strength, Graefulness and Health; but the Superlative Blessings, in fine, are the Blessings of the Mind: Fools 'tis true may be allow'd to Brag of Foolish Things; but the *Leopard's Beauty* without the *Foxes Wit* is no better then a *Fop* in a *Gay Coat*.

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T H E
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F A B. CCLIII.

Demades the Orator.

T H I S *Demades* was a very Famous *Orator*, and taking Notice as he was in the Middle of a Discourse to the People upon a Subject of Great Importance, that their Thoughts were Wand'ring upon Something else, he slip't from his Text into This Digression. *Ceres*, (says he) a *Swallow*, and an *Eele*, were Travelling together upon the Way: They came to a River, it seems, and the *Swallow* flew over it; The *Eele* made a shift to Swim thorough it; — And there he stopt. Well (says some of the Company) and what became of *Ceres*? Why (says *Demades*) The Goddess was mightily Offended, to find so many People in the World that are Deaf to any thing they may be the Better for, and yet have their Ears Open to Fooleries.

The M O R A L.

People are sooner Reclaim'd by the Side-Wind of a Surprise, then by Down-right Admonition and Counsel; for they'l lend an Ear to a Parable when Nothing else will Down with them.

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REFLEXION.

MEN Mind the Pleasure, and the Satisfaction of a Fancy, or a Loose Appetite more than they do Better Things; and they are sooner brought to Themselves, and set Right by the *Innuendo* of a *Parable*, than by the Dint of direct Reason. There are many Men that are Infinitely Tender in Point of Honour, and have very little Regard yet upon the Main, to Truth and Equity. Now such People as These are sooner Wrought upon by Shame than by Conscience, when they find themselves Fool'd and Sham'd (as we say) into a Conviction. This Fable tells us what we Ought to do in the Case of Attending to Instructive and Profitable Counsels. It tells us also what we are apt to do, in Hearn'ing after Fooleries: and losing the Opportunity of Hearing and Learning Better Things. And it shews us in fine, the force of an Allegory betwixt Jest and Earnest; which in such a Case as This, is certainly the most Artificial, Civil, and Effectual Manner of Reproach. I call it a *Reproach*; for 'tis an Affront to Good Manners as well as to Ordinary Prudence, not to Hearken to a Man of Authority; That is to say, to the Voice of Wisdom, when she speaks to us out of the Mouth of a Philosopher. Men that have Wand'ring Thoughts at such a Lecture, deserve as well to be Whipt, as Boys for Playing at Pulh-Pin, when they should be Learning their Lesson: Beside, that it is only Another way of calling a Man Fool, when no Heed is given to what he says. Now *Demades* that Understood both his Bus'ness, and the Weak side of Humane Nature perfectly Well, never troubled his Head to bring his Auditory to their Wits again by the Force of Dry and Sober Reason; but Circumvented them by a Delicate Figure, into a Curiosity that led them Naturally to a Better Sense of their Interest, and their Duty.

FAB. CCLIV.

A Fox and a Hedge-hog.

Æsop brought the *Samians* to their Wits again out of a most Deperate Sedition with This Fable.

A *Fox*, upon the Crossing of a River, was forc'd away by the Current into an Eddy, and there he lay with Whole Swarms of *Flies* Sucking and Galling of him. There was a *Water Hedge-Hog* (we must Imagine) at hand, that in Pure Pity Offer'd to Beat away the *Flies* from him. No, No, says the *Fox*, Pray let 'em Alone, for the *Flies* that are upon me now are e'en Bursting-full already, and can do me little more Hurt than they have done: But when These are gone once, there will be a Company you shall see of Starv'd Hungry Wretches to take their Places, that will not leave so much as One Drop of Bloud in the Whole Body of me.

Tiberius Cæsar made a very Pertinent Application of This Fancy to a Case of his Own. The Question was, whether or no he should Casheir some of his Corrupt Governors of Provinces, for Oppressing the People? He gave the World to Understand his Mind by This Fable.

There was a Man lay Miserably Wounded upon the Highway, and Swarms of *Flies* upon him, Sucking his Sores. A Traveller that was passing by, Pity'd his Condition, and Offer'd him his Service, in Pure Charity to Drive them away. No, No, says T'other, pray let them alone; for when These are gone, I shall have Worse in Their Places. This will be the Case of My Subjects if I Change their Governours.

The MORAL.

The Force of a Fable.

REFLEXION.

IF (says *Æsop*) You shall once Destroy your Present Governor, that is Full and Wealthy, you must of Necessity Chuse Others when he is gone, who will be sure to Fill their own Coffers out of What the Other has left ye. This Fable upon the Whole is very Instructive how People should Behave themselves in the Case of Male-Administration, or Oppression; where there is any Colour or Complaint of Cruelty, or Injustice under the Cover of Sovereign Power. The *Foxes* Resolution here is mightily to the Purpose: That is to say, where the Grievance is only the Unrighteous Exercise of a Lawful Authority. The Removal of *Blood-suckers* that are already as Full as their Skins will hold, serves only to make way for Others that are Greedy and Empty. This is no Redress of the Evil, No, nor so much as a Change; but in Truth an Augmentation of it.

It is again to be Consider'd, that as Government is Necessary, Sacred, and Unaccountable, so it is but Equal for us to bear the Infelicities of a Male-Exercise of it, as we Enjoy the Blessings of Authority and Publicke Order. There's Nothing Pure that's Sublunary, but somewhat still of Good Blended with the Bad, and of Bad with the Good? And This Natural Mixture runs thorough the Whole Course and Condition of Humane Affairs. We are not to be either our Own Carvers, or our Own Chusers, and the Man puts out his Own Eyes that does not see the Folly, and the Iniquity of Struggling with Insuferable Powers, which is Impious in the Practice, and Miserable in the Conclusion. Where Government is Accounted a Bondage, the Exercise of it shall never fail of being call'd Persecution and Oppression: But to put Matters at Worst, Let us for Argument sake, suppose Pilling and Polling Officers, as Buffe upon the People as These *Flies* were upon the *Fox*: Better bear a Tolerable Present Calamity than Exchange it for a Worse; and the *Fox* had the Wit rather to suffer the Galling of a Parcel of *Flies* that were full already, than by Beating them off, to make way for a New set of Hungry Sharpers that would do him Fifty times the Mischief.

F A B. CCLV.

A Mouse in a Chest.

A Mouse that was bred in a *Chest*, and had liv'd all her days there upon what the Dame of the House laid up in't, happen'd one time to drop out over the Side, and to Stumble upon a very Delicious Morsel, as she was Hunting up and down to find her way In again. She had no sooner the Taste of it in her Mouth, but she brake out into Exclamations, what a Fool she had been thus Long, to Perswade her self that there was No Happiness in the World but in That Box.

The M O R A L.

A Contented Mind and a Good Conscience will make a Body Happy wherever he is.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS well to be Content in what Place or Condition soever we are; without being yet so Fond of it as not to be prepar'd for any Change or Chance that may Befall us. A Good Patriot loves his Own Country Best, but yet in case of Necessity, or a Fair Convenience, the Whole Globe of the Earth is an Honest Man's Country, and he reckons himself at home wherever he is. The *Mouse* was *Well* in the *Chest*; but she found her self Better afterwards in the World, which serves to tell us that we may be Happy in a Private Life, as well as in a Publique, and that by the Benefit either of a Christian, or a Philosophical Resignation to our Lot, whatever it is, we may be so wherever we are.

F A B. CCLVI.

A Husbandman and Ceres.

A Certain Farmer complain'd that the Beards of his Corn Cut the Reapers and the Thrashers Fingers sometimes, and therefore he desired *Ceres* that his Corn might grow hereafter without Beards. The Request was Granted, and the Little Birds Eat up all his Grain. Fool that I was (says he) rather to lose the Support of my Life, then venture the Pricking of my Servants Fingers.

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The M O R A L.

There must be no Refining upon the Works of Providence; for He that thinks to Mend them, Forfeits his Rights to the Blessing and Benefit of them.

R E F L E X I O N.

NO Man can be perfectly Happy; but if he be either Curious, or Unsteady, he shall Live and Die Craving, and in a Restless Want of something or other that is never to be had. Wherefore we should do well to Weigh our Present Inconveniences against Those that may probably arise in the Future, and not so much as to think of Changing our Condition till we have Balance'd the Accounts. We may lay down This, in short, for a Rule without any Exception, that Nothing but a Fool or a Madman will Wish any thing to be Other than as God has Made it. Let us Reform our Lives, and Mend our Manners, and set Every thing Right at Home first, before we Take upon us to Correct the Works of Providence and Nature. The Husbandman thought Corn would do better without Beards, till he found that according to the Way he went to Work, he should have neither *One* nor *Another*.

F A B. CCLVII.

A Country-man and a Hawk.

A Country Fellow had the Fortune to take a *Hawk* in the Hot Pursuit of a *Pigeon*. The Hawk Pleaded for her self, that she never did the Country-man any Harm, and therefore I hope, says she, that You'l do Me None. Well! says the *Country-man*, and pray what Wrong did the *Pigeon* ever do you? Now by the Reason of your own Argument, you must e'en Expect to be Treated Your self, as You your self would have Treated This *Pigeon*.

The M O R A L.

'Tis good to Think before we Speak, for fear of Condemning our selves out of our Own Mouths.

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REFLEXION.

THIS Fable holds forth to us several Morals. Rapine and Injustice, Meet in the End with Violence. One Murderer is Kill'd by Another. Adulterers are paid in kind; and One Wicked Man Punishes Another. It is but according to the Course of the World for the Stronger to Oppress the Weaker, and for Thieves Themselves to Rob one Another: But the more Mighty do well however in Avenging Those that are Oppress'd by the Less Mighty. And the Fable has This Prospect too, that Princes are as much Ty'd to Vindicate their Subjects Cause as if it were their Own.

'Tis no News for the Weak and the Poor to be a Prey to the Strong, and the Rich, and the Vindication of the Innocent is no ill Plea, or Masque for the Oppressing of the Guilty. Birds of Prey are an Emblem of Rapacious Officers. A Superior Power takes away by Violence from Them, That which by Violence they took away from Others: But it falls out too often that the Equity of Restitution is forgotten, after the Execution of the Punishment. Now what is This way of Proceeding, but Drinking the Blood of the Widow and the Orphan at second hand? For He that takes away from a Thief, That which the Thief, to his Knowledge, took from an Honest Man, and Keeps it to Himself, is the Wickeder Thief of the Two, by how much the Rapine is made yet Blacker by the pretence of Piety and Justice. Here's a Country-man takes a Hawk in the Chace of a Pigeon, The Hawk Reasons the Case with him; The Country-man Pleads the Pigeons Cause, and upon a Fair Hearing; The Hawk stands Condemn'd out of her own Mouth, and the Innocent is consequently deliver'd from her Oppressor. Now here's One Violence Disappointed by Another; A Poor Harmless Wretch Protected against a Powerful Adversary; Justice done upon a Notorious Persecutor; and yet after All This Glorious semblance of a Publique Spirit'd Generosity, and Tenderness of Nature, the Man only sav'd the Pigeon from the Hawk, that he might Eat it Himself. And if we look Well about us we shall find This to be the Case of Most Mediations, we meet with in the Name of Publique Justice.

F A B L E CCLVIII.

A Swallow and a Spider.

A Spider that Observ'd a Swallow Catching of Flies, fell Immediately to Work upon a Net to Catch Swallows, for she lookt upon't as an Encroachment upon Her Right: But the Birds without any Difficulty, brake through the Work, and flew away with the very Net it self. Well, says the Spider, Bird-Catching is none of My Talent I perceive; and so she return'd to her Old Trade of Catching Flies again.

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The MORAL:

A Wise Man will not Undertake any thing without Means Answerable to the End.

REFLEXION.

LET Every Man Examine his Own Strength, and the Force of the Enemy he is to Cope withal before he comes to Close, and Grapple with him: For he's sure to go by the Worst that Contends with an Adversary that is too Mighty for him. 'Tis Good Advice not to Contend with Those that are too Strong for us, but still with a saving to Honesty and Justice, for the Integrity of the Mind must be supported against All Violence and Hazzards whatsoever. This of the Spider was a very Foolish Undertaking, and as Unjust a Pretence; for the Equity of the Case is Clearly Mistaken. The Intent of the Fable is to set us Right in the Understanding, and Interpreting of Injuries. 'Tis an unhappy Error to take things for Injuries that are Not so: And then supposing an Injury done, 'tis a Nice Point to Proportion the Reparation to the Degree of the Indignity; and to take a True Measure of our Own Force. It was a Ridiculous Project to think of Catching a Swallow in a Cobweb; and the Spider was as much Out too in thinking to Restrain the Common Air to its own Particular Use. The Swallow was a Fly-Catcher as well as the Spider, and no more an Inter-loper upon the Spider's Right, then the Spider was upon the Swallow's; for the Flies were in Common to Both. Those People, in short, deserve to be Doubly Laugh'd at, that are Peevish, and Angry; First, for Nothing, and Secondly, to no manner of Purpose.

This Envious Injustice is Frequent in the World, for why should People think to Engross and appropriate the Common Benefits of Fire, Air, and Water to Themselves; Not but that there are Swarms and Swarms of This sort of State-Spiders in the World, that Reckon Every Fly that's taken out of the Common-Stock, as a Penny out of their Own Pockets. The Bounties of God and of Princes ought to be Free, both alike, without making Every Morfel of Bread that an Honest Man puts in his Mouth to be the Robbing of a Mion, Wherefore let Every Man Compute, First, What he ought to do. Secondly, What he is Able to do. Provided Thirdly, That he Govern himself by the Rules of Vertue and Discretion. This Consideration beforehand, would have sav'd the Foolish Spider the Trouble of Setting Nets for Swallows.

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F A B. CCLIX.

A Country-man and a River.

A Country-man that was to Pass a River Sounded it up and down to try where it was most Fordable; and upon Tryal he made This Observation on't: Where the Water ran Smooth, he found it Deepest; and on the contrary, Shallowest where it made most Noise.

The MORAL.

There's More Danger in a Reserv'd and Silent, then in a Noisfe, Babbling Enemy.

REFLEXION.

GREAT Talkers are not always the Greatest Doers, and the Danger is Greatest, where there's least Blustering and Clamour.

Much Tongue, and much Judgment seldom go together, for Talking and Thinking are Two Quite Differing Faculties, and there's commonly more Depth where there's Less Noise. We find it to be Thus betwixt your superficial Men, and Men that are well Founded in Any Art, Science, or Profession. As in Philosophy, Divinity, Arms, History, Manners. The very Practice of Babbling is a Great Weakness, and not only the Humour, but the Matter shews it so: though upon the Main, it is not Capable either of Much Good, or of Much Evil; for as there's No Trusting in the Case, so there's No Great Danger from them, in the Manage of any Design; for Many and Rash Words Betray the Speaker of them. As to the Man of Silence and Reserve, that keeps himself Close, and his Thoughts Private, He Weighs, and Compares Things, and Proceeds upon Deliberation. It is good to see and sound however, before a Man Plunges; for a Body may as well be Over-born by the Violence of a Shallow, Rapid Stream, as Swallow'd up in the Gulph of a smooth Water. 'Tis in This Case with Men as 'tis with Rivers.

F A B.

F A B. CCLX.

A Pigeon and a Pye.

A Pye was Wond'ring once to a Pigeon, why she would Breed still in in the same Hole, when her Young Ones were constantly taken away from her before they were able to fly. Why That's my Simplicity, says the Pigeon. I mean no Harm, and I suspect None.

The MORAL.

Do as You would be done by, is a Better Rule in the Doctrine, then in the Practice: For Trust as you would be Trusted, will not hold betwixt a Knave and an Honest Man. There's no Dealing with a Sharp'er but at his Own Play.

REFLEXION.

THE Truer Hearted any Man is, the more Lyable is he to be Impos'd upon: And then the World calls it *Out-witting* of a Man; when, in truth, he's only *Out-know'd*: And oblig'd, even in Charity and Good Nature, to Believe till he be Couzen'd. And we find the Country man's Observation Confirm'd by Daily Experience. This does not yett Hinder a sincere Singleness of Heart from being a Vertue so necessary for the Comfort and Security of Mankind, that Humane Society cannot subsist without it. And therefore 'tis a Thousand Pities it should be so Discountenanc'd, and Abus'd, as in the Common Practice of the World we find it is. But it stands Firm however to the same Tenor of Life, As the Pigeon kept still to the same Hole to lay her Eggs in what ere she Lost by't.

F A B. CCLXI.

A Cuckow and a Hawk.

BY the Beak, and the Claws of a Cuckow, one would take her for a kind of Hawk; only the One Lives upon Worms, and the Other upon Flesh: Infomuch that a Hawk Twitted a Cuckow One Day with her course Way of Feeding. If you'l Look like a Hawk, Why don't you Live like a Hawk? The Cuckow took This a little in Dudgeon; but passing by a Pigeon House some short time after, what should she see but the Skin of This very Hawk upon a Pole, on the Top of the Dove-

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House.

Houfe : Well! fays the *Cuckow* in Conceit) to the *Hawk*, and had not you as good have been Eating *Worms* now, as *Pigeons*.

The M O R A L.

Pride is an Abomination in the Sight of God, and the Judgment is Just upon us, when the Subject of our Vanity becomes the Occasion of our Ruine.

R E F L E X I O N.

A Safe Mediocrity is much better then an Envy'd, and a Dangerous Excellency. They that in their Prosperity Despise Others, shall be sure in their Adversity to be Despis'd Themselves. It is much the same Case with Men of Prey, that it is with Birds of Prey. They take it for a Disparagement to Sort themselves with any Other then the Enemies of the Publique Peace: But Men that Live upon Rapine, are set up for a Marque, as the Common Enemy; and all Heads and Hands are at Work to Destroy them.

F A B. CCLXII.

A Country-man and an Ass.

AS a *Country-man* was Grazing his *Ass* in a Meadow, comes a Hot Alarum that the Enemy was just falling into their Quarters. The *Poor Man* calls presently to his *Ass*, in a Terrible Fright, to Scoure away as fast as he could Scamper: for, fays he, we shall be *Taken* else. Well, quoth the *Ass*, and what if we should be *Taken*? I have One Pack-Saddle upon my Back already, will they Clap Another a top of that d'ye Think? I can but be a Slave where-ever I am: So that *Taken*, or not *Taken*, 'tis all a Case to Me.

The M O R A L.

It's some Comfort for a Body to be so Low that he cannot fall: And in such a Condition already that he cannot well be Worse. If a Man be Born to be a Slave, no matter to what Master.

R E

R E F L E X I O N.

HERE's a Fiction of an *Alarum*, and we'll suppose it to be a False One too; for the Invention has not Determin'd the Point. Now the Fancy will have more Force and Quickness in't that Way, then T'other; and the *Asses* Reasoning upon the Case, will hold good both Ways alike: Only the *Asses* in the *Moral* are more Frightful then the *Asses* in the *Fable*. *We shall be Taken else*, is the Song of All Popular Male-Contents, when they design a Change of Government: And so they Hurry the Mobile Headlong upon the very Dread of Imaginary Chains and Shackles, into the Slavery they Fear'd: But *some Asses* are Wiser then *Others*: for the *Multitude* would Answer their Masters else in the *One Instance*, as the *Animal* here in the Emblem Answer'd His, in the *Other*: Here was no Scampering away at a Venture, without Fear, or Wit; No Sollicitous Enquiry whether the News was True or No: But the *Mythologist* has prudently, and for our Instruction, Cast those Two Circumstances out of the Question, and laid the Stress of it upon This single Issue. As who should say; In all Governments there must be Burdens to be Born, and People to Bear them: And who so proper to bear Those Burdens, as Those that Providence and Policy have Appointed and Design'd for that Office and Station? So that 'tis all one to the Common People who's Uppermost (That is to say, upon the Matter of Ease and Liberty) for *Asses* must be *Asses* still, whoever *Rides* them; And Providence will keep the World in Order still, whoever Grumbles at it.

F A B. CCLXIII.

A Fox and a Host of Gossips.

A Fox that was taking a Walk one Night Cross'd a Village, spy'd a Bevy of *Jolly, Gossiping Wenches*, making Merrery over a Dish of *Pullers*. Why Ay, fays he; Is not this a Brave World now? A Poor Innocent Fox cannot so much as Peep into a *Hen Roost*, though but to Keep Life and Soul together, and what a Bawling do you make on't presently with your Dogs, and your Bastards! And yet You your selves can lie Stuffing your Guts here with your *Hens*, and your *Capons*, and not a Word of the Pudding. How now *Bold-Face*, crys an *Old Trot*. Sirrah, we Eat our *Own Hens*, I'd have you know; and what you Eat, you Steal.

The

The MORAL.

There are Men of Prey, as well as Beasts of Prey, that Account Rapine as good a Title as Propriety.

REFLEXION.

THIS gives us to Understand, first, that a Man may do what he will with his Own; but he has Nothing to do with the Propriety of Another Body. Secondly, That People may do any Thing with Impunity where there's No body to call 'em to Account for't; And that which is Death for One to do is Lawful for Another.

There are several Starts of Fancy, that Off-hand look well enough; but bring them to the Test, and there's Nothing in 'em. The *Foxes* Reproach here upon the *Cossips*, was a Frolicque Pleasent enough; but without any Colour, or Congruity of Reason; and the Fallacy lies, from the same Thing done by several Persons, to the same Right of Doing it; though under Circumstances so Different, that there's no Parity at all betwixt them upon the Collation. This Freak has somewhat of the Air in't of the Young Fellow's Conscit to his Father, when he took him Ruffling his Grand-mother. *Why may not I lie with your Mother, says he, as well as You lie with Mine?* These *Foxes* should do well to Consider, that High-Way-Men, and Other Criminals have as much to say for themselves, where there's a Breach of Law, and Common Justice in the Case. This Instance of the *Fox* and the *Cossips*, comes to the Old Proverb; that *One may better Steal a Horse than Another look over the Hedge.*

F A B. CCLXIV.

Capon's Fat and Lean.

There were a Great many *Cramm'd Capons* together in a Coop; some of 'em very Fair and *Fat*, and Others again that did not Thrive upon Feeding. The *Fat* ones would be ever and anon making sport with the *Lean*, and calling them *Starvelings*; till in the End, the Cook was Order'd to Dress so many *Capons* for Supper, and to be sure to take the Best in the Pen: when it came to That once, they that had most Flesh upon their Backs, wish'd they had had Less, and 'twould have been Better for 'em.

The

The MORAL.

Prosperity makes People Proud, Fat, and Wanton; but when a Day of Reckoning comes, They are the First still that go to Pot.

REFLEXION.

THE *Fat Capons* in This Fable, are the Rich, the Great, and the (Externally) Happy Men in the World: People Weigh Vertue, in Common Reputation, as they do Flesh in the Market, at so much a Pound. They Agree too in the Contempt of Men of a Less Size and Quality, and they Meet with the Same Fate in the End too, by a Just Judgment upon them for their Insulting Vanity. They are made the very Mark for Envy, and Avarice to shoot at: and Equally in danger of being Sacrific'd, either to Tyranny, or to Faction. The Poor, in fine, have This Consolation, that their Condition is safer, and easier, than That of the Rich: And All People in the World will agree with Those *Capons* in the Fable, that it is better to *Live Lean* than to *Dye Fat*.

F A B. CCLXV.

Oxen and a Piece of Timber.

THE *Timber* was Complaining of the Ingratitude of the *Oxen*. How often, says the *Timber*, have I fed ye with my Leaves, and reliev'd ye under my Shadow? and for You to Drag me now at this rate, over Dirt and Stones! Alas! cry'd the *Oxen*: Do not you see how we Pant and Groan, and how we are Goaded on, to do what we Do? The *Timber* Confid'd how Unwillingly they did it, and so Forgave them.

The MORAL.

What we are forc'd to do by an Over-ruling Power and Necessity, is not properly our Own Act.

REFLEXION.

'TIS not the Thing that is Done, but the Intention in the Doing of it, that makes the Action Good, or Evil. There's a Great Difference betwixt what we do upon Force, and what upon Inclination; and the Good Will is never the less Obliging, though by some Unlucky Accident it should be Diverted to my Ruine. Where there is neither Privy, nor Consent, there can be no Malice, and consequently no Crime, or Disobligation. For All other Misadventures Amount to no more in Truth, than That which we call Ill Luck, in the Common Accidents of Life, wherefore the *Timber* was in the Right to Forgive the *Oxen* here, and so shall We be too, if after the Doctrine, and Example of This Fable, we forgive one Another.

F A B.

F A B. CCLXVI.

Trees Straight and Crooked.

THere was a Delicate Plantation of *Trees* that were All *Well-grown, Fair and Smooth*, save only One Dwarf among them that was *Knotty, and Crooked*, and the Rest had it in Derision. The Master of the Wood, it seems, was to Build a House, and Appointed his Workman to supply the Timber out of That Grove, and to Cut down Every Stick on't that they found fit for Service. They did as they were Order'd, and This *Ill-Favour'd Piece* was left Alone.

The M O R A L.

Celebrated Beauties are seldom Fortunate.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Felicity to be Plain, and Inconsiderable, where 'tis Dangerous to be Otherwise. There are a Thousand Inconveniences that Attend Great Beauties and Fortunes, which the Poor and Deformed are Free from; Not but that it is Better to fall Honourably in the Service of the Publique, than to Survive, in the Scandal of an Unprofitable, and an Inglorious Life. The Moral gives us also to Understand, that *Pride will have a Fall*, and that No Personal Advantages can either Justifie, or Protect Great Men in their Insolence over their Inferiors. The *Beautiful Trees* go all to *Wrack* here, and only the *Misshapen, and Despicable Dwarf* is left *Standing*.

F A B. CCLXVII.

A Swan and a Stork.

A *Stork* that was Present at the Song of a Dying *Swan*, told her 'twas contrary to Nature to Sing so much out of Season; and Ask'd her the Reason of it? Why, says the *Swan*, I am now Entering into a State where I shall be no longer in Danger of either Snares, Guns, or Hunger: and who would not joy at such a Deliverance.

The

The M O R A L.

Death is but the Last Farewell to All the Difficulties, Pains, and Hazards of Life.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Great Folly to Fear that which it is Impossible to Avoid; and it is yet a Greater Folly to Fear the Remedy of All Evils: For Death Cures All Diseases, and Frees us from All Cares. It is as Great a Folly again, not to Prepare our selves, and Provide for the Entertainment of an Inevitable Fate. We are as sure to go Out of the World, as we are that ever we came In to't; and Nothing but the Conscience of a Good Life can Support us in That Last Extremity. The Fiction of a *Swan's* Singing at her Death, does, in the Moral, but Advise, and Recommend it to us, to make ready for the Cheerful Entertainment of our Last Hour, and to Consider with our Selves, that if Death be so Welcome a Relief even to *Animals*, barely as a Deliverance from the Cares, Miseries, and Dangers of a Troublesome Life, how much a Greater Blessing, ought All Good Men to Account it then, that are not only Freed by it from the Snares, Difficulties and Distractions of a Wicked World but put into Possession (over and above) of an Everlasting Peace and the Fruition of Joys that shall never have an End!

F A B. CCLXVIII.

The Inconsolable Widow.

THere was a Poor Young *Woman* that had brought her self e'en to Death's door with Grief for her Sick Husband, but the Good Man, her Father, did All he could to Comfort her. Come, Child, says he, We are, all Mortal: Pluck up a Good Heart my Girl; for let the Worst come to the Worst, I have a Better Husband in store for thee, when This is Gone. Alas, Sir, says she, what d'ye talk of *Another Husband* for? why you had as good have Struck a Dagger to my Heart. No, No; If ever I think of *Another Husband*, may——Without any more ado the Man dies, and the *Woman* Immediately breaks out into such Transports of Tearing her Hair, and Beating her Breast, that Every Body thought she'd have run Stark-Mad upon't: But upon second Thoughts, she Wipes her Eyes; Lifts 'em up, and cries *Heaven's Will be done*; and then turns to her Father, Pray Sir, says she, *About* *Other Husband you were speaking of, Is he here in the House?*

I i

The

The MORAL.

This Fable gives us to Understand, that a Widow's Tears are quickly Dry'd up, and that it is not Impossible for a Woman to Out-live the Death of her Husband And after All the Outrages of her Funeral Sorrow, to Propose to her self many a Merry Hour in the Arms of a Second Spouse.

REFLEXION.

HERE's the Figure of a Worldly Sorrow, and of a Worldly Love, drawn to the Life, from the Heart and Humour of a Right, Worldly Woman. Hypocritise Out does the Truth, in Grief, as well as in Religion. 'Tis too Fierce and Noisie, to be Natural; but the Ostentation supplies the Place of the Duty. If the Wives Transports had not been Counterfeit, they would have been as Certain Death as the Husband's Disease: For Flesh and Blood is not able to bear up under so Intolerable a Weight. It is in short, only the Acting a Part, not the Discharge of a Flowing Passion; she takes the Hint; Plays her Roll; Cries out her *Set time*; and when the Farce is over, betakes her self from her Infirmity to her Philosophy; not forgetting the Politique Part all this while, of making her Mourning for One Husband, a Prologue to the Drawing-on of Another.

And This is not the Poor Woman's Case Alone, but many a Poor Man's too; for the Extravagance holds for a Sick Wife, as well as for a Sick Husband. 'Tis Custom, Practice and Good Manners, in fine, that in a Great Measure Rules This Affair. People Proportion their Grievs to their Hopes, and their Tears to their Legacies. There is as much a Fashion in the Mourning Face, as in the Mourning Dreſs; and our very Looks must be in Mode, as well as Our Cloaths. This Hint Minds me of a Pleasant Droll of a Painter, to an Honourable Lady of My Acquaintance that was sitting for her Picture. *Madam (says he) will your Ladyship be pleas'd to have your Lip drawn as they wear 'em now?* It is a Notable Part of Good Breeding, to know When, and How, and how Much, and how Long to Cry; and *Every Thing must be done too as they do it now.* I speak This, as to the Method of a Widow's Lamentations: But *when the Husband's Dead, the Play is Done*; and then it comes to the Old Bear-Garden Case, when the Bull had Tols'd a Poor Fellow that went to save his Dog: There was a mighty Bullie about him, with Brandy and Other Cordials to bring him to Himself again; but when the College found there was no Good to be done on't. *Well, Go thy ways Jacques,* says a Jolly Member of that Society, *There's the Best Backsword-Man in the Field gone. Come, Play Another Dog.* The Sick Husband here wanted for neither Slops nor Doctors, and Every Thing was in a Hurry too in Both Places Alike. The Man Dies and the Woman Betinks her self. *Well, says she, There's the Best Husband Gone that ever Woman had to do withal: But, Pray Sir, is 't'other Husband in the House that you were speaking of?* What is All this now, but directly to the Tune of the *Butcher's Backsword-Man*, and *Playing Another Dog.*

FAB.

FAB. CCLXIX.

A Wench Parting with her Sweet-heart.

A Common Wench was Wringing her Hands, and Crying her self to Death almost; and what was the Business forsooth, but she had Newly Parted with her Sweet-heart. Away, ye Fool you (says One of her Neighbors) to Torment your self out of your Life for such a Fellow as This! Nay, says the Lass, I am not so much Troubled at Parting with the Man; but he has Carry'd away his Coat too; and truly, when he had given me All he had in the World beside, methinks, I might e'en have had That too as well as All the Rest.

The MORAL.

Here's a Mercenary Prostitute Drawn to the very quick, that lays her Profit more to Heart than her Love.

REFLEXION.

IT seldom falls out that a *Common Mistress* troubles her Head much with Particular Inclinations, though there are some Mercenaries so Generous yet, in the Way of their Profession, that rather than Trade at all, they'll Trade to Loss. But This was not the Case of the Sorrowful Wight here in the Fable: Her Trouble was the Loss of the *Coat*, not the Loss of the *Man*. 'Tis the same Thing with Cheats and Sharpers, that 'tis with Whores; and the same Humour, in short, that we find in All Humane Beasts of Prey. There can be No Friendship where there's Treachery; but there are Degrees in Treachery it self; As the Betraying of an Honourable Confidence, and of a Sacred Trust, is the *Basest* of All Perfidies. This Shuffling Inclination shews it self in us Betimes; and Children do Naturally Apply themselves to their Little Shifts and Frauds. Now 'tis not much Amis to let them Understand so much of the Roguery of the World, as to secure them from being Wheedled, and Impos'd upon: Provided that under Colour of Teaching them to Discover Abuses, they be not Encourag'd to Practice them: For He that perfectly Understands False Play, lies under a Dangerous Temptation, at some time or Other, to make Use on't. And when he's Once In, 'tis no Easie Matter to get him Out again. Never was any Whore yet so Impudent, as not to feel some Touch of Modesty and Remorse, upon the First False Step she made: But Wicked People Harden by Little and Little, and so go on by Degrees, till they are past all Sense, either of Shame, or of Conscience. *Cheating* and *Bawdry* go together in the *World*, as well as in the *Fable*, and the Professors of the Trade are as insatiable in the One way, as they are in the Other. When they have left

a Poor Devil no Flesh on's Back, they'll Quarrel for his very Skin too, as the *Flying-Jade* here did for her Cully's Coat, when she had left him Nothing else.

F A B. CCLXX.

A Fly upon a Wheel.

What a Dust do I Raise! says the Fly, upon the Coach-Wheel? and what a Rate do I Drive at, says the same Fly again, upon the Horse's Buttock.

The M O R A L.

This Fly in the Fable, is Every Trifling Arrogant Fop in Nature, by what Name or Title soever Dignify'd, or Distinguished.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS may be Apply'd to well-nigh All sorts of Vain Persons and Humours: As Those that Assume to Themselves the Merit of Other Mens Services. Those that Talk, and Think, and Bussle, as if Nothing were done without them. All Meddlers, Boasters, and Impertinents, that Steal away the Reputation of Better Men for their Own Use. The World is Full, in fine, of these Pragmatical Flies, that Value themselves for being In at Every thing, and are found Effectually, at last to be just good for Nothing.

It is the Fortune, and it is the Humour of Weak and Trifling Men to Value themselves upon Idle and Trivial Matters; and many times, in Truth, upon Just Nothing at all: That is to say, upon a False Persuasion that they Do Things, which they do Not do, and Govern Affairs wherein they have No Manner of Interest. They Place a Reputation also upon Things that a Sober Man would be out of Countenance to Own, and Contend for the Credit of being the Authors of Fooleries. *What a Dust do I Raise?* says the silly Fly, And have we not Millions of Vain, Empty Pretenders in the World, that Talk at the same Rate, and with as Little Colour, either of Truth, or of Reason? 'Twas [I] carry'd such a Cause; such a Debate, such a Question. 'Twas [I] that Advis'd, Brought about, or Prevented This and That; when yet upon the Upspot, This same [I] was no more than the Fool, that fancy'd he play'd upon the Organ, when he only Drew the Bellon. Whence comes it now that Men Arrogate to Themselves thus, where they have Nothing to do, and Claim a Title, as Matter of Credit, to the Weakest Things in the World; but for want of Understanding the True Measures of Honour and Vertue: The Moral of this Vanity runs through All Degrees of Men, and All Functions. There's Nothing so Great; There's Nothing so Little, as not to Afford Subject for This Bulie and Over-weening Conceit to Work upon? No, not from the Modelling of Common-

wealths;

wealths: the Winning of Battels; The Saving, or the Recovering of Kingdoms, to the very Flies Raifing the Dust here in the Fable.

F A B. CCLXXI.

A Eele and a Snake.

YOU and I are so Alike, says the Eele to the Snake, that Methinks we should be somewhat a-Kin; and yet They that Persecute Me are afraid of You. What should be the Reason of This? Oh (says the Snake) because no body does Me an Injury but I make him smart for't.

The M O R A L.

In All Controversies They come off Best that keep their Adversaries in fear of a Revenge.

R E F L E X I O N.

PATIENCE and Impunity, is an Encouragement to an Affront. The Divine Wisdom has appointed a Hell as well as a Heaven, to the End that Dread and Terror on the One Hand, may supply the want of Gratitude, Affection, and Good Nature on the Other: What is it but the Fear of Punishment that keeps the World in Order? And what but the Awe we stand in, of Majesty, and Power, that Supports the Dignity of Government. This Moral runs through the whole History of our Lives, for 'tis Every Man's Case from Top to Bottom. *Princes Themselves*, without Stings, are no Better than Drones; and when the Sacred Character is Disarm'd, there's no longer any Reverence to be Expected for the Person. When People find it Dangerous to Offend their Superiors, they'll take care to Please them: And there's as much Difference, upon This Point, between One Governor and Another (the Resemblance notwithstanding) as there is betwixt an Eele and a Snake.

F A B. CCLXXII.

Seamen Praying to Saints.

IT Blew a Terrible Tempest at Sea once, and there was one Seaman took Notice that the Rest of his Fellows were Praying severally to so many Saints. Have a care my Masters, says he, what you do; for what if we should All be Drown'd

Drown'd now before the Messenger can deliver his Errand: Would it not be Better, without going so far about, to Pray to Him that can Save us without Help? Upon This, they turn'd their Prayers to God Himself, and the Wind presently fell.

The MORAL.

The Shortest, and Surest Way of Doing Bus'ness is Best.

REFLEXION.

'TIS Good to be sure, where our Salvation is at Stake; and to run no more Risque of the Main Chance, then of Necessity Must. What needs any Man make his Court to the Servant when his Access is Open to the Master? And especially when that Master is as ready to Give, as the Petitioners to Ask. A Wise Man will take the Nearest and the Surest Way to his Journey's End; and Commit no Bus'ness of Importance to a Proxy, where he may do't Himself.

F A B. CCLXXIII.

The Fishes and the Frying-Pan.

A Cook was Frying a Dish of *Live Fish*, and so soon as ever they felt the Heat of the Pan. There's no Enduring of This, cry'd one, and so they all Leapt into the Fire; and instead of Mending the Matter, they were Worse now then Before.

The MORAL.

The Remedy is many times Worse then the Disease.

REFLEXION.

LET a Man's Present State be never so Uneasie, he should do well however to Bethink himself before he Changes, for fear his Next Remove should be Worse. This is according to the Common Understanding of the Allusion, though not so Agreeable perhaps to the True Reason of the Case: For it was not either Levity, or Impatience; but intolerable Pain, and Absolute Necessity, that made the Fish shift their Condition: So that the Moral would have born This Doctrinc rather: That where we have Certain Death before us, and only This Choice, whether it shall be a Speedy or a Lingring Death, That which puts us soonest out of our Pain (though never so Sharp) is the more Eligible of the Two. But to take it

according

according to the Old Proverb now; we Understand by [*Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire*] That Things go from Bad to Worse.

F A B. CCLXXIV.

A League of Beasts and Fishes.

THE Beasts Enter'd into a League with the *Fishes* against the *Birds*. The War was Declar'd; but the *Fishes*, instead of their *Quota*, sent their Excuse, that they were not able to March by Land.

The MORAL.

The Vanity of a Helpless Alliance.

REFLEXION.

THERE's No Contracting of Alliances with Those that are out of Distance of Assisting in a Time of Need, in all Contracts, whether of Publicque Alliance, and Commerce, or Particular Friendship, there must a Regard be had to Reciprocal Aid and Assistance, in case of any Distress; So that All the Circumstances of Ability, Disposition, Scituation, Interest, &c. must be Taken into Thought, and Rightly Understood, before the Bargain be Struck: for 'tis a Scandalous Oversight to Err in any of the Essentials to a Prudential, and a Beneficial Agreement: By which is Intended, any sort of Defect, or Incapacity that may Obstruct, or Frustrate the End of the League. Those Contracts are Ridiculous, and Void in Themselves, that shall pretend to Oblige us against Nature. For 'tis a Banter, nor a Confederacy, to talk of *Fishes* Marching by Land, and Living out of their Element.

F A B. CCLXXV.

A Covetous Ambassador.

A Certain *Ambassador* that was still Pester'd with Drums and Trumpets every where upon the Way of his Embassy, was willing to save his Money, and so had them put off still with This Answer: That his Excellency was in Deep Mourning for his Mother, and in no Humour for Musique. The Drums and Trumpets were at least as much Troubled at the Tydings, as the *Ambassador* Himself. This News came to the Ear of a Person of Honour, who presently made him a Condoling Visit. Pray, my Lord (says the Nobleman)

man) how long may your Mother have been Dead? Why, says the *Ambassador*, 'tis now a Matter of *Forty Years*; which Expounded the Riddle, and put an End to That Controversy.

The M O R A L.

There is a Certain Agreeable Way of Fooling betwixt Jest and Earnest, that carries both Pleasure and Profit along with it; for it saves a Man's Money One way, and his Credit Another.

R E F L E X I O N.

ACCORDING to the Old Moral, Covetous Men will make any shift to save Money: But this Allusion is the least Part of the Business. 'Tis no Easy Matter for Peoples Brains to save their Money, and their Credit Both: But the Best Thing to be done, in the Disguise of a Jest, and Sordid Humour, is the Managing of the Imposture with a Good Grace, and in such a Manner, that if a Man carries it off, there's so much Money sav'd; and if he be Detected, there will be something Pleasant in the Frolique to atone for a Secret Narrowness of Heart.

At this Rate of a Pretended Freak, or Whimsy, a Great many other Corruptions, and Imperfections may be so Palliated, as to take off much of the Scandal of them; for many a Wicked Thought is so Varnish'd over in the Practice, as to pass Muster among the Gay Arts of Gallantry and Conversation. The Thing above all Others to be Wilh'd, Study'd, and Endeavour'd, is to have a Clear Mind, and to Lead a Life in so Conscientious a Probity of Manners, as in Thought, Word, and Deed, to make Good the Character of an Untainted Honest Man: But where This Discipline shall be found too Strict for Flesh and Blood, (and there's no Living up to the Rigorous Exactness of Purity, and Justice) it will in such a Case, be the Best of a Bad Game to keep Clear of Open Offence, and to give the Infirmary the Best Face that the Matter will bear. As the *Ambassador*, betwixt Jest and Earnest, Cast a Cloak of *Railery* over his *Avrice*.

F A B. CCLXXXVI.

An Old Friend and a Cardinal.

AN Ingenious Cavalier, hearing that an Old Friend of his was advanc'd to a *Cardinalate*, went to Congratulate his Eminence upon his New Honour. Pray Sir, says the *Cardinal*, looking strangely upon him, Give me the Favour of your Name, and of your Business. I am come, says the Cavalier, to Condole with your Eminence, and to tell you how Heartily
I Pity

I Pity Men that are Over-charge'd with Dignity and Preference; for it turns Peoples Brains to that Degree, that they can neither See, nor Hear, nor Understand, like Other Men; and makes them as Absolutely to Forget their *Old Friends*, as if they had never seen them before in their Lives.

The M O R A L.

Honours Change Manners.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS is a Reproof to the Pride and Vanity of Those Men, that when they come to be Advanc'd Themselves, forget all their *Old Friends* and Acquaintance, even Those that Rais'd them. This Fable is Humane Nature to the very Quick, only it has Two Handles to't, and it would not be Fair to take it in the Worst Sense, without somewhat of an Apology, or an Excuse for't, where 'twill bear a Better.

It is almost as True in Philosophy as it is in Fact, and Common Practice, that *Honours Change Manners*. Men Assume other Thoughts; Other Opinions of Themselves; Nay, and almost Another Nature, when they Contract other Interests. The Stamp of Dignity Defaces, in some People the very Character of Humanity; and Transports them to such a Degree of Haughtiness, that they reckon it below the Quality of a Great Man to Exercise either Good Nature, or Good Manners: As if Dignify'd Flesh and Blood were not of the same Composition with other Men. Now what does all This Arrogance Amount to, more, than the Pride of an Ass in his Trappings; when 'tis but his Masters taking away the Top-Knot, to make an Ass of him again.

But we are yet to Distinguish betwixt Those that take State and Distance upon them, purely out of Pride and Humour, and Those that seem to do the same Thing, tho' in a Compliance with the Necessity of their Affairs. It is Impossible for a Publick Minister to be so Open and Easy to all his *Old Friends* and Acquaintance, as he was in the State of his Private Condition; and at the same Time, to Attend the Necessary Functions of his Office: But This may be All help'd out yet, by an Affability of Address, without any Offence, either to his Business, or to his Duty. A Word, an Action, a Countenance, Manag'd with Honour and Discretion, is sufficient to Uphold the Reputation of his Character; for there are Artificial Ways of telling People what a Man Would do if he Could, without a Surly Offension of an Unwillingness to do the Things, that Effectually are not in his Power. A *Good Word*, they say, *Costs no more than a Bad*: Beside that in the *Cardinals* Forgetting his *Old Friend* here, he did more Forget Himself.

F A B. CCLXXVII.

A Young Droll and a Crooked Old Man.

A Gibing Young Knave happen'd to meet an *Old Man*, whose Age and Infirmity had brought his Body to the Shape of a Bent Bow. Pray Father (says he) will you sell your Bow? Save your Money ye Fool you, says T'other; for when You come to my Years, you shall have such a Bow for Nothing.

The M O R A L.

He that would not live to be Old, had best be Hang'd when he's Young.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS Irreverent, and Unnatural, to Scoff at the Infirmities of *Old Age*, since there's no Avoiding them but by Dying Betimes. We are all Born to Die, and Every jot as Certain that we shall go Out of This World, as that we are already come into't; but whether by a Natural, or a Violent Death, we know not. Time and Humane Frailty will bring us to our End without the Help of any Contingencies, or Distempers by the By; So that our Decays are as much the Work of Nature, as the First Principles of our Being: And the *Boy's* Conceit of the *Crooked Bow* here, is no better than a Blaphemous Way, of making sport with the Course of Providence; Beside the Folly of Scoffing at That in Another, which we our selves are sure to come to at Last, or Worse.

F A B. CCLXXVIII.

An Old Fellow, and a Young Wench.

THere was a formal Piece of Gravity that had liv'd to about Threescore and Ten, without ever so much as knowing a *Woman* from a *Weather-Cock*. The Devil Ought him a Shame, and paid him both Interest and Principal, in making the *Old Doting Fop* Marry a *Young Girl*. He would be often Complaining afterward, how Unluckily he had Dispos'd of his Time. When I was a *Young Man*, says

says he, I wanted a *Wife*, and now I'm an *Old Man*, my *Wife* wants a *Husband*.

The M O R A L.

The Common Fate of Unequal Matches, Especially in the Case of an Old Fellow, and a young Wench, where the Humour is as Contrary as Summer and Winter, Light and Darknes, or Day and Night.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE's Nothing Good, or Natural, that's out of Season. Nay the most Obliging Offices in Nature, and the Greatest Blessings under the Sun, lose much, both of their Value, and of their Relish, when they're Mismatch'd.

F A B. CCLXXIX.

An Eagle and a Pye.

THere was a Pert-Dapper Spark of a *Mag-Pye*, that fancy'd the Birds would never be well Govern'd, till he Himself should come to sit at the Helm. In This Freak he Petition'd the *Eagle* to take him into the Cabinet; For, says he, I have no Ill Turn of a Body for't. I have my Tongue, and my Heels at Command; and can make as much Noise and Bustle, to as little purpose, as any He perhaps that flies between a Pair of Wings. He was going on in the History of his Qualifications, when the *Eagle* Graciously told him, how sensible he was of the Volubility both of his Tongue, and of his Manners, and so of his Faculties and Good Breeding; but, says he, you are so Confoundedly given to Squirt-ing up and down, and Chattering, that the World would be apt to say. I had Chosen a *Jack-Pudding* for a *Prime Minister*.

The M O R A L.

Great Babblers, or Talkers are a sort of People not fit either for Trust, Business, or Conversation.

REFLEXION.

THE VVorld is like to be well Govern'd, when *Pyes* and *Daws* shall take upon them to set up for Philosophers, Doctors of the Chair, and Men of State and Government. Things are Mightily out of Order in That Quarter, especially when Vain Fools come to be admitted into Business upon the Credit of their Own VVord.

The Impertunity of such a Fop is Excellently set forth in the Qualifications of This *Pye*; for he Enforces the Reason of his Pretence, by the Clearest Arguments in the VVorld against Himself. He would be a *States-man*, because he is a *Buffoon*, as if there went no more to the Making of a *Councilor*, then the Faculties of a *Merry-Andrew*, or a *Tumbler*. Here's the Confident Ambition of a Foolish Twattling Pretender, on the One Hand, and a Just Reproof of him, in a most Reasonable Refusal, on the Other; to Teach us, that the VVant of Shame, Brains, or Good Manners, does not presently Entitle Every little *Skip-Jack* to the Boards-End in the *Cabinet*. But Our *Eagle* here was not a Prince to Advance the *Ministers* of his *Pleasures*, to be *Ministers of State*, and to make his *Sport* his *Business*.

F A B. CCLXXX.

A Country-man and a House.

There was a Pleasant sort of a Poor Fellow had his House a fire; but his Misfortune did not make him lose his Good Humour. As it was all in a Flame, out Bolts a *Mouse* from the Ruines, to save her self: The *Man* Catches her, and throws her back again. Why thou Ungrateful Wretch (says he) to leave thy Friend now in Adversity, that gave thee thy Bread in his Prosperity.

The M O R A L.

'Tis a Barbarous Faculty, an Ill Natur'd VVit; that will rather Expose the very Life and Reputation of a Friend, then lose the Opportunity of a Jest.

RE.

REFLEXION.

'TIS the Practice, but it is the Baseness of the World too, for Men to Govern themselves Wholly by their Interest, and to Abandon All that's Sacred and Honourable, for the saving of their Own Skins. Thus, says the Moral; but the Conceit was not worth the Life of the Poor Creature, and therefore the Allegory not to be Recommended; because it sets up a False Principle. There was place for Honour, Dignity of Mind, and Humanity to shew it self, in the Case, though but to a Poor *Mouse*: And there's Nothing to be said in Defence of the Wanton Cruelty of Sacrificing a Life to a Jest: But to come now to the Ungrateful Point, the Bare *Innuendo* of it would stare so many People in the Face, that it were better pass'd over in silence; for the Moral drawn out at length, would be a Satyr against Mankind. And Millions of Men that carry their Heads High in the World, would fall under the Lash of the *Countryman's Exclamation* here.

F A B. CCLXXXI.

A Sick Hermit.

There was a very Good Man, that in the Five and Twentieth Year of his Age, fell into a Desperate Fit of Sickness, the Doctors sat upon him, and the Whole College were of Opinion, that there was no saving of his Life without the Use of a Woman. The *Poor Man* lay Humming and Hawing a good While, betwixt the Sin and the Remedy; but in the End, he gave up himself wholly to the Physicians, to do with him as they thought fit. Upon this, the Doctors, by Consent, put a Good Armful of Warm Womens Flesh into the Bed to him, by way of a *Recipe*, and so lay'd him to Rest, till about some Two Hours after: When they came to see how the Prescription had Wrought; and there did they find the *Poor Religious*, Tearing his Hair, Beating his Breast, and Groaning as if his very Heart would break. So they fell presently to Reasoning, and Casing upon the Matter with him, and laying Comfortable Distinctions before him betwixt the Morality, and the Necessity of what was done. No, No, Gentlemen, says he, my Grief is not thereabouts; but it goes to the Heart of me to think how long I have liv'd in Ignorance; and that This Fit of Sickness should never take me sooner.

The

The MORAL.

Flesh is Frail. When a Strong Appetite, and a Troublesome Vertue Meet in Competition, 'tis a Hard Matter for a Man to Resist the Temptation.

REFLEXION.

WE may gather from hence, first, that People are Flesh and Blood in a Cell, as well as in a Palace. 2ly, That it is a very great Mastery, for a Man to stand Firm, in a Case, where Humane Frailty, Violent Inclinations, and the Preservation of Life it self, are in a Conspiracy against his Vertue. 3ly, That a very Pious Good Man may think himself Better then he Is, for want of an Occasion to try the Force of his Goodness and Resolution. 4ly, That when the Flesh and the Devil have once got the better of a Scrupulous Conscience, it puts a Man past All Sense of Shame, as well as of the Sin; to the Degree of Glorying in his Wickedness. The *Holy Man* was not so much Troubled, it seems, at the Use of the *Remedy*, as that he had not try'd the *Experiment* sooner. You may Talk what you will (says *Laïs*) of your Philosphers and Learned Men; but I have as many Visits from Those Sparks as from Other People. And she was much in the Right on't.

F A B. CCLXXXII.

A Rich Man and a Foolish Servant.

A Rich Man had a Certain Block-headed Fellow to his *Servant*, and the Master would be saying to him at Every Turn, Well! Thou art the very Prince of Fools! I would I were, says the Man, in a Sawcy Huff once, for I should be the Greatest Emperor upon the Face of the Earth then, and You Your self should be One of My Subjects.

The MORAL.

The Only Universal Monarch is the King of Fools; for the Whole Race of Mankind are his Subjects.

RE-

REFLEXION.

THE VVhole VVorld is full of Fools, only He that's the Least One is the VVisest Man. This would have been VVell, if the Moralist had nor given the Block-headed Servant too much Privilege: But the Ill Manners is suitable enough however, to the Character. It was such a kind of a Course Complement that *Scotus* put upon *Charles the Bald*, as they were sitting together at a Table. The Emperor ask'd him *Quid Interest* (says he) *inter Scotum & Sotum?* (Playing upon the Conceit of *Scot* and *Sot*) [*Mensa*] says he. That is to say, the Table is between the *Scot* and the *Sot*: And so with the Liberty of a *Buffoon*, the School-man turn'd the *Sot* upon the Emperor, in *Law-Latin*: This Booby's Answer in the Fable, as Unmannerly as it was, had yet a Great deal of Truth in't; for He that can Advance himself to be *King of Fools*, may be Honestly Reputed within a Hairs Breadth of an *Universal Monarch*.

F A B. CCLXXXIII.

A Widow had a mind to Harry.

WELL! says a *Widow* in Confidence to a Friend of her's. I am Utterly Undone for want of a Sober, Provident *Husband*, to look after my Estate; and there's No bodies Advice that I had rather have than Yours. But pray, will you take This Along with ye too; that for the Course, Common Bus'ness of Matrimony, as I am an Honest Woman, the very Thought on't turns my Stomach; Very well, says the Confident, and now I know Your Mind, it shall go Hard but I'll Fit ye. The Good Woman went her way for the Present, and the Next Day came to her again, quite Overjoy'd that she had found out a Man so Absolutely for her Turn. I have Provided ye a Man (says she) of Industry and Integrity; and one that Perfectly Understands all sorts of Bus'ness; and then for Turning Your Stomach, My Life for Yours Madam, he's not in a Condition to give you any Qualms That way. Away, Te Fool You, says she; I Hate the Infirmary, though I Love the Vertue.

The MORAL.

Women are All of a Make, and in some Things, most of them in a Mind. One Woman feels Another VVomans Pulse in her Own Veins; and there's no Halting before Cripples.

RE-

REFLEXION.

THE'RE's No Disputing with a Man that denies Principles, and there are Certain *Precoznita* in the Motions of Flesh and Bloud, as well as in the Philology of the Schools: In which Cases, we Understand our Duty without a Teacher, and Acquit our selves as we Ought to do, without a Prompter. That is to say, there are some Certain Fundamentals of *Natural Justice*, that we take for Granted, and Trust One Another for; as in the Proposition of our Widow here in the Fable, without any Need of Articles for the Performance of Covenants. The Widow, in short, play'd the Gipsie, and so did her Confident too in pretending to Believe her: But there's No *Catching Old Birds with Chaffe*, for One Woman reads the Heart of Woman-kind in her Own Breast. She was a Fool to be Mealy-Mouth'd, where Nature speaks so Plain. There may be Exceptions 'tis True, to a General Rule, but None to an Universal. It was No Ill shift however, to come off withall, that in dispute of All her Aversions, she was not yet for making a Vertue of Necessity. The Publisher of *Mr. Seldens Table Talk*, Tells of a Girl that was worth Forty of Our Widow here, and an Honest Down-right, Plain Dealing Lass it was. The Wench was just newly Marry'd, and so soon as ever the Job was over, *Pray Mother*, says she, *must not I go to Bed now?* No, No, Child, says *Mamma*, You must take Your Dinner first; *Oh* says the Girl, *and Then go to Bed I warrant ye.* No, my Dear, not yet says the Mother, You must Dance after Dinner. *Ay, Ay*, says the Girl again, *and Then to Bed.* No, No, says *Tother*, You must Sup first, and then Dance again. *Ay, Ay, and Then to Bed*, says the Bride. This Girl did but speak the Widows Mind; for let Flesh and Blood pretend what it will, *to Bed, to Bed*, will be the *Bob* of the *Song*.

F A B. CCLXXXIV.

Town-Dogs and Country-Dogs.

THIS is a Common Thing upon the Passing of a *Strange Dog* through a Town, to have a *Hundred Curs Bawling at his Breech*, and Every Yap gets a Snap at him. There was One Particular Dog, that when he saw there was No saving his Skin by Running away, Turn'd upon his Pursuers, and then found upon the Tryal, that One set of Teeth was worth Two pair of Heels; for upon That Resolution, they All fell off, and Sneak'd their Way. A Captain took Occasion once to Apply This Instance to his People. Fellow-Soldiers (says he) take This for a Rule, Those that run away are in more Danger than the Others that stand the Shock.

F A B. CCLXXXV.

A Snake to Jupiter.

A Snake that found himself Persecuted by Men, appeal'd to *Jupiter* for Relief; who told him that it was his Own Fault; for (says he) if you had but Bit the First Man that Affronted ye; the Second would have taken Warning by't.

The MORAL of the Two FABLES above.

The putting up of One Affront draws on Another.

REFLEXION.

THIS is No Ill Emblem of the Common People; that are Insolent so long as they are Fear'd, and Shrink, where they find Danger; for their Courage is Calculated to the Opinion they have of the Enemy. It is the Nature of All sorts of Mungril Curs, to Bawl, Snarle, and Snap, where the Foe flies before them; and to Clap their Tails between their Legs when an Adversary makes Head against them. There's Nothing, in short, but Resolution, to carry a Man through All Difficulties: And since it is so Absolutely Necessary, the sooner it is Taken up, the Better it succeeds. 'Tis a Matter of very Evil Consequence, to let the Rabble offer Publique Affronts *Gratis*. A seditious Word leads to a Broyl, and a Ryot Unpunish'd, is but next door to a Tumult: So that the Bearing of One Indignity draws on Another. Bite the First Man that Affronts ye, and y'are safe for ever after.

F A B. CCLXXXVI.

The Frogs and Tortoises.

AS a Company of *Frogs* were Trifling and Playing up and down in a Meadow, some *Tortoises*, that look'd on, were Mightily Troubled that they could not do so too, but taking Notice a while after how These *Frogs* were Pick'd up, and Destroy'd, by Birds and Fishes: Well (says One of 'em) 'tis better to Live Dull, and Heavy, then to Dye Light and Nimble.

The MORAL.

Every Part and Creature of the Universe has its proper Place, Station, and Faculties Assign'd, and to Wish it Otherwise were to find Fault with Providence.

REFLEXION

THAT which Nature has Allotted us is best for us, and it is Great Folly and Wickedness for People not to be Content with it, and Thankful for't.

No Man knows Himself, or Understands his Own Condition, but by Comparison, and upon Experience. Our Wishes, many times, are Mortal to us: and the very Granting of our Prayers would but serve to make us still more and more Miserable. The *Tortoise's* Shell was a Clog and a Burden, till they found it Necessary for the Defence of their Lives; and they Envy'd the Easiness and the Lightness of the Frogs, till they saw them Joll'd to pieces, and Devour'd for want of a Buckler to Cover, and Protect them. But they came then to be of the Beggar's Mind, that stood Gaping at my Lady *Devonshire's* Funeral: *Here's a Brave Sight, says she, and yet I Gad Bless, for all That, I had rather be a Live Begger than a Dead Countess.* The Moral Concludes in This, that there can be No Thought of Security, or Quiet in This World, but in a Resignation to the Allotments of God and Nature. If the *Tortoises* had had their Wish, they had been Pick'd up among the *Frogs*.

F A B. CCLXXXVII.

The Mice and the Oat.

THE *Mice* found it so Troublesome to be still Climbing the *Oak* for Every Bit they put in their Bellies, that they were once about to set their Teeth to't, and bring the *Acorns* down to them; But some Wifer then some; and a Grave Experienc'd *Mouse*, bad them have a care what they did; for if we Destroy our Nurse at present, Who shall Feed us hereafter?

The MORAL.

Resolution without Foresight is but a Temerarious Folly: And the Consequences of Things are the First Point to be taken into Consideration.

R E-

REFLEXION.

'TIS ill done for any Man to Consult his Present Ease and Profit, without Computing upon the Trouble and Loss that may Enſue. 'Tis not safe to make any Present Resolutions without a Considerate Project into the Future. This is abundantly Moraliz'd in several Other Places. But the *Mouse's* Question of *Who shall Feed us hereafter?* goes a great Way in the Resolution of All These Cases.

F A B. CCLXXXVIII.

A Run-away Dog and his Master.

HERE was a *Bob-Tail'd Cur*, cry'd in a *Gazette*, and One that found him out by his Marks, brought him home to his *Master*; who fell presently to Reasoning the Matter with him, how Insensible, and Thankless a Wretch he was, to run away from One that was so Extream Kind to him. Did I ever give you a Blow in my Life, says he, or so much as One Angry Word, in all the time that ever you serv'd me? No, says the Dog, not with Your Own Hands, nor with Your Own Lips; but you have given me a Thousand and a Thousand by your Deputy; and when I'm Beaten by my *Master's* Order, 'tis my *Master* Himself, I reckon, that Beats me.

The MORAL.

In Benefits as well as Injuries 'tis the Principal that we are to Consider, not the Instrument. That which a Man does by Another, is in Truth and Equity his own Act.

REFLEXION.

THE *Master* here deals with the *Dog*, as Great Officers deal many times with Honest, Well-Meaning Men at Court. They speak 'em Fair Themselves, and Murder 'em by their Deputies: But still, That which is done by the Principal's Order, or with his Privy, or Approbation, is the Principal's Act. The *Servant* is but the *Master's* Instrument in the Case, as the *Cudgel* is the *Servant's*; and they are Both under the same Command. When a Man happens to be Kill'd, we do not Impute the Murder to the Weapon that did the Execution, but to Him that Manag'd it. This is much after the way of Treating *Elephants*: When an Elephant is taken in a Pit-fall, He that is design'd for the *Master* and Keeper of him, sets Other

L I 2

People

People to Prick and Teize him, and Then In comes He Himself, and under Pretence of taking his Part, falls foul upon his Enemies, and Rescues him. The *Elephant* takes This Man now for his Friend; Whereas, upon the Whole Matter, it was by His Order that he was both Taken and Beaten.

There's Nothing more Frequent then this *Shamming* Way of *Confederacy*, betwixt Two Men in Power; when an Honest Patriot, for the Purpose, or a Loyal Subject is to be made an Owl of; by Consent of them Both. The One Affronts him, while the Other Cajoles, and Pities him; Takes up his Quarrel, shakes his Head at it; Claps his Hand up in his Breast, and then Protests, and Protests, *he Wonders at his Heart that my Lord should have so Little Honour, as to Treat an Honest Gentleman at This rate.* A Friend of mine has been at This sport many and many a time: And now upon the Whole Matter, This is no more at last then a Concerted *Intrigue* betwixt a Brace of Sharpers, that Laugh all the while at the Whole Roguery in their Sleeves. The *Master's Good Words* are a Greater Mortification to the *Dog*, then the *Servants Blows*.

F A B. CCLXXXIX.

The Birds and Beetles.

THE *Birds* were in a Terrible Fright once, for fear of Gun-shot from the *Beetles*. And what was the Bus'ness but the little Balls of Ordure that the *Beetles* had Rak'd together; the *Birds* took for *Bullets*. But a *Sparrow* in the Company, that had more Wit then his Fellows, bad 'em have a Good Heart yet, for how shall they reach us in the Air, says he, with Those Pellets, that they can hardly Roll upon the Ground.

The M O R A L.

Many People apprehend Danger where there's None, and reckon themselves safe where there is, for want of taking the True Measure of Things, and laying Matters Rightly together.

R E F L E X I O N.

VAIN Fears and Imaginations Cast a Mist before our Eyes, and not only Represent Real Dangers Greater then they Are, but Create Fantastical Difficulties, where in Truth there are None at all. The *Birds* were in a Mortal Apprehension of the *Beetles*, till the *Sparrow* Reason'd them into a Better Understanding of the Matter. How should they Hurt us in the Air, says the *Sparrow*, with Those Pellets, that they can hardly Move
upon

upon the Ground; which brought the Point to an Issue upon a very Logical Conclusion.

F A B. CCXC.

A Bear and Bees.

A Bear was so Enrag'd once at the Stinging of a Bee, that he ran like Mad into the *Bee-Garden*, and Over-turn'd All the *Hives*, in Revenge. This Outrage brought them Out in Whole Troops upon him; and he came afterwards to Bethink himself, how much more Advisable it had been to Pass over One Injury, then by an Unprofitable Passion to Provoke a Thousand.

The M O R A L.

Better pass over an Affront from One Scoundrel, then draw the Whole Herd of the Mobile about a Man's Ears.

R E F L E X I O N.

WE are to learn from hence, the Folly of an Impotent, and Inconsiderate Anger; and that there's no Creature so Contemptible, but by the Help of Resolution, and of Numbers, it may Gain its Point. The Heat and Thirst of Revenge does but Hurry People from Less Mischiefs to Greater; As One Hasty Word, or Blow, brings on a Thousand. There's no Opposing the Torrent of a Head-strong Multitude; for Rage and Despair give Courage to the most Inconsiderable, and the most Fearful of Creatures. Had it not been Better now to have pass'd over the Affront of one Spiteful Creature, then to Provoke and draw on upon Himself the Outrage of a Thousand?

F A B. CCXCI.

A Fowler and a Chaffinch.

A Fowler that had Bent his Net, and laid his Bait, Planted himself in the *Bird-Catcher's* Place, to Watch for a Draught. There came a Great Many Birds One after Another, that Lighted, and Peck'd a While, and so away again.

At

At this rate they kept coming and Going all the Day long; but so few at a time, that the Man did not think 'em worth a Pluck. At last, when he had Slipt All his Opportunities in hope of a Better Hit, the Evening came on, and the Birds were gone to Bed, so that he must either Draw then or not at all; and in the Conclusion, he was e'en fain to content himself with one Single *Chaffinch*, that had the Misfortune to be Later Abroad than her Fellows.

THE MORAL.

Men are so Greedy after what's to Come, which is Uncertain, that they Slip past sent Opportunities, which are never to be Recover'd.

REFLEXION.

DELAYS are Dangerous. The very Instant is All that we can call our Own, The Rest, is either Chance, or Fate. The Case of the *Fowler* and the *Chaffinch*, reaches to All the Præteritions of Humane Life. Every Man Living has a Design in his Head upon something or other, and Applies himself accordingly toward the Attaining of his End; whether it be Honour, Wealth, Power, or any other sort of Advantage, or Settlement in the World. Now he that would take a True Measure how to Proceed, should say to himself, This is the Thing I would be at. This or That in such a Proportion will do my Bus'ness; And This Nick of time is the Critical Occasion for the Gaining of such, or such a Point. I'll take it while 'tis to be had. He that may be Well, and Will not, in hope of being Better, runs the Risque of getting Nothing at all; and so Parts with a Moral Certainty in Possession, for a Wild, and a Remote Possibility in Reversion. Lost Opportunities are never to be Recover'd. 'Tis Good Discretion, when we cannot Command what we would have, to Compound for what we May, and not to call any thing *Ill Luck*, which is in Truth *Ill Manage*. 'Tis a Weakness to be Sollicitous for more than enough, and to Hazzard All by Grasping at too much. *All Covet, All Lose*; for Avarice, whether it Succeeds or not, is but a kind of Beggary; and he that Wants More, has as Good as Nothing at all. The *Bird-Catcher* slipt his Time here, and makes Good the Old Vulgar Saying; *He that will not when he May, When he Would he shall ha' Nay.*

F A B. CCXCII.

A Soldier and Two Horses.

A Soldier that had One Excellent Horse already, bought Another that was not Half so Good, and yet he took more Care of That, than of the Former. Every body Wonder'd

der'd at the Humour of it, considering that for Beauty, or Service, the Latter was not Comparable to the Other. Ay, but says One, 'tis Natural to be Kind to the Last Commer.

The MORAL.

Our Likings or Dislikes are Founded rather upon Humour and Fancy than upon Reason. Every thing pleases us at First; and Nothing Pleases Long; and we shift only to Try if we can Mend our stoves in the Next Choice.

REFLEXION.

WE are apt to put a Value upon Things for their Novelty, rather than for their Vertue: and the same Levity holds toward Women, Friends and Acquaintances: Nay, and Governments too; for People seldom Change for a Better. All Civil Constitutions have their Failings, and the Unhinging, even of the Worst of Governments, brings on an *Anarchy*, which is yet Worse; for it lays All in Rubbish: And we have no Better Security for the Next State of Things, then we had for the Former, but still for Variety sake, we go on Chopping and Changing our *Friends*, and our *Masters*, as well as our *Horses*; and with the *Soldier*, out of a Sickly Levity, like the Last Best whatever it be.

F A B. CCXCIII.

A Spaniel and a Sow.

I Wonder (says a *Sow* to a *Spaniel*) how you can Fawn thus upon a Master that gives you so many Blows, and Twinges by the Ears. Well (says the *Dog*) but then set the Good Bits, and the Good Words he gives me, against Those Blows and Twinges, and I'm a Gainer by the Bargain.

The MORAL.

He that will Live Happily in This World, must Resolve to take the Good and the Bad Thankfully and Contentedly One with Another.

REFLEXION.

WITHOUT a Strict Hand over us in the Institution of our Youth, we are in Danger to be Lost for ever. *He that Spares the Rod, Hates the Child;* and the Severity of an Early Discipline is One of the Greatest Obligations that a Son can have to a Tender Parent. This we shall find to be True, if we do but set the Good against the Bad, as the *Dog* did, the *Bits* against the *Knocks*, and then Ballance the Account.

F A B. CCXCIV.

Oxen and Timber.

WHY don't you Run and Make Haft? cry'd the *Timber* in the Cart, to the *Oxen* that Drew it: The Burthen is not so Heavy furc. Well! (said the *Oxen*) if You did but know Your Own Fortune, you'd never be so Merry at Ours. We shall be Discharg'd of our Load so soon as we come to our Journies End, but You that are Design'd for *Beams* and *Supporters*, shall be made to bear till your Hearts break. This Hint brought the *Timber* to a Better Understanding of the Case.

The MORAL.

'Tis Matter of Humanity, Honour, Prudence, and Piety, to be Tender One of Another; for no Man Living knows his End, and 'tis the Evening Crowns the Day.

REFLEXION.

IT is both Base, and Foolish, to Insult over People in Distress, for the Wheel of Fortune is Perpetually in Motion, and He that's Uppermost to day, may be Under it to Morrow. No Man knows what End he is Born to; and it is Only Death that can Pronounce upon a Happy or a Miserable Life. When the *Timber* made sport with the *Oxen* for the Drudgery they Labour'd under, Little did they Dream of the Greater Oppression they wereto Undergo Themselves.

F A B.

F A B. CCXCV.

A Goldfinch and a Boy.

A *Goldfinch* gave his *Master* the Slip out of the Cage, and he did what he could to get him Back again, but he would not come. Well! says the *Boy*, You'll live to Repent it; for you'll never be so well Look'd to in any Other Place. That may very Well be, says the *Bird*; but however, I had rather be at my Own Keeping then at Yours.

The MORAL.

Never Well; Full nor Fasting.

REFLEXION.

MEAT, Drink, and Ease can never make any Man Happy that wants his Liberty. No, nor any Man that has it neither; for we are *never Well*, either with *Much* or *Little*. Whatever we Have, we Want something else, and so go on Wanting and Craving, till Death takes us off in the Middle of our Longings. He that's a *Pris'ner*, is Troubled that he cannot go whither he Would; And He that's at Large, is as much Troubled that he does not know whether to Go. The One Stands still: and the Other Loses his Way. Now 'tis not Necessity, but Opinion that makes People Miserable, and when we come once to be *Fancy-Sick*, there's *No Cure* for't. A Man may have his Heels at Liberty, and yet be a Slave to Impotent Affections, and Troubled Thoughts. But This is not, upon any Terms, to Undervalue the Blessing of a Natural Freedom; and the *Goldfinch* was Undoubtedly in the Right, when he was once out of the Cage, not to be Whistled back again, if it had not been that he carry'd his Snare along with him.

F A B. CCXCVI.

A Droll and a Bishop.

THERE was a Roguy Wag of a *Droll* that had a Mind once to put a Trick upon a *Hard, Close-Fisted Bishop*: so he went to him upon the *First of January* to Wish him a *Merry New-Year* on't, and begg'd a *Five Guinea Piece* of him for a *New-Years-Gift*. Why, the Man's Mad (says the *Prelate*) and I believe he takes Me to be so too. Dost think I have so Little Wit, as to Part with such a Gob of Monecy for God-a-Mercy? Nay, my Lord (says the Fellow) if That be too
M m much,

much, let it be but a Singl *George*, and I'll be Thankful for't; But That would not do Neither. He fell next Bout to a *Copper Farthing*, and was Deny'd That too. When the Fellow saw that there was no *Money* to be got, Pray (My Lord, says he) let me beg your *Blessing* then. With all my Heart (says the Bishop) Down on your Knees, and You shall have it: No, My Lord (says T'other) 'tis My Turn now to Deny; for if You Your self had thought That *Blessing* worth a *Copper Farthing*, you'd never have Parted with it.

THE MORAL.

No Penny, No Pater Noster, does not hold in All Cases; for the Penny and the Pater Noster do not go always together.

REFLIXION.

THERE's No Corruption, like Ecclesiastical Avarice; No Cruelty so Merciless as That of a Debauch'd Church-man. 'Tis the Devil's Master-Piece to begin There; for he knows very Well, that the Scandalous Examples of a Perfidious, and an Apostate Clergy, are the Ready Way to bring the Holy Order of Priesthood it self into *Odium*, and *Disgrace*. Here's *Tour Church*, they cry presently; as if the very *Function* were *Unhallow'd* by the *Mercenary Practices* of some *Backsliding Members* of That Communion. Let them Live as they Preach, and Preach as they Ought, and let there be No Moralizing in the Pulpit upon the Fable of the *Man*, and the *Saty*; by *Blowing Hot and Cold* out of the same Mouth. There are *Simoniackal Contracts* on the Buying-side, as well as on the Selling, when People shall Preach One Doctrine to get Into a *Livings*, and the Contrary to Keep it. What is This, but the Selling of the Truth, and of Souls, for Money; and the Profiting of All that's Sacred, for the saving of their *Skins* and their *Stakes*?

Not but that Charity is Free, and much at the Discretion of Him that is to Exercise it. It is Free, I say, to All Intent and Purposes, as to any Legal Coercion upon it, though at the same time, in Point of Conscience, a Man may lye under the Obligation of an Indispensable Duty. So that without forcing the Drift of this Fable, the Bishop is not to Blame here, the Matter simply Consider'd; for the First, Second, or Third Denial, or for All together; for such Circumstances may be Suppos'd, with a regard to the Manner, Time, and Persons, as might not only Acquit him for the Refusal, but have Reflected upon his Conduct, and Prudence, if he had Granted the Request: So that (with Veneration to the Divine Institution it self, and to Those that Live up to't) we are to take This for the Figure of a *Loole* and a *Covetous Prelate*, that Disgraces his *Character* by his *Conversation*, and sets a Higher Rate upon a *Copper Farthing* than upon an *Apostolical Benediction*. Now if This Bishop could have said, *Silvar and Gold have I None*, the Author of This Fable would have Absolv'd him.

F A B. CCXC VII.

A Lapping Preferr'd

UPON a General Invitation to the *Eagles Wedding*, there were several Birds of Quality among the Rest, that took it in Heavy Dudgeon to see a *Lapping* Plac'd at the Upper End of the Table. 'Tis true, they cry'd, he has a kind of a *Coxcomb* upon the Crown of him, and a Few *Tawdry Feathers*; but Alas, he never Eat a Good Meats Meat in his Life, till he came to This Preferment.

THE MORAL.

'Tis a Scandal to a Government, and there goes Envy along with it, where Honours are Conferr'd upon Men for Address, Beauty, and External Advantages, rather then for their Good Qualities and Vertues.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Necessary Caution in All Preferments that they be Plac'd upon fit Men; for the Right Motives; and for the Right Ends. The Advancing of a Fantastical Fool, or *Lapping*, Reflects upon the Raiser of him; for 'tis an Ill sign, the very Liking of an Ill Man, and Implies, at least a Tacit Approbation of the Officers Defects. The Preferring of People indeed to Honourable Charges and Commissions, without either Brains, Blood, Fortune, or Merit, may be so far Reputed a Great Work, as the making of Something out of Nothing, seems to be next door to a Creation: But the Character at last will nor Excuse the Person so Dignify'd, from Open Envy and Secret Contempt, Where it so falls out that True Reason of the Choice, is either Fancy without Judgment, or Credulity without Enquiry, Enforcement, or Tryal, the Latter is the more Harmless Mistake of the Two; for there's somewhat of Generous in the Confidence, Notwithstanding the Error of the Facility: And as He that Trusts to This Degree, does deserve not to be Deceiv'd; so He that Betrays such a Trust, on the Other Hand, is not Worthy to Live. An Ill Reason, in fine, for an Ill Choice, is Worse then No Reason at all; for to proceed upon a Wrong Reason is to Build upon a False Foundation. *Will and Pleasure* is the Only Plea This Case will bear; for the Authority of the *Eagle her self* we see was not sufficient to Vindicate a *Worthless Minion* from *Reproach* and *Scorn*.

F A B. CCXCVIII.

A Priest and Pears.

A Jolly Gutling Priest, that was Invited to a Wedding-Dinner, Stumbled upon a parcel of Pears by the Way. The Man was sharp enough set to have made a Breakfast of them, but so taken up with the thought of the Wedding-Chear, that he only Pift upon the Pears in Contempt, and so went his Way. He was to Cross a River it seems, but finding the Waters so High, that there was No Passing, he was c'en glad to Trudge back again as Wife as he came, and to make a Meal of Those very Pears that he had Pift upon and *Depis'd*.

The M O R A L.

Hungers the Best Sauce.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable shews us, that Delicate and Squeamish Humours in the Matter of Meats and Drinks, are Freak, and Phansy, rather than upon any Account of Nature, or Reason. (Some Few Insuperable Aversions only Excepted) There is a Pride, and an Affectation of Singularity, that is never to be pleas'd with any thing that's Cheap and Common; and there's also a Sensual Intemperance for the Gratifying of the Palate; but *Necessity, and no Choice* cures either of These Evils. The Priest did Ill in Vilifying These Pears; for All the Fruits of the Earth are the Gifts of Providence, which we ought to have a Reverence for: And he did Foolishly too in not Considering, that he Himself might come to stand in Need of them. But he was forc'd, in the Conclusion, to Eat That Himself, which he had made Unfit for any body else, and There was his Punishment. A Squeamish Fastidious Niceness in Meats and Drinks, must be Cur'd as we Cure Agues, by Starving.

F A B. CCXCIX.

A Horse and a Hog.

A Hog took Notice of a Horse in the Height of his Courage, that was Just advancing to Charge an Enemy. Why what a Fool art thou, says the Hog to him, to make such
Haste

Haste to be Destroy'd? That Consideration, says the Horse, may do well enough in the Mouth of a Wretched Creature that's only Fatted up to be Kill'd by a Knife, but whenever I'm taken off, I'll leave the Memory of a Good Name Behind me.

The M O R A L.

'Tis the Cause makes the Martyr.

R E F L E X I O N.

HE that Consults the Interest of his Carcass, before that of his Reputation, or his Country, is Effectually but a Brute, under the Figure of a Man. An Honourable Death is to be Prefer'd much before an Infamous Life. This Hog in the Fable has but taken up the Words and Humour of a Bestial sort of People in the World: Men that lie Wallowing in their Lusts, their Debauches, and their Pleasures, and spending their Censures upon Men of Honour, and Publique Spirits, without any Regard to the Conscience of either Christian, Moral, or Political Duties. They are more Solicitous for the Pampering of their Bodies, than for the Saving of their Souls, or the Embalming of their Memories: and fall justly under the Reproof of the Horse to the Hog in This Emblem.

F A B. CCC.

A Hunts-man and a Carrier.

A Carrier bought a Bear-skin of a Hunts-man, and laid him down ready Money for't. The Hunts-man told him that he would Kill a Bear next day, and he should have the Skin. The Carrier, for his Curiosity, went out with the Hunts-man to the Chace, and Mounted a Tree, where he might see the Sport. The Hunts-man Advanc'd very Bravely up to the Den where the Bear lay, and threw in his Dogs upon him. He Ruffled out Immediately, and the Man Missing his Aim, the Bear Overturn'd him. So the Fellow held his Breath, and lay Stone still, as if he were dead. The Bear Snuffled, and smelt to him; took him for a Carcass, and so left him. When the Bear was gone, and the Danger over, down comes the Carrier from the Tree, and bad the Hunts-man Rise. Hark ye, my Friend, says the Carrier, the Bear Whisper'd somewhat in your Ear,
What

What was it, I pray thee? Oh (says the *Hunts-man*) he had me have a Care for the Future to make sure of the Bear, before I Sell his Skin.

The MORAL.

Let no Man Undertake for more than he is able to make Good.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to bid us secure our selves Before hand of what we Undertake for, and not depend upon Uncertainties. Though with the Moralists Leave, the Uncertainty was on the Other Hand, and he that Bought the Skin ran a Greater Risque than T'other that Sold it; and had the Worse End of the Staff. 'Tis Good Council however, not to make our selves Answerable for Things out of our Power: Especially where there are Dangerous Contingencies in the Way, as we find in This Fable: For the *Bear* was within a Hairs Breadth of Spoiling the Jest: It is much at this Rate that we make all our Bargains; We give our Time, Study, Interest, Liberty, and, in short, part with all that's Precious, not only upon Uncertainties, but for Things we can never Obtain. There's no depending upon *To-morrow*.

F A B. CCCI.

A Hermit and a Soldier.

There was a *Holy-man* that took a *Soldier* to Task, upon the Subject of his Profession, and laid before him the Hazzards, the Sins, and the Troubles that Attend People of that Trade; Wherefore, says he, for your Souls sake, Sir, Pray give it over. Well! *Father*, says the *Soldier*, I'll do as you bid me; for really we are so Ill paid, and there's so little to be Gotten by Pillage, that I Phantly I had e'en as good Be-take my self to a Godly Life.

The MORAL.

When People can Live no longer by their Sins, 'tis High Time for them to Mend their Manners.

R E.

REFLEXION.

NATURE it self speaks in These Lively Images of Truth. Here's a *Good Man*, and his *Penitent Preaching* upon Two several Texts. The *Holy Father* Enforces the Necessity of the *Soldier's Repentance*, from the Wicked *Example* of a *Man* that he *Leads*, and the *Trade* that he *Drives*. The *Soldier*, on the Other hand, is willing to be Converted, for the *Times are Dead*, he says, and their's *Neither Pay, nor Plunder to be got*. The World has abundance of These *Profelytes*, that when they can be no longer Wicked to Advantage, take up an *Outward Change* of Profession, and pass presently for *Babes* of *Grace*, without the Least Symptom, all this while, of any *Inward Change* of Mind. This was the Case of One of our *Modern Confessors*, and *Martyrs*, who took a *Formal Leave* of *Jesus Christ*, and told his *Ghostly Father*, that he was now fully Resolv'd not to Starve for his Religion. Now there are Millions and Millions in the World, of This Man's *Kidney*, that have the Wit yet to keep their Tongues betwixt their Teeth, and to take up the same Resolution without Noise. How many Instances of the Power of Pay and Pillage, does Every day Produce in all manner of Dealings and Professions: For Religion and Property still March Hand in Hand; and Men will do Tricks like *Dogs*, for *Cruffs*, and Change their Masters, both Heavenly, and Earthly, for Better Wages. Where's That Law, or Text that has not been Over-rul'd some time or other, and Distorted, by a False Glofs to make the Application Profitable, and Easie to the Good People? How often have we heard as *Arrant Jangling* in the Pulpits, as ever we did in the *Scepples*: And Professors Ringing as Awk as the Bells, to give notice of the *Conflagration* which They Themselves were Raising; for we have found it to our Cost, that the Multitude will sooner Kindle with a *Pernicious Doctrine* than with a *Padding Lane Fire-Ball*. 'Tis not *Conscience*, but *Interest* that Governs the World; and the *Incomparable Hudibras* has hit the Point to a Hair.

*What's Orthodox, and True Believing
Against a Conscience? A Good Living.
What makes All Doctrines Plain and Clear?
About Two Hundred Pound a Year.
And That which was Provd True Before.
Prove False again? Two Hundred More.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths,
A Holy Duty? Food and Cloaths.*

This it is, in fine, that makes the *Devil* of a *Saint*, and a *Saint* of a *Devil*; for your *Holy Apostase* is the *Blackest* of *Hypocrites*. The *Soldier* turns *Religious*, and he shall do more *Mischief* in That Shape than ever he did in the Other. For a *Corrupted Zeal* draws more *Blood*, than a *Mercenary Malice*.

F A B.

F A B. CCCII.

A Husband and Wife twice Darry'd.

There happen'd a Match betwixt a *Widower*, and a *Widow*. The *Woman* would be perpetually Twitting of her Second Husband, what a Man her First was; and her *Husband* did not forget the Ringing of it in her Ears as often, what an Admirable Woman he had to his First Wife. As the *Woman* was One day upon the Peevish Pin, a Poor Body comes to the Door, while the Froward Fit was upon her, to beg a Charity. Come in Poor Man (says the *Woman*) Here's e'en the Leg of a Capon for thee, to Pray for the Soul of my First Husband. Nay, Faith, says the Husband, and when thy Hand is In, e'en take the Body and the Rest on't, to pray for the Soul of My First Wife. This was Their way of Teizing One Another, and of Starving the Living to the Honour of the Dead: for they had but That One Capon betwixt them to Supper.

The M O R A L.

Sauce for a Goose is Sauce for a Gander. *There's no Contending with the Laws of God and Man, Especially against Those that have Power, and Right at their Sides.*

R E F L E X I O N.

WE may learn from This Fable, that it is Common Duty and Discretion, for Men and their Wives, when they are once Hamper'd, to make the Best of a Doubtful Game; for they are One to All Manner of Purposes, by which it is Possible for Two Persons to be United. Their Interest is One and the same, and there's No Touching the Peace, or the Honour of the One, without Wounding That of the Other; but if there happens to be Any Absolute Necessity of Jangling, One of the Civillest ways of Reproach is That here before us; and it is but according to the Ordinary Guise and Freak of the World, when any thing comes Cross betwixt the Second Husband and Wife, to be still Celebrating the Memory of the Former. *My First Husband* (Heaven Rest his Soul) and *My First Wife*, they Cry, was So and So, and would have done This and That. The Two Main Topiques to Chop Logick upon in These Domestique Disagreements, are commonly the Upbraiding One Another with what *I Was*, and what *I Might have been*; and what a Match I might have had (with a Pox) never considering what they *Are*, and that what they *Are* they *Must* be, which is the Only Point. 'Tis Forty to One that Con-

troverfies

troverfies will Arise one time or Other in That State of Life, when it will be the Husbands Part, upon the Matter of Dignity, Preference, and Commission, to Moderate Matters, both by his Authority, and his Prudence; Which is but Confonant to Equity and Right Nature. Wherefore the *Woman* is Worse then Franctick, that, upon These Disputes, will be trying Conclufions with her Husband, for a Better, or a Worse. If he Truckles, she makes him a Coxcomb: If he keeps his Ground, she shews her self to be One, so that she lays all at stake upon the Contest, that a Sober *Woman* has to Lose. It is much better to give Way betimes to the Stronger, even upon the Matter of Prudence, as well as of Respect, then it would be to Contend at first, and then, either to Cross the Cudgels, or to be Baffled in the Conclusion. The *Man* and the *Woman* here never Consider'd that they gave away their Own Meat; and both Robb'd, and Discredited 'One Another in the Contest.

F A B. CCCIII.

A Lyon and a Mouse.

A *Lyon* that found himself Hamper'd in a Net, call'd to a *Mouse* that was passing by, to help him out of the Snare, and he'd never forget the Kindness, he said. The *Mouse* Gnow'd the Threads to pieces, and when he had set the *Lyon* at Liberty, desir'd him in Requital to give him his Daughter. The *Lyon* was too Generous to Deny him Any thing, but most Unluckily, as the New Bride was just about to Step into the Marriage Bed, she happen'd to set her Foot upon her Husband at Unawares, and Crush'd him to Death.

The M O R A L.

The Folly of an Inconsiderate Love. The Force of Gratitude, and Good Nature, and the Misery that Accompanies Unequal Matches.

R E F L E X I O N.

ALL Matches, Friendships, and Societies are Dangerous and Inconvenient, where the Contractors are Not Equals: And the *Mouse* under the Paw of the *Lyon*, does well enough set forth the Danger of such a Marriage.

N n

FAB.

F A B. CCCIV.

Wax and Brick.

There was a Question started once about *Wax*, and *Brick*, why the One should be so Brittle, and liable to be Broken with Every Knock, and the Other bear up again All Injuries and Weathers, so Durable and Firm. The *Wax* Philosphiz'd upon the Matter, and finding it Out at last, that it was Burning made the *Brick* so Hard, Cast it self into the *Fire*, upon an Opinion that Heat would Harden the *Wax* too; but That which Consolidated the One, Dissolv'd the Other.

The M O R A L.

'Tis a Folly to try Conclusions without Understanding the Nature of the Matter in Question.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE'S No Trying of Experiments, without laying Things and Things together: For That which is agreeable to the Nature of One Thing, is Many times Contrary to the Nature of Another. Several Humours are to be Wrought upon several Ways, and the Case betwixt *Wax* and *Brick*, is the very same Case too betwixt One Man and Another. Some are to be dealt withal by Fair Means; Others by Foul; and That which Hardens the One softens the Other.

F A B. CCCV.

A Husbandman turn'd Soldier and Merchant.

OH the Endless Misery of the Life I lead! cries the Moiling *Husbandman*, to spend all my Days in Ploughing, Sowing, Digging, and Dunging, and to make Nothing on't at last! Why now in a *Soldiers* Life, there's Honour to be got, and One Lucky Hit sets up a Man for Ever. Faith, I'll e'en put off my Stock, Get me a Horse and Arms, and Try the Fortune of the War. Away he goes; Makes his Push; Stands the Shock of a Battel, and Compounds at last for the Leaving of a Leg or an Arm behind

hind him, to go Home again: By this Time; he has had his Bellyful of *Knight-Errantry*, and a New Freak takes him in the Crown. He might do better, he fancies, in the Way of a *Merchant*. This Maggot has no sooner set him agog; but he gets him a Ship Immediately; Freights her, and so away to Sea upon Adventure: Builds Castles in the Air, and Conceits Both the *Indies* in his Coffers, before he gets so much as Clear of the Port. Well! And What's the End of All This at last? He falls into Foul Weather, among Flats and Rocks, where Merchant, Vessel, Goods and All are lost in One Common Wreck:

The M O R A L.

A Rambling Levity of Mind is commonly Fatal to us.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Doctrine concerns those that Rashly Change their Condition and Fortune, and commonly fall into the Inconveniencies that they thought to Avoid. He that's Well, already, and, upon a Levity of Mind, Quits his Station, in hope to be Better, 'tis Forty to One, he loses by the Change; for This Lightness is both a Vice, and a Disease, and rather the Wallowing of a Sickly Quail, than any Reasonable Agitation of Council and Debate. The Fault is not in the Place, or Bus'ness, but in the Stomach; and the Quitting of such a Course of Life, is but shifting Posture in a Fit of Sickness: Let a Man turn which Way he will, he is still as Restless and Uneasie One way as Another. Not but that 'tis Reasonable for a Man, under any Calamity, to use the Best Means he can, Honestly, to get Clear on't. Let it be Pain of Body; Distress of Mind; Loss of Liberty, Pinching Necessity of Fortune; Nay let it be Gout, Stone, or Torments, there's Matter yet left for Industry, Council, Generosity, or when All fails, for Philosophy, and Constancy of Mind to Work upon; and to Improve All the Methods of Providence to our Advantage. Now All This is only an Honourable and Warrantable Conflict, with such Accidents and Circumstances as Providence is pleas'd to make use of, for the Tryal of our Faith and Vertue. So that These Strivings are not to be taken for a Contending with superior Powers; but they are Cases Excepted from the Uneasiness here in the Fable; which arises from a Dissatisfaction in such a Lot, as might make us abundantly Happy if we would but keep our Desires within Those Bounds which God and Nature have Prescrib'd us. But Men under These Irregular Appetites, can never think themselves Well, so long as they fancy they Might be Better: And then from Better, they must Rise to be Best; and when That Best it self falls short of what they Expected from it, they are still as Poor and Miserable as if they had just Nothing at all. The *Husbandman* Envies the *Soldier*; The *Soldier* Envies the *Merchant*, and when he has try'd All Turns, and Projects, what with the Chance of War,

Storms, and Pyrates, he sees his Folly too Late, and in Vain Wishes himself with his Hinds and his Flocks again. To say All in a Word, This Levity is both Attended, and Punish'd, with an Impossibility of Mending our Condition; for we Apply to our Bodies, and our Fortunes, when the Distemper lies in our Minds.

F A B. CCCVI.

An *Ass* puts in for an Office.

THere was a Bantering Droll got himself into a very Good Equipage and Employment, by an Admirable Faculty he had in Farting. The success of This Buffoon Encourag'd an *Ass* to put in for a Place too; for, says he, I'll Fart with That Puppy for his Commission, and leave it to the Judgment of Those that Prefer'd him, which has the Clearer, and the Better Scented Pipe of the Two.

The M O R A L.

Where Publique Ministers Encourage Buffonery, 'tis no wonder if Buffons set up for Publique Ministers.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable, according to *Abstemius*, and Others, Touches the Humour of Those that Squander away their Money upon Vanity and Trifles: But it seems to Me to look quite Another Way. With *Abstemius's* Favour, I should rather take This Fable to Strike at the Natural Consequences of Evil Examples, when the Unreasonableness of One Act shall be made use of as an Argument for Another, no less Unreasonable: For 'tis President, Effectually that Governs the World. Why should not One Fool be Prefer'd for Farting as well as Another? For in Cases of Competition, he that does Best, e'en in an Ill, or in a Weak Thing, has a kind of Claim, and Right to a Preference, and the Grosser the Foppery, or the Iniquity, the Fairer the Pretence.

This *Ass* putting up for an Office, Taxes the Perverting of Policy and Justice, in Conferring Those Honours, Charges, and Benefits, upon Parasites, Drolls, Buffoons, and other Seryile Instruments of Lust and Ambition, that are Due only to Men of Honour and Vertue. The Ministers of Government, and of Pleasure, should be carefully Distinguish'd; for it Corrupts both the Morals, and the Understandings of a Nation, when they find the Precepts of Common Honesty, and the Practices of State, to run so di-

rectly

rectly Counter, as to leave no Hope of Advancement, Credit, or Security, but by living in a Defiance to Nature and Reason: That is to say, by *Playing the Fools*, and *Farting* for Preference.

F A B. CCCVII.

A River and a Fountain.

THere Happen'd a Dispute betwixt a *River*, and a *Fountain*, which of the two should have the Preference. The *River* Valu'd it self upon the Plenty and Variety of Fish that it Produc'd; The Advantages of Navigation; The Many Brave Towns and Palaces that were Built upon the Banks of it; purely for the Pleasure of the Scituation: And then for the General Satisfaction, in fine, that it Yielded to Mankind, in the Matter both of Convenience and Delight: Whereas (says the *River*) the *Fountain* passes Obscurely through the Caverns of the Earth; lies Bury'd up in Moss, and comes Creeping into the World, as if it were asham'd to shew the Head. The *Fountain* took the Insolence and the Vanity of This Reproach so Heinously, that it presently Choak'd-up the *Spring*, and Stopt the Course of its Waters: Infomuch that the Channel was immediately dry'd up, and the Fish left Dead and Stinking in the Mud; as a Just Judgment upon the *Stream*, for Derogating from the *Original* and *Author* of All the Blessings it Enjoy'd.

The M O R A L.

He that Arrogates any Good to Himself, detracts from the Author of all the Good he Enjoys.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE are too many People in the World of the Humour of This *River*, that assume to Themselves what they receive from others, without ever so much as Thinking of the Heavenly Goodness that is the Author of Life it self, and of all the Blessings that Crown the Comfort of it.

This Fable is a kind of an Expostulatory Debate betwixt Bounty and Ingratitude; betwixt the Divine Goodness, and the Vain Glorious Pride of Corrupt Nature. And the Iniquity of our Proceeding is much the Same, both

both

both towards God and Man. We are readier to Claim to our selves, then to Ascribe to Others, and most Dangerously given to Mistake the Gratuitous Blessings of Heaven, for the Fruits of our Own Industry and Vertue. The Fountain of all Goodness, and of all Good Things is God Blessed for ever : But in the Dispensation of his Mercies to the World, some things he does by Himself, others by the Intervention of Natural Means, and by the Mediation of such Instruments as he has appointed for the Conveying of Those Benefits to us. According to this Order, Kings are, by Deputation, the Fountains of Honour and Preferment : And we find Men as Backward every Jot to Acknowledge Temporal, as they are to Acknowledge Spiritual Gifts and Bounties : So that we have Thankless Favourites as well as Gracelless Christians. What a *Babel* do they make now of the Nature of Things, rather than Own the Course of Providence in the Distribution of them ! Infomuch that the Faculties that were given us for the Glory and Service of our Master, as well as for the Comfort of our Lives, and the Salvation of our Souls, are turn'd Point Blank against the very Reason and Intention of them. Sharpness of Wit is Emprov'd to the Dishonour of Him that Gave it. Atheism and Blasphemy Drefs'd up like a Science, and the Understanding that was given us for the Finding out of the Truth, is Employ'd upon Paradoxing, and Ridiculing it. They Value themselves with the *River*, upon a Conceit, that the Fish, the Beauty, the Conveniency, is All their Own : And what is All This now, but either to Disclaim the Original, or to Defame it ? That's Obscure, they say, Neglected, Over-grown, and either Not taken Notice of, or not Found : And what's the Issue now of This Vanity, and Distraction ? A Judgment Treads upon the Heel on't ; for Providence stops the *Current*, lays the Channel Open, and Exposes it to Detestation and Scorn, in all its Filthiness.

F A B. CCCVIII.

A Wicked Man and the Devil.

A Notorious *Malefactor* that had Committed I know not how many Villanies, and run through the Discipline of as many Goals, made a Friend of the *Devil*, to help him out in all his Distresses. This Friend of his, brought him off many and many a time, and still as he was Taken up, again and again, he had his Recourse, over and over, to the same *Devil* for succour. But upon his Last Summons, the *Devil* came to him with a Great Bag of Old Shoes at his Back, and told him Plainly. Friend (says he) I'm at the End of my Line, and can Help ye No longer. I have beat

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the Hoof till I have Worn out all These Shoes in in Your Service, and not One Penny left me to Buy more : So that you must e'en Excuse Me if I drop ye here.

The M O R A L.

The Devil helps his Servants, for a Season ; but when they come once to a Pinch, he leaves 'em in the Lurch.

R E F L E X I O N.

WICKEDNESS may Prosper for a while ; but at the Long Run, He that sets All Knaves at Work, will most certainly Pay them their Wages. The Man pays Dear for his Protection that Pawns his Soul for't : And it may be Another Observation, that *the Devil Himself will not Work without Money.*

F A B. CCCIX.

A Counsel of Birds for Choosing more Kings.

THE Birds were Mightily Possess'd with an Opinion, that it was utterly Impossible for the *Eagle* alone to Administer Equal Justice to All her Subjects ; And upon This Ground, there was a Motion put up, for Changing the *Monarchy* into a *Republicque* : But an Old Cunning *Crow*, that saw further into a Millstone then his Neighbours, with One Word of his Mouth Dash'd the Project. *The More Kings you Have*, says he, *the more Sacks there are to be Fill'd* : And so the Debate fell.

The M O R A L.

The Common People Hate all Government, and when they are Sick of it in One Form, they Fly to Another, but still they rather Incline to That, which they Phansey Easest to Themselves.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Emblem Insinuates a Government by One to be less Burdensom, then a Government by Many. And it is well enough Adapted to a Profitable Allegory. The *Multitude of Birds* are Impos'd upon, that *One Monarch* is not sufficient for the Discharging of the Office, and therefore there's a Motion put up for the Erecting of More Kings : for Why, say they, should

should so many Millions of Men be Subjected to the Power and Will of One single Person? This Error was begotten betwixt Faction, and Interest. The One Manages by Design, and the Other falls in upon an Implicit Resignation; or else Yields, upon Facility, and Weakness. In the Conclusion, some Man of Observation, and Experience (as the *Crow* for the purpose) carries them off Clear from the Reasoning Part, and Applies to the *Mobile* in their Own Way: That is to say, in a Way of *Pocket-Arguments*. He never Troubled Himself about the *Original of Power*, or the *Analogy* betwixt *Monarchy* in *Heaven*, and upon *Earth*; but gives them a short Stroke upon the Subject of *Profit* and *Loss*. *You will find it easier*, says he, to *Fill One Sack than Many*: And That Allusion carry'd the Point.

F A B. CCCX.

A Woman that would needs Die for her Husband.

A Poor Woman was put out of her Wits in a manner, for fear of losing her *Husband*. The Good Man was Sick and Given Over, and Nothing would serve the Turn, but Death must needs take Her instead of Him. She Call'd, and Pray'd, and Pray'd and Call'd, till at last, Death Presented himself in a Horrible Shape at her Elbow. She very Civilly dropt him a Curfie; And Pray Sir, says she, *Do not Mistake your self; for the Person that you come for lies in the Bed there.*

The M O R A L.

'Tis a Common Thing to Talk of Dying for a Friend; but when it comes to the Push once, 'tis no more then Talk at last.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Confirms the Proverb, that *Charity begins at Home*, and when All is done, there's No Man loves a Friend so Well, but he loves Himself Better. There are No People more Startled at Death, then Those that have gotten a Custom of Calling for't. *Oh that Death would Deliver Me!* (says One) *Oh, that Death would take Me in the Place of my Dear Husband!* says T'other. But when Death comes to Present Himself indeed, and to take them at their Words, the Good Wife very Civilly puts the Change upon him, and tells him, that the Person he comes for lies in the Bed there. In Few Words, to call for Death in Jest, is *Vain*, and *Unprofitable*;
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To call for't in *Earnest*, is *Impious*: And to call for't at *all*, is both *Foolish* and *Needless*; for Death will most certainly come at his appointed time, whether he be call'd for or No.

F A B. CCCXI.

A Son Singing at his Mother's Funeral.

There was a Good Man that follow'd his Wife's Body to the Grave, Weeping, and Wayling all the Way he went, while his Son follow'd the Corps, Singing. Why Sirrah, says the Father, You should Howle, and Wring your Hands, and do as I do, ye Rogue You; and not go *Sol-Fa-ing* it about like a Mad-man. Why Father, says he, You give the Priests Money to Sing, and will you be Angry with Me for giving ye a Song *Gratis*? Well, says the Father, but That which may become the Priests will not always become You. 'Tis their Office to Sing; but it is Your Part to Cry.

The M O R A L.

Funeral Tears are as Arrantly Flid-out as Mourning Cloaks: and so are the very Offices: And whether we go to our Graves Sniveling or Singing, 'tis all but according to the Fashion of the Country, and Meer Form.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Methods of Government, and of Humane Society, must be Preserv'd, where Every Man has his Roll, and his Station Assign'd him; and it is not for One Man to break in upon the Province of Another. This Moral tells us also, that when One Man Consols for the Distresses of Another, 'tis more for Money, or for Company, then for Kindness.

'Tis a slavish sort of Ceremony, and Imposition, that People must be Train'd up, by Certain Rules of Art, and Prescription, to the very Manage and Government of the most Free and Natural of our Affections; for we are Taught and Appointed the very Methods, and Degrees, of Grieving, and Rejoycing; and to do Honour to the Dead, by the Counterfeit Lamentations of the Living. But This way of Mourning by Rule, is rather an Ostentation of Sorrow, then an Indication of it. Now to say the Truth of the Matter, Terms and Modes have Corrupted the Sincerity of our Manners, as well toward our Living Friends, as to the Memory of Those Departed. We have hardly any thing left in our Conversation that is Pure and Genuine: But the way of Civility in Fashion, casts a Blind over the Duty, under some Certain Customary Presidents of Empty Words: So that at This rate, we Impose One upon Another, without any regard to Faith, Truth, or Vertue. But we must Sing in some Cases, and Cry in Others; and there's an End on't.

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F A B.

F A B. CCCXII.

A Jealous Husband.

A Jealous Husband Committed his Wife in Confidence to the Care and Custody of a Particular Friend, with the Promise of a Considerable Reward if he could but keep her Honest. After some Few Days, the Friend grew weary of his Charge and Desir'd her Husband to take his Wife Home again, and Release him of his Bargain; for says he, I find it utterly Impossible to Hinder a Woman from any thing she has a Mind to. If it were to turn a Bag of Fleas Loose into a Meadow every Morning a Grazing, and Fetch them Home again at Night, I durst be answerable with my Life for the Doing of it, to a single Flea, but T'other is a Commission I dare go no further in.

The M O R A L.

'Tis enough to Make a Woman a Whore, but so much as to Phansy her One, and then 'tis no Boot to be Jealous neither; for if the Humour takes her to be Jewish, 'tis not All the Locks, Bolts and Spies in Nature that can keep her Honest.

R E F L E X I O N.

JEALOUSY, betwixt Man and Wife, does but Provoke, and Enflame the Appetite, as it sets the Invention at Work upon Ways and Means of giving One Another the Slip: And when it comes to a Tryal of Skill once, 'tis a Carrying of the Cause to gain the Point, and there's a kind of Perverse Reputation in getting the Better on't. Briefly, 'tis Labour Lost on Both Sides, while the One is never to be Restrain'd, nor the Other to be satisfy'd: For Jealousie Rages as well without Reason as with it. Nay, the very Will to do a Thing is as Good as the Thing Done; And his Head is as Sick, that but fancies the Thing Done, as if he saw the very Doing of it with his Own Eyes. The Ways of a Woman that has a mind to play Fast and Loose, are as Unsearchable as the very Thoughts of her Heart; and therefore the Friend here was in the Right to Discharge Himself of his Trust, and throw up his Commission.

F A B. CCCXIII.

A Man that would not take a Clyster.

WHen the Patient is Rich, there's No Fear of Physicians about him, as Thick as Wasps to a Honey-Pot; and there was a Whole College of them call'd to a Consultation up-

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on a Purse-Proud Dutch-man, that was Troubled with a Megrin. The Doctors prescrib'd him a Clyster; The Patient fell into a Rage upon't. Why *Certainly These People are All Mad*, says he, *to talk of Curing a Man's Head at his Tail.*

The M O R A L.

He that Consults his Physician, and will not Follow his Advice, must be his Own Doctor: But let him take the Old Adage along with him: He that Teaches Himself has a Fool to his Master.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS a Mis-rable Thing, when Men that Understand Nothing at all, shall take upon them to Censure, and to Prejudge every thing that they do not Understand. What's the Use of a College, if every Particular Man shall set up to be his Own Doctor. And 'tis the same Case where Subjects take upon them to Correct *Magnificat*, and to Prescribe to their Superiors. Let every Man be Truited in his Own Way, and let the Doctor Prescribe to the Patient, not the Patient to the Doctor. For at the Rate of This Thick-skull'd Blunder-head, every *Plow jobber* shall take upon him to Read upon *Divinity, Law, and Politiques*, as well as *Physick*.

F A B. CCCXIV.

A Wolfe and a Sick Ass.

THere was a certain Wolfe, that in a Qualm of Wonderful Charity, made a Visit to an Ass, that lay ill of a Violent Fever. He felt his Pulse very Gingerly; and, pray, my Good Friend, says he, Whereabouts is your Greatest Pain. Oh, Gently, says the Ass; for it Pricks me just there still where you lay your Finger.

F A B. CCCXV.

A Fox and a Sick Cock.

A Cock took his Bed upon a Fit of Sickness, and a Fox of his Old Acquaintance, gave him the Complement of a Visit, and Ask'd him how he felt himself. Alas! says the Cock, I'm e'en ready to smother for want of Breath; and if you'd be pleas'd but to stand off, and give me a Little Fresh Air, I fancy I should be somewhat more at Ease.

The MORAL of the TWO FABLES above.

The Charity of our Death-Bed Visits from One to Another, is much at a Rate (generally Speaking) with That of a Carrion Crow to a Sheep; we smell a Carcase.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE are no Visits so officious, and Importune, as those that People think to get by; Especially when our Thoughts are taken up with Matters of Greater Moment. Besides, that there's a Design upon us in the very Complement. These Fables may serve to Point out to us, that there are *Men*, as well as *Wolves* and *Foxes*, that wait for the *Carcase*: That is to say, for an Office, an Estate; a Commission, Lands, Moneys, Jewels, or whatever else People lie Gaping for in Reversion, according to the Practice of the World: So that there's Little Trust to These *Death-bed Ceremonies*; which, for the Greater Part, have more in them of Avarice, and Interest, than of Piety and Good Will: So that Effectually, a *Wolfe's* Visiting a *Sick Ass*, is but *Saying Grace to a Dead One*.

F A B. CCCXVI.

Three Things are the Better for Beating.

A Good Woman happen'd to pass by as a Company of Young Fellows were Cudgelling a Walnut-Tree, and ask'd them what they did That for? This is only by the Way of Discipline, says one of the Lads; for 'tis Natural for *Asses, Women, and Walnut-Trees* to Mend upon Beating.

The MORAL.

Spur a Fade a Question, and he'll Kick ye an Answer.

R E F L E X I O N.

PEOPLE should not be too Inquisitive, without Considering how far They Themselves may be concern'd in the Answer to the Question.

F A B.

F A B. CCCXVII.

The Asses Will.

A N *Ass* was Wishing in a hard Winter, for a Little Warm Weather, and a Mouthful of Fresh Grass to Knab upon; in Exchange for a Heartless Truss of Straw, and a Cold Lodging. In Good Time, the Warm Weather, and the Fresh Grass comes on; but so much Toyl and Bus'ness along with it, that the *Ass* grows quickly as Sick of the *Spring* as he was of the *Winter*. His next Longing is for *Summer*; but what with Harvest Work, and other Drudgeries of That Season, he is Worse now than he was in the *Spring*; and then he fancies he shall never be Well till *Autumn* comes; But There again, what with Carrying Apples, Grapes, Fewel, Winter-Provisions, &c. he finds himself in a Greater Hurry than ever. In fine, when he has trod the Circle of the Year in a Course of Restless Labour, his Last Prayer is for *Winter again*, and that he may but take up his Rest where he began his Complaint.

The MORAL.

The Life of an Unsteady Man runs away in a Course of Vain Wishes, and Unprofitable Repentance: An Unsettled Mind can never be at Rest. There's No Season without it's Bus'ness.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE *Asses Wish* here, is the Lively Image of a Foolish, and a Miserable Levity of Mind; and, in Truth, there is but too much in't of the Figure; and the Bus'ness of Humane Life; for we spend our Days in a kind of Lazy, Restless Indisposition, that looks as if we would fain be doing something, and yet never goes further, than to a Shifting from One Proposition to Another. *Wishing and Wouling*, (as they say) has somewhat in it of an Analogy to Stretching, and Yawning; We only Drowse when we think we Live, and our time runs away in *Fancying Castles in the Air*, and in putting of Cases. The Inference that we are to draw from hence is This; If an Unsettled Head and Heart be so Grievous a Calamity, the Squaring of a Man's Thoughts, Wishes and Desires, to the Lot that Providence has set Out for him, is both a Blessing, and a Duty.

He that is still Weary of the Present, shall be most certainly Sollicitous for the Future. For the Present is only the Course of so many Moments into time to Come. He that Gapes after he knows not what, shall be sure to Lose his Longing. He Changes, out of Restlessness, not Choice, and so long as he carries the same Mind about him, the Circumstances of his

his Condition will never Alter the Case. His Present Thoughts are Uneasy, because his Present State does not Please him, and so he goes on at a Venture, Shifting and Casting about for somewhat else that may better Agree with him. The Bachelor wants a Wife; The Marry'd Man wants his Liberty; The Statesman has a Mind to be Private. The Country-man lives out of the World: The Man of Business is a Slave to't; And he that's out of Employment, makes it his Excuse, that he is forc'd to Drink or Whore for want of somewhat else to do. There's no Measure to be taken of an Unsteady Mind; but still 'tis either too Much, or too Little; too Soon, or too Late. The Love of Novelty begets, and Encreases the Love of Novelty; and the oftner we Change, the more Dangerous and Troublesome do we find This Itch of Variety to be. The *Ass* was Sick of the *Spring*; Sicker yet of the *Summer*; more Sick still of *Autumn*; and Sickest of *All* of the *Winter*; till he's brought, in the End, to Compound for his First Condition again, and so take up with That for his Satisfaction, which he reckon'd upon before as his Misfortune.

This it is, when Fickle and Foolish People will be Prescribing To, and Refining upon the Wise and Cracious Appointments, of the Maker of the World. They know not what they Are, and they know not what they Would be, any further, then that they would not be what they are. Let their Present State in the World be what it will, there's still something or other in't that makes their Life Wearysome: And they are as Pecvill Company to Themselves too, as they are to their Neighbours; for there's not One Circumstance in Nature, but they shall find Matter to Pick a Quarrel at: Let it be Health, Fortune, Conversation, Kindred, Friends, it will be all a Case, so long as Weak, and Wayward Men shall go on Grumbling, and Civelling at the Works and Dispensations of Heaven. Were it not better now for People to be Quiet at first; and to sit down contentedly in the Post where Providence has Plac'd them? Were it not better to do the Great Work of Life Betimes, by the Help of a Seasonable Prudence and Vertue, then to Deliver up our selves to the Torments of Hopes and Fears, and be forc'd to do't at last, by the Dear-bought Experience of our Follies, and the Necessity of giving over what we can do no Longer?

This is not yet to bar Honest Industry, or a Sober Application to those Ways, Studies, or Means that may probably Contribute to the Mending of a Man's Fortune: Provided that he set up his Resolution before-hand, not to let himself down below the Dignity of a Wise Man, be the Issue of his Endeavours what it will. He that is not Content at Present, carries the same Weakness along with him to his next Remove; for whoever either Passionately Covers any thing that he has Not, or feels himself Glutted with a Satiety of what he Possesses, has already lost his Hold: So that if we would be Happy, we must Fix upon some Foundation that can never Deceive us; and Govern our selves by the Measures of Sobriety and Justice. All the rest is but the *Asses Circulation* of more and more Anxiety, and Trouble.

F A B.

F A B. CCCXVIII.

A Cat and A Bee.

AS a Company of *Mice* were Peeping out of their Holes for Discovery, they spy'd a *Cat* upon a Shelf; that lay and look'd so Demurely, as if there had been neither Life nor Soul in her. Well (says one of the *Mice*) That's a Good Natur'd Creature, I'll Warrant her; One may read it in her very Looks; and truly I have the Greatest Mind in the World to make an Acquaintance with her. So said, and so done; but so soon as ever *Puff* had her within Reach, she gave her to Understand, that the Face is not always the Index of the Mind.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Hard Matter for a Man to be Honest and Safe; for his very Charity and Good Nature Exposes, if it does not Betray him.

REFLEXION.

NO Treachery so Mortal, as That which Covers it self under the Masque of Sanctity. A *Wolfe* does a Great deal more Mischief in a *Sheep-Skin*, then in his Own Shape and Colour. The *Mouse* that took this *Cat* for a *Saint*, has a very Good Company, not only in her Mistake, but in her Misfortune too: For we have seen a whole Assembly of These *Mousing Saints*, that under the Masque of Zeal, Conscience, and Good Nature, have made a Shift to lay, I know not, how many Kingdoms in Blood and Ashes.

F A B. CCCXIX.

A Boar and a Fox.

AS a *Boar* was Whetting his Teeth against a Tree, up comes a *Fox* to him. Pray what do you mean by that? (says he) for I see no Occasion for't. Well, says the *Boar*, but I do; for when I come once to be Set upon, 'twill be too Late for me to be Whetting, when I should be fighting.

F A B.

F A B. CCCXX.

A Wolfe and a Porcupine.

YOUR *Porcupine*, and your *Hedg-Hog*, are somewhat Alike, only the Former has longer and sharper Prickles than the Other; And these Prickles he can Shoot, and Dart at an Enemy. There was a *Wolfe* had a Mind to be Dealing with him, if he could but get him Disarm'd first; and so he told the *Porcupine* in a friendly Way, that it did not look Well for People in a Time of Peace, to go Arm'd, as if they were in a State of War; and so Advis'd him to lay his Bristles aside; for (says he) You may Take them up again at pleasure. Do you talk of a State of War? says the *Porcupine*. Why That's my Present Case, and the very Reason of my Standing to my Arms, so long as a *Wolfe* is in Company.

The MORAL of the Two FABLES above.

No Man, or State can be Safe in Peace, that is not always in readiness to Encounter an Enemy in Case of a War.

R E F L E X I O N.

ALL Bus'ness that is Necessary to be done should be done Betimes. And there's as little Trouble of doing it In Season too, as Out of Season. Neither is it Effectually done at all, but in the Proper time of Doing it. So that 'tis Good Discretion, and Good Advice, to provide against Danger before-hand; for he that's always Ready can never be taken with *Why-not*.

'Tis a piece of Good Council, in All the Affairs of Humane Life to take care of Securing our Selves that we be not either Betray'd, or surpriz'd: But as it is Wisdom to keep our selves upon a Guard; so it is Matter of Good Manners also, and Respect; neither to do, nor to say any thing, that may Import a Jealousy, or a Distrust. All the Duties of Government, and Society; Nay, All Offices, Civil and Religious, which Prudence, Conscience, or Common Faith are concern'd, have their Proper Seasons. 'Tis too Late to hinder Mischief when the Opportunity is overpast, and therefore the Timing of Things is a Main Point in the Dispatch of All Affairs. There can be no Safe, or Sure Peace, where People are not always in readiness for War; for the Common Well-being of Mankind does not so much Depend upon the Faith of Men, and of Governments, as upon the Temporary and Contingent Occasions of breaking the Peace with Advantage. 'Tis not Publique Justice Alone, that can Uphold a Government, without the Aid of Policy and Council. Men do Naturally Indulge Those Opinions and Practices, that favour their Pretensions: and

'tis too much to Superadd Powerful Temptations to do VVrong, to the Force of Vicious Inclinations to do it. The *Boar's* VVhetting his Teeth, was only an Act of Necessary Precaution, for fear of the VVorst: And the *Porcupine* did VVitely too, in keeping himself upon his Guard when the Enemy was in View.

F A B. CCCXXI.

A Mouse and a Kite.

A Simple *Mouse* had the Fortune to be near at hand, when a *Kite* was taken in a Net. The *Kite* begg'd of her to try if she could help her out. The *Mouse* Gnaw'd a Hole in't, and set her at Liberty; and the *Kite* Eat up the *Mouse* for her Pains.

The MORAL.

Save a Thief from the Gallows and he'll Cut your Throat.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS No New Thing in the World to Return Evil for Good. Nay, there are some Natures so fowre, and so Ungrateful, that they are never to be Oblig'd. All *Kites* of this Humour do not Wear Feathers: Neither do All such *Mice* wear Long Tails. There are Cafes, wherein our Very Tenderness, and Charity, becomes a Snare to us; and there are People too, that fancy No Blood so sweet, as That of the Person to whom they stand Indebted for their Lives and Fortunes: But then if One Man should Cease to be Generous, and Charitable, because Another Man is Sordid, and Ungrateful; It would be much in the Power of the Basest of Vices to Extinguish the most Christian, and Humane of Vertues. These Lewd Examples May however, and Ought to Recommend Prudence and Caution to us; but without Killing, or Quenching Good Nature. There are, 'tis true, some People so Harden'd in Wickedness, as to have No Sense at all of the most Friendly Offices, or the Highest Benefits. Now in These Desperate Cafes, a Man is little Better then *Felo-de-se*, that for the Helping of Another, Ventures the Undoing of Himself. Nay, and 'tis something more then a Venture too, when a *Mouse* lays it self at the Mercy of a *Kite*.

F A B. CCCXXII.

A Cockle and Jupiter.

IN Old Time, when *Jupiter* was in the Humour of Granting Petitions, a Cockle made it his Request, that his House and his Body might be All of a Piece. *Jupiter* made him Answer, that it would be a Burden to him, instead of a Favour. Yes says the *Cockle*, but it will be such a Burden as I had rather Bear, then lie Expos'd to Ill Neighbours.

The M O R A L.

Impertinent Visits are the Plague of a Sober Man's Life, and therefore 'tis a Happy thing when a Body may be at Home, or Not at Home, as He Pleases.

R E F L E X I O N.

GOOD, or Bad Company, is either the Greatest Blessing, or the Greatest Plague of Humane Life; and therefore the *Cockles* was a very Reasonable, and a Pertinent Request. There's No Liberty like the Freedom of being Publicque or Private as a Body pleases; And having it at my own Choice, whether I will live to the World, or to my self.

F A B. CCCXXIII.

A Bitch ready to Puppy.

A Big-Belly'd Bitch borrow'd Another Bitches Kennel to lay her Burden in. The Proprietress, after some time, Demanded Possession again, but the Other begg'd her Excuse and Patience, only till her Whelps might be able to shift for Themselves. This was Agreed upon for so many Days longer: But the Time being Expir'd, the Bitch that was Out, grew More and More Pressing for her Own again. Why then says the Other, if you can force Me and My Puppies Out of the Kennel, You shall have Free Liberty to come In.

FAB.

F A B. CCCXXIV.

A Hedge-Hog and a Snake.

A Snake was prevail'd upon in a Cold Winter, to take a Hedge-Hog into his Cell; but when he was Once in, the Place was so Narrow, that the Prickles of the Hedge-Hog were very Troublesome to his Companion: so that the Snake told him, he must needs Provide for Himself somewhere else, for the Hole was not Big enough to Hold them Both. Why then, says the Hedge-Hog, He that cannot Stay shall do Well to Go: But for my Own Part, I am e'en Content where I am, and if You be not so too, Y'are Free to Remove.

The M O R A L.

Possession is Eleven Points of the Law.

EVERY Man is to provide against Fraud and Treachery, where the Person he deals with may be the Better for't. *Fore-warn'd, Fore-arm'd.* 'Tis not Safe to Joyn Interests with Strangers, upon such Terms, as to lay our selves at Mercy. In All Offices of Christian Charity, and of Prudent Conversation, People should have a Strict Regard to the Humour and Character of the Persons they deal withal; to the Degrees and Measures of Things; and to the Consequences upon the Whole Matter, in case of the Worst. It is not Every Mans Talent to Distinguish Aright upon All the Necessities of Affairs of This Nature. That is to say, how far our Prudence, may Warrant our Charity, and how far our Charity may Comport with our Prudence. 'Tis dangerous on the One hand to pass the Rules of Discretion; and it is Inhumane on the Other, not to Acquit our selves in All the Functions of Tenderness, and Good Nature; for Piety and Wisdom are Both Wrapt up in the Question. The very same Good Office may be a Vertue toward One Man, and a Folly toward Another. One may Justifie the running of a Risque, in favour of a Man of Integrity and Good Fame: But where there is an Habitual Ingratitude on the One side, and a Considerable Hazzard on the Other, there's No Trusting. I shall not need to Enlarge upon This Topique, in a World that makes Good the Allegory by so many Instances of Daily Practice and Conversation. How many fresh Examples may we find in our Own Memory, of Men that after All the Obligations Imaginable, and in Contradiction to All the Tyes of Honour, Justice, and Hospitality have serv'd their Masters, Patrons, and Benefactors, as the Hedge-Hog serv'd the Snake here!

P p 2

FAB.

F A B. CCCXXV.

A Fox and a Hare.

A Fox and a Hare were in a Warm Contest once, which of the Two could make the Best Shift in the World. When I am Pursu'd, says the Hare, I can shew the Dogs a Fair Pair of Heels, and run away from 'em at pleasure: And yet for All That, says the Fox, I have Baffled more of 'em with My Wiles and my Shifts, then ever You did with your Footmanship.

The M O R A L.

Wisdom is as much beyond Force, as Men are beyond Brutes.

R E F L E X I O N.

A Good Bodily Strength and Disposition is a Felicity of Nature, but nothing Comparable yet to the Advantages of a Large Understanding, and a Ready Presence of Mind. Wisdom does more then Force; but they do Best together, for a sound Mind in a sound Body, is the Perfection of Humane Bliss. A Fox, 'tis true, may be some time Ourwitted, and a Hare Out-strip; but This does not hinder yet the Excellency of One Faculty above the Other.

F A B. CCCXXVI.

An Old Man resolv'd to give over Whoring.

There was an Old Toft, that in the very State of Impotence, had still a Whore in the Head of him. His Ghostly Father took Notice of it, and Ply'd him Hard with Wholesome Advice, upon the Subject of the Lusts of the Flesh. This Reverend Formicator thank'd him most Heartily for his Kind and Christian Council, and by the Grace of Heaven, says he, I'll Follow it; For to tell ye the Plain Truth on't, I am told that 'tis Naught for me; and really, my Body is quite out of Tune for Those Gambols.

The M O R A L.

When Things are at the Worst they'l Mend.

R E.

R E F L E X I O N.

MORE Men Reclaim out of Shame, Fear, or Pure Necessity, then for the Love of Honour, or Vertue. They that are Honest upon these Terms would be Arrant Knaves if the Tables were Turn'd. They go along with the Devil, while there's either Pleasure, or Profit to be had on That side; but when they come once to lose the Taste of the One, and the Means of the Other, they are presently Register'd in the Calendar of New Converts. The Countenance of this Fable looks a little betwixt *Jest and Earnest*; but This Mixture of Appearance does not Hinder it from being a most Edifying Satyr upon the Corruptions, and False Semblances of Humane Life. Lord! How Sober, and Temperate do People grow, when they can Drink and Whore no longer!

F A B. CCCXXVII.

An Impertinent and a Philosopher.

A Certain *Pragmatical, Senceless Companion* would make a Visit to a *Philosopher*. He found him Alone in his Study, and fell a Wond'ring how he could Endure to Lead so Solitary a Life, The Learned Man told him, Sir, says he, You are Exceedingly Mistaken; for I was in very Good Company till You came In.

The M O R A L.

Good Thoughts and Good Books are very Good Company.

R E F L E X I O N.

A Wise Book is much better than a Foolish Companion; And the Dead, in such a case, are much Better then the Living. It is one of the most vexatious Mortifications perhaps, of a Sober, and Studious Mans Life, to have his Thoughts Disorder'd, and the very Chain of his Reason Compos'd, by the Impertunity of a Tediuous, and an Impertinent Visit. Especially, if it be from a Fool of Quality, where the very Figure of the Man Entitles him to All Returns of Good Manners and Respect. And the Affliction is yet more Grievous, where That Prerogative of Quality, is further Back'd and Corroborated, with a Real Kindness, and Good Will: For a Man must be Inhumane, and Ungrateful, as well as Rude, if he does but so much as Offer, at the Easing, or the Relieving of Himself. The Drift of This Fable at last, is to tell us, that *Good Books* and *Good Thoughts* are the *Best Company*, and that they are Mistaken that think a Wise Man can ever be Alone. It prepares us also to Expect Interruptions, and Disappointments, and to Provide for 'em; but withal, to take the Best Care we can

10

to Prevent the Plague of Ill Company, by avoiding the Occasions of it. The Linking of a Man of Brains and Honesty into a Lewd Infipid Conversation, is Effectually but the Moral of That Tyrant, that Bound the Living, and the Dead together, and yet This is it which the Impertinent takes for the Relief of Solitude, and the Blessing of That which he calls Company.

F A B. CCCXXVIII.

A Wolfe in a Sheeps-skin.

There goes a Story of a *Wolfe*, that Wrapt himself up in a *Sheeps-skin*, and Worry'd Lambs for a Good while under That Disguise; but the *Shepherd* Met with him at last, and Trust him up, *Sheeps-skin and all*, upon an Eminent Gibbet, for a Spectacle, and an Example. The Neighbours made a Wonderment of it, and Ask'd him what he meant to Hang up his *Sheep*? Oh, says he, That's only the *Skin* of a *Sheep*, that was made use of to Cover the Heart, Malice, and Body of a *Wolfe* that Shrouded himself Under it.

The MORAL.

Hypocrisie is only the Devils Stalking Horse, under an Affectation of Simplicity and Religion. People are not to be Judg'd by their Looks, Habits, and Appearances; but by the Character of their Lives and Conversations, and by their Works.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable is Moraliz'd in the Holy Gospel it self. 'Tis with all Men that are Notoriously Wicked, of what Degree or State, or in what point of Inquiry soever, much after the Rate of the *Wolfe* in This Fiction. Tyranny Marches under the Masque of Care, Piety, and Protection. Injustice sets up the Rigorous Letter of the Law to Weigh against the Improbability of the Witness: The Pawn-Broker pretends Charity, and the Oppressor Flays the Widow and the Orphan: And at the same Time, Preaches Mercy and Compassion, with the very same Breath. Treachery Covers it self under a Cloak of Kindness and Friendship; and Nothing more frequent then *Wolves* in *Lambs-skins*, even in the most Solemn Offices of Church and State. This Fable Extends to All the Lewd Practices of *Hypocrites* and *Impostors*, under the Colour of Pious, and Charitable Works and Duties. Now if All our *Moral Wolves* in *Sheeps-Cloathing*, were but Serv'd as This *Hypocritical Wolfe* was in the Fiction, and Hung-up Indeed, with their Crimes in Capital Letters on their Foreheads, Common Truth and Honesty among Men would be more Sacred.

FAB.

F A B. CCCXXIX.

An Inconceivable Son.

IT was the Hard Lot of a very Good Man to have a Vicious Young Fellow to his *Son*; and he did what he could to Reclaim him: But Sir (says he) for Brevities sake, 'tis only so much Time and Council thrown away; for all the Parsons about the Town have been Baiting me I know not how long now, upon the same Subject, and I'm not One Jot the Better for't.

The MORAL.

Some Men Live as if they had made a Covenant with Hell; Let Divines, Fathers, Friends say what they will, they Stop their Ears against them: And Good Counsel is wholly Cast away upon them.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable would go a Great way, if it were wrought up to the Height. As for the Purpose; to all Manner of Gracelès, and Hopeless Characters. Some People are lost for want of Good Advice; Others for want of giving Good Heed to't; And some again take up Resolutions beforehand never to Mend. Nay there are Those that Value themselves upon the very Contempt of All that is Sacred and Honest, and make it a Point of Bravery to Bid Defiance to the Oracles of Divine Revelation, the Motions of Reasonable Nature, and the Laws of Government. This Contradiction to the Duty of a Sober Man is yet farther Heighten'd, by the Disobedience of a Son to a Parent: and farther yet, by a Spiteful Opposition to All the Precepts of Morality and Religion. There's somewhat of a *Droll-Mixture* in This *Bantering* way of *Liberty*, to make a body Laugh where he should Cry: But 'tis past a Sporting Matter, when the most Necessary Duties of Christianity come to be the Question. There's No Room for Triffling in Those Cases.

F A B. CCCXXX.

A Sheep-Biter Hang'd.

A Certain *Shepherd* had One *Favourite-Dog*, that he had a Particular Confidence in above all the rest. He fed him with his Own hand, and took more Care of him, in short, then of any of his Fellows. This Kindness went on a Long Time, 'till in Conclusion, upon the Missing of some Sheep,

Sheep, he fancy'd This Cur to be False to him: After This Jealousy, he kept a Strict Eye upon him, and in fine, found it out, that This Trusty Servant of his was the Felon. Upon the Discovery, he had him presently taken up, and bad him prepare for Execution. Alas! Master, says the Dog, I am One of your Family, and 'twould be hard to put a Domestic to Extremities: Turn your Displeasure upon the Wolves rather, that make a Daily Practice on't to Worry your Sheep. No, no, says the Shepherd, I'd sooner Spare Forty Wolves that make it their Profession to Kill Sheep, than One Sheep-biting Cur that's Trusted with the Care of them. There's somewhat of Frankness and Generosity in the One; but the Other is the Bafest of Treacheries.

The M O R A L.

No Perfidy like Breath of Faith and Trust, under the Seal of Friendship: For an Adversary under That Masque, is much more Unpardonable than a Barefac'd Enemy.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE are Political Sheep-biters as well as Pastoral; Betrayers of Public Trusts, as well as of Private; And Humane Curs that are as Wolvish as the Other. This Maxim however, holds in All Cases; that Breach of Faith, and Trust, is the most Odious, Inhospitable and Inhumane, of Civil, as well as of Moral Offences. A special Confidence in One more than in Another, though from a King to a Subject, or from a Master to a Servant, has some Analogy in't of Friendship, but the Matter should be thoroughly Weigh'd and Examin'd, before we put it to the Utmost Tryal and Test. A Man may be too Hard, or too Easy; too Advent'rous or too Wary, in passing a Judgment upon the Character of the Person: But above all things, it will concern us perfectly to Understand the Honour, the Practice, and the Conversation of the Man we Propose for a Friend, before we lay any Stress upon his Faith; Not but that we may believe Well of a Man, and yet nor think fit to Trust him: So that a Charity on the One hand does not Authorize a Confidence on the Other: It is not Amis however, to lay Baits for a Man in such a Case, and to try him on the Blind-side. As if a Man be Covetous; Profit or Bribes may put him to the Test: and so Answerably in Other Cases. Powerful Temptations Artificially Dispos'd, are the Best Essay, and Assurance of a Man's Faith and Honesty that the Matter will bear. This Dog here would perhaps have Fought for his Master in any Other Case, though he Betray'd him in This: But the Love of Mutton was his Weak side: Which in some sort Answers to That which we call Peccatum in Delicis in Mankind. This Infirmity however did not Excuse the Treachery, and the Kinder the Master, the more Unpardonable is the Traitor.

F A B. CCCXXXI.

A Bull and a Ram.

There was One Master-Ram that Beat All his Fellows out of the Field, and was so Puff'd up with the Glory of his Exploits, that Nothing would serve him but he must Challenge a Bull to the Combat. They Met, and upon the First Encounter, there lay the Ram for Dead; but coming to himself again; Well (says he) This is the Fruit of my Insolence; and Folly, in Provoking an Enemy, that Nature has made my Superior.

The M O R A L.

Where People will be Provoking and Challenging their Superiors, either in Strength, or Power, 'tis not so much a Bravery of Spirit, as a Rude and Erritall Rashness; and they pay Dear for't at last.

R E F L E X I O N.

'TIS not Courage, but Temerity, for Men to Venture their Lives, Reputations and Fortunes upon Unequal Encounters; Unless where they are Oblig'd by an Over-ruling Impulse of Honour, Conscience, and Duty, to stand All Hazards. That which the World Accounts Brave, is in Truth, no Better than Brutal, where there is not Reason, Justice, and Prudence to Direct and Govern it. 'Tis One thing for a Man to be firm, and Fearless, against Honest Dangers, let them appear never so Terrible, when his Honour for that Purpose, his Country, or his Conscience, calls upon him to Encounter them: But to run his Head against Stone-Walls, or to put his Shoulders to a Sear-Breach, to Attempt Insuperable Difficulties, and Needlessly to Prove toke Invincible Enemies, purely out of a Vain Opinion of his Own Strength; This would be just the Moral of the Ram here in the Fable.

F A B. CCCXXXII.

A Widow and a Green Ass.

There was a Widow that had a Twittering toward a second Husband, and she took a Gossiping Companion of hers to her Assistance, how to Manage the Job. The Truth of it is, says she, I have a Dear Mind to Another Bedfellow; but the Devilish People would keep such a Snearing, and Pointing

at me, they'd make me e'en Weary of my Life. You are a *Fine Widow* ? *saith*, says T'other, to Trouble your Head for the Talk of the People. Pray will ye Mind what I say to ye now. You have an *Ass* here in your Grounds; go your ways and get That *Ass* Painted *Green*, and then let him be carry'd up and down the Country for a Show. Do This, I say, without any more Words, for Talk does but *Burn Day-Light*. The Thing was done accordingly; and for the first Four or Five Days, the *Green Ass* had the Whole Country at his Heels; Man, Woman, and Child, Staring and Hooting after him. In Four or Five Days More, the Humour was quite Spent, and the *Ass* might Travel from Morning to Night, and not One Creature to take Notice of him. Now (says the friendly Adviser) A *New Marry'd Widow* is a kind of a *Green Ass*: Every bodies Mouth will be Full on't for the first four or five Days, and in four or five More, the Story will e'en Talk it self Asleep.

The MORAL.

Common Fame is as False and Impudent as a Common Strumpet. Let Every Man live to his Conscience, and never Trouble his Head with the Talk of the People.

REFLEXION.

THERE is no Mystery in telling us that a *Widow* may be Prevail'd upon to Think of a *Second Husband*; but the Weight of this Emblem lies upon Those Cases where there Occur a Thousand Scruples, and Difficulties, that may startle People at first, and yet in the Conclusion, prove but a *Nim- Day's Wonder*. The Foolery of the *Widow* and the *Green Ass*, shews pleasantly enough, how Easy a Matter it is for a Bold Face, a Good Assurance, and a Reasonable Stock of Wit and Address, to put Common Fame it self out of Countenance: And it is a Part of Prudence beside, not to sink under the Impression of an ill Report: Provided there be Integrity and Innocence to Support That Firmness of Mind. A Wise Man will not make his Happiness Precarious: He looks to his Conscience, and leaves the World to take its Course. 'Tis the Novelty, not the Quality of Things, that sets People a Gaping and a Gazing at them: But when they come once to be Familiar, the Wonder goes off, and Men return to their Wits again. The Main Consideration is This, whether the Matter in Question be Good or Evil; Honourable or Dishonourable; Not according to a Vulgar Estimate, but in the Genuine Truth, and Nature of it. 'Tis Foolish, either to Fear, or to Mind what the People say of a Man, in Cases where he stands or falls to his Own Conscience.

F A B.

F A B: CCCXXXIII.

An Eagle and Rabbits.

THERE was an *Eagle* that drew a Nest of *Rabbits*, and carry'd them away to her Young. The *Mother-Cony* follow'd her with Tears in her Eyes, Adjuring her in the Name of All those Powers that take care of the Innocent and Oppress'd, to have Compassion upon her Miserable Children: But she, in an Outrage of Pride and Indignation, Tears them presently to pieces. The *Cony*, upon This, Convenes a Whole *Warren*; Tells her Story, and Advises upon a Revenge: For *Divine Justice* (says she) *will never suffer so Barbarous a Cruelty to scape Unpunish'd*. They Debated the Matter, and came to an Unanimous *Resolve upon the Question*, that there was no Way of paying the *Eagle* in her Kind, but by Undermining the Tree where she Timber'd. So they all fell to Work at the Roots of the Tree, and left it so little *Foot-hold*, that the first Blast of Wind laid it Flat upon the Ground, *Nest, Eagles and all*. Some of 'em were Kill'd with the Fall; Others were Eaten up by Birds and Beasts of Prey, and the *Cony* had the Comfort at last, of Destroying the *Eagle's* Children, in Revenge for her Own.

The MORAL.

'Tis Highly Imprudent, even in the Greatest of Men, Unnecessarily to Provoke the Meanest: When the Pride of Pharaoh Himself was brought down by Miserable Frogs and Lice.

REFLEXION.

THERE's Nothing so Little as to be Wholly Despis'd; for the most Inconsiderable of Creatures may at Some time or Other, by some Means or Other, come to Revenge it self upon the Greatest; Not by it's Own Force to much, as by the Working of Divine Justice, that will not suffer Oppression to pass Unpunish'd. In cases of Powerful Injustice, the Greatest are not to Prelume, nor the Meanest to Despair.

We are to Distinguish upon This Fable, what the *Eagle* did as a *Tyrant*, and what she did as a *Bird of Prey*. And likewise betwixt a Passion which is purely Vindictive, and Those Counsels where Divine Justice Interposes toward the Avenging of the Innocent. Here is Power Triumphant over Weakness; a Criminal Cruelty over Helpless Innocence, and That Cruelty Inexorable too, and Deaf to the Tears, Supplications, and Importunities of a Tender Mother, on the Behalf of her Children. Now for the Humbling of This Unmerciful Pride in the *Eagle*, Providence has found out a Way, even by the most Despicable of Means and Creatures, to the

Wreaking of a Revenge; which shews likewise that Heaven takes the Cause of the Weak and the Guiltless into a Particular Care.

This Council of the Rabbits has somewhat in it of the Debates of Popular Meetings, where the Number and the Agreement Supplies the Want of Other Means: And we are taught from hence too, that States are not so much in Danger of Open Force, as of Secret Mines: For when the Foundation is once Loosen'd; The Least Breath of a Commotion lays the Whole Building in Rubbish. We are taught also, that the Only, or at least the Main Support of Power is Justice, in the Due Distribution of Reward and Punishment. Where These Two Principles are Perverted, the Government is off the Ballance, and the Worse Part of it Our-Weights the Other. But the Judgments of Heaven Supply the Defects of Common Justice, and Avenge the Cause of the Poor and Innocent upon the Heads of the Mighty. Vengeance, in fine, Treads upon the Heel of Oppression, according to the Doctrine of This Fable of the *Eagle* and the *Rabbits* here.

F A B. CCCXXXIV.

A Pike sets up for Sovereignty.

There was a *Master-Pike*, that for his Bulk, Beauty, and Strength, was look'd upon to be the Prince of the River, but the Sovereignty of the *Fresh Water* would not Content him, it seems, unless he might Engross to himself the Empire of the *Sea* too. Upon This Ambitious Design, he Launch'd out into the *Ocean*, and put up his Claim to't; But a Prodigious *Dolphin* took This Encroachment upon his Right. in such Dudgeon, that he set upon the *Pike*; Gave him Chace, and Pursu'd him to the very Borders of his Own Stream, In so much that the *Pike* had enough to do to Save Himself; and from that Time forward, he had the Wit to keep within the Compass of his Own Dominions.

The M O R A L.

Ambition has no Other Bounds then what Providence has Prescrib'd to it, for the Good of Mankind. Here shall thy Proud Waves Stay: And there must be No Passing These Limits.

R E F L E X I O N.

PROVIDENCE has Assign'd Every Man his Post and Station, and He that either Relinquishes his Own Natural Right, or Invades Another's, seldom fails of a Disappointment in the Conclusion. Or however, in case of the most Successful Injustice, Oppression, and Usurpation, there follows a Restless Anxiety in the keeping of what is Injuriouly Gotten; an Insatiable Thirst after More and More still, and Nothing but Shame and Confusion in the End, when he comes to Cast up Profit and Loss at the Foot

of

of the Reck'ning. This Ambitious *Pike* is but the Figure of some Petty Prince, that sets himself up to be Troublesome, and to give Laws to a more Powerful Neighbour. The *Dolphin* Represents such a Power that's more then's *Match*, and Beats him *Home again*. The Case of the *Fishes* in the *Fable*, is much the same with That of *Kings* and *States* in *Common Practice*. And to carry the *Allegory* yet further; As the *Ocean*, on the One hand, to the Whole *World*, on the Other, is made the Field of Battle. Now All This in the Moral, serves only to bid us Moderate our Desires; Keep our Affections within Bounds, and Live Contented with our Lot.

F A B. CCCXXXV.

A Sheep picks a Quarrel with a Shepherd.

A *Sheep* that was to be Shorn, took it very Ill of the *Shepherd* that he should not satisfy himself with the Milk she gave him, without Stripping her of her Wooll too. The *Shepherd*, upon This, without any more Words, took one of her *Lambs* in a Rage, and put it to *Death*. Well, says the *Sheep*, and now y'ave done Your Worst I hope: No, says the *Shepherd*, when That's done I can Cut your *Throat* too, if I have a Mind to't, and throw ye to the *Dogs*, or to the *Wolves* at pleasure. The *Sheep* said not One Word more, for fear of a Worse Mischiefe to come.

The M O R A L.

When People will not Submit to Reason by Fair Means, they must be brought to't by Force.

R E F L E X I O N.

HE that is not Master of Himself, or in his Own Power, has no Other Game to play then to submit himself Contentedly to the Will of Another. Struggling is so far from setting him at Liberty, that it only ties the Knot the Harder. There must be no Muttering at Heaven for the Loss of Fortune, Children, or whatever else can be Dear to us; for there are Greater Afflictions in store for Those that shall Dare to Prescribe Rules and Measures to the Divine Providence. Wherefore we should All set our Hearts at rest, upon These Two Considerations: *First*, That whatsoever comes from above, is for the Best: And *Secondly*, That there's No Contending with it. The *Par* must not chop Logick, and Expostulate with the *Potter*: And so for a *Sheep* to tell the *Shepherd* when he has Kill'd her Lamb, that now he has done his Worst; 'tis such Another kind of Defiance, as that of *Job's Wife* was, when the bad her Husband *Curse God and Die*. We are not the Carvers of our Own Fortunes, and This way of Proceeding is an Affront to all the Dictates, Lights, and Duties of Religion, Nature and Reason.

F A B.

F A B. CCCXXXVI.

A Creaking Wheel.

A Wagoner took Notice upon the *Creaking* of a *Wheel*, that it was the *Worst Wheel* of the *Four*, that made the most Noise, and was wond'ring at the Reason of it. Oh, says the *Wagon*, They that are Sickly are ever the most Piping and Troublesome.

The M O R A L.

'Tis with Creaking Wheels as 'tis with Courtiers, Physicians, Lawyers (and with whom not?) They want Greazing.

R E F L E X I O N.

WHEN People are Crazy, and in Disorder, 'tis but Natural for them to Groan, and to Complain. This is a Far-Fetch'd Allusion, but it must serve for want of a Better. The Uneasiness of a sickly Habit of Body, is some sort of Excuse for being Troublesome and Importune.

F A B. CCCXXXVII.

A Man had a Mind to try his Friends.

T Here was a Generous Rich Man that kept a Splendid and an Open Table, and Consequently never Wanted Guests. This Person found All People came to him Promiscuously, and a Curiosity took him in the Head to try, which of 'em were *Friends*, and which, only *Trencher-Flies* and *Spungers*. So he took an Occasion One Day at a Full Table, to tell them of a Quarrel he had, and that he was just then a going to Demand Satisfaction. There must be so many to so many, and he made no doubt, but they'd stand by him with their Swords in their Hands. They All Excus'd themselves save only Two; which Two he reckon'd upon as his *Friends*, and All the rest no Better than *Hangers-on*.

The M O R A L.

We may Talk of Many Friends; but not One Man of a Thousand will stand the Test.

R E.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE's No Tryal of a True Friend, but in cases of Difficulty; as Loss, Trouble, or Danger; for That's the Time of Distinguishing what a Man does for My sake, and what for his Own.

It is an Unhappy Thing that Princes and Great Men, who seem to have the least need of Friends, should in truth have the Greatest, and yet at the same time the Greatest Difficulty of Knowing them too, for want of Occasions to put them to the Tryal. There is No Proof of Friendship like Frequent Experiment. Now Princes are above the want of Those Common Offices that pass for Friendship betwixt Man and Man, as in Matter of Money, Liberty, Protection, and the like. People do not Flock to Courts so much for their Masters Service, as for the making of their Own Fortunes. How shall any Man distinguish now betwixt a Parasite, and a Man of Honour; where they are All on the Receiving Hand, and where Hypocritise, and Interest looks so like Duty and Affection? He that well Considers the Practice of the World, will find the Fiction of the Rich Man in This Fable to be in some Proportion the Common case of Mankind. An Undistinguishable Facility shall never fail of Meeting with an Undistinguishable Infidelity; which is no Other then a Just Judgment upon an Inconsiderate Bounty. 'Tis the Benefactors Fate in fine, to be either Deserted or Betray'd by those that he has fed, and with *Alton*, to be Worry'd by *his Own Curs*. He that keeps an Open House for All Comers, should do well to Consider that there are *Oglions* of Guests as well as of *Dishes*, and that the Liberty of a Common Table is as Good as a Tacit Invitation to All sorts of Intruders; As *Buffoon*, *Spies*, *Tale-Bearers*, *Flatterers*, *Epicures*, *Indigents*, &c. Now These are All but so many Flies that Come and Go with the Meat. And whereas the *Mythologist* lays the Strefs upon This Point, That the Master of the House could find but *Two Friends* in such a Crowd of People; 'tis my Admiration on the Other hand rather, that he should find so *Many*, in the Licence of a Conversation that was made so Scandalous by the Company.

F A B. CCCXXXVIII.

A Fox Praising Hares Flesh.

A S a Dog was Pressing hard upon the very Breech of a *Fox*, Up starts a *Hare*. Pray hold a Little, says the *Fox*, and take That *Hare* there while she is to be had: You never Tasted such a Morfel since you were Born; But I am all over Tainted and Rotten, and a Mouthful of My Flesh would be enough to Poyson ye. The *Dog* immediately left the *Fox*; and took a Course at the *Hare*; but she was too Nimble for him, it seems, and when he saw he could not Catch her, he very Discreetly let her go. The *Hare* had heard what pass'd; and Meeting the *Fox* Two or Three Days after

after, he told him how Basely he had serv'd her. Nay, says the Fox, if you take it so Heavily that I spoke well of ye, what would you have done if I had spoken Ill?

The MORAL.

A Designing Back-Friend is the Worst of Enemies.

REFLEXION.

THERE are some sorts of Commendation; and some Cafes and Seasons of Applying it, that are more Malicious, and Mischievous, then the Worst of Calamities. Here's a Fox at a Pinch; and what's His Bus'ness now, but to Stop the Dogs Mouth with a piece of *Hares Flesh*, for the Saving of his Own Skin! A *Puss*, says he, is much Better Meat then a Fox, and This Good Office over the Left Shoulder, is the Civility that he Values himself upon. He gives her his Good Word, (as we call it) to the very End, that she may be Eaten. How many Thousands of These *Foxes Compliments* do we meet with in Our Dayly Practice and Conversation. But a Crafty Knave is never without somewhat or Other to say for Himself, and a Bad Excuse is Better then None. The *Foxes Civility*, in fine, was *Roguerly* all over; and his Praising the *Hares-Flesh* to the Dog, was Effectually no more then a *Letter of Recommendation to the Common Hang-man*.

FAB. CCCXXXIX.

A Plain Horse Wins the Prize.

There were a Great many Brave, Sightly *Horses* with Rich Trappings that were brought out One Day to the Course, and Only *One Plain Nag* in the Company that made sport for All the rest. But when they came at last to Tryal, *This* was the *Horse* that ran the Whole Field out of Distance, and Won the Race.

The MORAL.

Our Senses are No Competent Judges of the Excellencies of the Mind.

REFLEXION.

HE that Judges by the Outside, and Pronounces upon the Bare Appearance of Things, runs a great many Mistakes in One; for there's Temerity, Folly, Pride and Ill-Nature in't; Especially where the Censure is accompany'd with Mockery and Scorn. 'Tis Inhumane, at the Best, to make Sport with one Another's Infirmities; which in Honour, and Christianity, we are bound to Cover. But it is Pleasant enough then, if People

ple will be putting themselves upon a Trial of Skill, to see a Bantering Pretender made an Ass by the very Man that He Himself has Mark'd out for a Coxcomb: Which is no other, in Plain *English*, than a Fair Appeal to the Company, which is the Arranter Fool of the Two. In One Word, there's Nothing lays a Man more Open, than Laughing, out of Measure, and out of Season. To Instance in a Cavalier of my Acquaintance that was up to the Ears in Love with a very Fine Lady, that wanted neither Air, Shape, Dress, Quality, nor any Other of Those Charming Circumstances to Recommend her to any Honest Man to Play the Fool withal. He had his Mistress to a Comedy once, where she was wonderfully pleas'd, but had, the Ill Hap to Laugh still in the *Wrong Place*: The Poor Man Observ'd it, and his Fancy fell so Sick upon't, that the Fit went off immediately, and he was his own Man for ever after. This comes of Judging by the Eye without Consulting the Reason of the Matter; and of setting our Hearts upon the Shape, Colour, and External Beauty of Things, without any Regard to the Internal Excellence and Virtue of them. The *Plain Nag* here was like to have been Laugh'd out of the Field, as well as out of Countenance, till he came upon the Tryal to Prove Those to be *Jades themselves* that made Sport with him.

FAB. CCCXL.

A Country-man and a Kid.

A *Country-Man* that was Hamper'd in a *Law-Suit*, had a near Friend and Kinsman, it seems, that was a *Lawyer*, and to Him he went again and again, for Advice upon the Point; but he was Still so Busie, and Busie, that he must come Another Time. The Poor Fellow took a Delicate Fat *Kid* with him, Next Bout, and the Lawyers Clark, upon hearing the Voice of it at the Door; let the Man in, and carry'd him to his Master, where he laid Open his Case, Took his Opinion; made Two Legs, One to the *Counsel* for Recovering of him; T'other to the *Kid* for Introducing him, and so went his Way.

The MORAL.

Money is a Passé-par-Tout.

REFLEXION.

'Tis with *Money* as 'tis with *Majesty*; All Other Powers and Authorities Cease while That's in Place. 'Tis that which makes the *Pot Boyl* (as the Proverb says) *though the Devil Piss in the Fire*. Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Relations, Friendships, are but Empty Names of Things,

and *Words Butter No Parsnips*. 'Tis Intereff that Governs the World ; and the Rulers of it ; Ecclesiastical, as well as Civil ; for it Works in All Degrees and Qualities of Men ; and we have learnt by Experience, that the *Pulpit* may be made to have a Feeling in the *Casus* well as the *Bar*. *Money*, in fine, is an Universal *Passport*, and All Doors Fly Open to't. It Answers All Objections, Resolves All Scruples, and turns up what Religion *Trump*, it pleases. In One Word, *Quid Dabitis & Tradam?* may be the Motto of Corrupt Nature. This Fable was Excellently well Moraliz'd by a Famous Council of our Times. One gave him a Fee of Forty Broad Pieces : He took 'em, and Counted 'em (as a *Man may Count Money after his Father* they say) Well, says he, Here are *Forty Pieces, Pugnabo FORTITER*. Make them *Ten more and Pugnabo FIFTITER, In forma Pauperis* is no good Lawyers Latin. Kin'red are no Wellcome Clients, where the Nearness of the Relation gives them a kind of Title to have Advice *Gratis*, but where the *Cousin* cannot Prevail, the *Kid* must.

FAB. CCCXLI.

A Weak Young Man and a Wolfe.

A Creeping Young Fellow that had Committed Matrimony with a Brisk Gamefome Lass, was so alter'd upon't in a Few Days, that he was liker a *Skeleton* then a *Living Man*. He was Basking himself One time in the Gleam of the Sun, and some Huntmen pass'd by him upon the Chase of a *Wolfe* that led 'em That Way. Why how comes it (says he) that you dont Catch That *Wolfe*? They told him that he was too Nimble for 'em. Well (says he) If My Wife had the Ordering of him he'd Spoil his Footmanship.

The MORAL.

Marriage they say Breeds Cares and Cuckolds.

R E F L E X I O N.

FLESH and Blood is but Flesh and Blood ; and the Indulging of Inordinate Appetites is the Ruine of Body, Soul, and Estate. This Fellow should have Consulted the Circumstances of his Constitution, before he made That Desperate Leap ; for when a Man is Plung'd into an Irrevocable State of Misery, he has but a Cold bus'ness on't to Comfort himself with a Jest. And 'twas but a Measuring Cast at Last neither, whether he meant his Wife should have to do with the *Wolfe*, in One Sense, or the *Wolfe* with his *Wife* in Another.

FAB.

FAB. CCCXLII.

A Lad Robbing an Orchard.

AN Old Fellow took a Boy Robbing his Orchard. Sirrah, (says he) come down the Tree, and don't Steal my Apples. The Lad never Minded him, but went on with his Work. Well (says the Master of the Ground) they say there are Charms in Herbs, as well as in Words, and so he threw a Handful of Grafs at him, which was so Ridiculous, that the Young Thief took the Old Man to be Mop'd. But in Conclusion, if Neither Words, nor Herbs will do, says he, I'll try what may be done with Stones ; for they say there's Vertue in Them too ; And that Way he did his Work.

The MORAL.

Those that will not be Reclaim'd by Instruction, must be brought to a Sense of their Duty by Feeling.

R E F L E X I O N.

A Wife Man, in all Controversies, will try what may be done by Fair Means before he comes to Force : and where the One fails, the Other will Certainly do the Work. The Fear of Hell does a great deal towards the Keeping of us in our Way to Heaven ; and if it were not for the Penalty, the Laws neither of God, nor of Man, would be obey'd. There would have been a Charm in Wood as well as in Stones, if the Little Thief had but been soundly Drubb'd with a Good Honest Cudgel : For where Conscience and Argument will do no Good, Punishment must : But as it is the Surest, so the Good Man here made it the Last Remedy.

FAB. CCCXLIII.

A Nighthawk and a Hawk.

AS a Nighthawk was Singing in a Bush, down comes a Rascally Kite of a Sparrow Hawk, and Whips her off the Bough. The Poor Watch Pleaded for her self, that alas ! her Little Carcass was not worth the While, and that there were Bigger Birds enough to be found. Well, says the Hawk, but am I so Mad d'ye think, as to Part with a Little Bird that I have,

R r 2

for

for a Great One that I have Not? Why then, says she, I'll give ye a Delicate Song for my Life: No, no, says the *Hawk*, I want for my Belly, not for my Ears.

The MORAL.

A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable carries Three Morals. *1st*. That we are not to Part with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. *2^{dly}*. That Men of Appetite are not Mov'd by any Consideration of vertue. *3^{dly}*. That Things of Use and Necessary, are to be prefer'd before Matters merely of Delight and Pleasure.

The *Nightingale* in the Foot of the *Hawk*, is the Case of many an Innocent Creature in the Hands of Justice, when the very Equity of the Law Bends under the Weight of an Over-ruling Rigour. The Belly has no Ears, and so there's no Charming of it. Arguments against Power, are but Wind, when Reason draws One way, and Appetite Another. There's no Moving of any Creature contrary to the Nature of it. *Hang 'em All up* (says a Pleasant Droll, upon *Venners Rising*) *they are not Worth the Begging*. 'Tis a piece of State-Policy sometimes, to let the Poor and the Friendless go to Pot; Nay, and to reckon the Execution of them among the Triumphs of Justice too. There is This further in't besides; that the Uttermost Severity upon Those that have not where-withal to Bid for their Lives, raises the Price of the Market upon Those that Have; and Enhances the Value of the Deliverance, or, in Plain *English*, of the Pardon. The Poor *Nightingale* had Nothing to give that the *Hawk* car'd for, and so she Dy'd, in truth, because *she was not worth the Begging*.

FAB. CCCXLIV.

A Lyon and a Dog.

A *Lyon* that found it Extreme Irksome to Live Alone, gave the Beasts of the Forest to Understand, that he was Resolv'd to make Choice of Some or Other of his Subjects for a *Friend*, and *Companion*. There was a Mighty *Bulle*, who should be the Favourite, and to the Wonder of All the rest, the *Lyon* Pitch'd upon a *Hog*; for, says the *Lyon*, he is True and Faithful to his Friend, and will stand by him in All Times, and Hazards.

The

The MORAL.

A True Friend can ne've fail of being a Loyal Subject: And That's the Man that a Brave Prince will make Choice of for a Particular Favourite.

REFLEXION.

SOLITUDE is against Nature, but Ill Company is Worse then None. So that Life is not Life without the Blessing of a Friendly and an Edifying Conversation. The Difficulty only rests in the Choice; wherein the *Lyon* here has taken his Right Measures: That is to say, he has made a True Judgment of the Matter: For he only Deserves the Character of a *Friend*, that's Proof against all *Tryals* and *Temptations*, either of *Profit*, or of *Loss*.

FAB. CCCXLV.

A Gnat and a Bee.

A *Gnat* that was Half Starv'd with Cold and Hunger, went out one *Frosty* Morning to a *Bee-Hive*, to beg a Charity; and offer'd to Teach Musick in the *Bees Family*, for her Dyet and Lodging. The *Bee* very Civilly desir'd to be Excus'd; for, says she, I bring up all my Children to my Own Trade, that they may be able to get their Living Another Day by their Industry.

The MORAL.

Lazy Beggars that Can Work, and Will not, have scarce a Right to a Common Charity: And This Misery befalls them for want of an Industrious Education.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Necessary piece of Providence, in the Institution of our Children, to Train them up to somewhat in their Youth, that may Honestly Maintain them in their Age. If the *Bee* had taken the Necessities of the *Gnat* into her Consideration, as she did the Profession, she would have thought her self bound in Tenderness and Good Nature, according to the Moral of the Fable, to have Contributed to her Relief: But the *Strefs* is rather to be laid upon a Preference of an Education of Industry, to That of Pleasure, and to shew, that we are in the First Place to Consult the Necessities of Life, rather than Matters of Ornament and Delight.

R r 3

FAB.

FAB. CCCXLVI.

A Lyon, Ass and Dove.

UPON the Breaking out of a War betwixt the Birds and the Beasts, the Lyon Summon'd All his Subjects from Sixteen to Sixty, to appear in Arms, at such a Certain Time, and Place, upon pain of his High Displeasure; and there were a World of *Asses* and *Hares* at the *Rendez-vous*, among the rest. Several of the Commanders were for turning 'em off, and Discharging 'em, as Creatures utterly Unfit for Service. Do not Mistake your self (says the *Lyon*) The *Asses* will do very well for *Trumpeters*, and the *Hares* will make Excellent *Letter-Carriers*.

The MORAL.

God and Nature, made Nothing in Vain. There is No Member of a Political Body so Mean, and Inconsiderable, but it may be Useful to the Public in some Station or Other.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S Nothing so Great as not to stand in Need of many things, in Common Appearance, the most Contemptible: And there is Nothing again so Despicable; but that at some Time, or in some Case or other, it may be of Use and Service to us. 'Tis True, That one Thing is Preferible to another, in some Sort, or in some Respect; but it is True withal, that every Distinct Being has somewhat Peculiar to it self, to make Good in one Circumstance what it Wants in Another. It is the Ignorance of the Nature of things, that makes us Despise, even the Meanest of Creatures. All Things are Created Good in their several Kinds, as All things severally are Subservient, in some Degree or other, to the Beauty, the Order, and the Well-being of the Whole. That which we find in the Course of Nature, holds likewise in Government, where the Lowest has its Post Allotted it as well as the Highest. All Created Beings, in fine, are the Works of Providence and Nature, that never did any thing in Vain. And the Moral of this Parable of the *Lyon*, the *Ass*, and the *Hare*, run through the Universe; for there are *Hares*, *Lions*, and *Asses*, in Kingdoms and Commonwealths, as well as in Fields and in Forests: And the Drift of This Figure holds good in All the Parts of the Creation.

FAB.

FAB. CCCXLVII.

Pigeons Reconcile the Hawks.

THERE Happen'd a Bloody Civil VVar once among the *Hawks*, and what did the Poor, Peaceable, Innocent *Pigeons*, but in Pure Pity, and Good Nature, send their Deputies and Mediators to do the Best they could to make 'em Friends again; so long as This Feud Lasted; they were so Intent upon Killing one another, that they Minded nothing else; but no sooner was the Quarrel taken up among Themselfes, then they fell to their Old sport again of Destroying the *Pigeons*. This brought them to a Sight of their Error, and to Understand the Danger of Uniting a Common Enemy to their Own Ruine.

The MORAL.

Good Men are never Safe but when Wicked Men are at Odds. So that the Divisions of the One are the Security of the Other.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Hard Matter in This Case to Reconcile Policy, and Good Nature; or to bring a Plain-dealing Innocence into a Consistency with Necessary Prudence; For Singleness of Mind passes into the World for want of Brains, and where Knavery is in Credit, Honesty is sure to be a Drug; But Every Man must stand or fall to his own Conscience, and so Divide the Matter as neither to Offend Christian Charity, nor Civil Discretion. The Blessing that is pronounc'd upon the *Peace-Makers*, does not Extend to Those Cases, where the Effect of the Peace shall be the Ruine of the Reconcilers. 'Tis Dangerous Parting a Fray, whether it be Jest or Earnest; for there are Sham Quarrels as well as Bloody Ones: In the One, a Man runs the risque of his Hat, or his Cloak; In the Other, of his Life. We have liv'd to see This Fable remarkably Moraliz'd among our selves upon the like Occasion; for still as the Common Enemy were at Variance, we had a sort of *Peace-making Pigeons* that would needs be Reconciling them, though the Only Security they had under the Sun was their Divisions.

FAB.

FAB. CCCXLVIII.

A Woman that brought fire into the House.

THE Question was put to an Honest Man Newly Marry'd, What might be the Meaning of his New Brides bringing a Torch out of her Fathers House into her Husbands. VVhy This says he; I have Eas'd my Father-in-Law of a Fire-brand to set my Own House in a Flame.

The MORAL.

A Contentious Woman puts all into a Flame, where-over she comes.

REFLEXION.

THIS Torch may be an Allusion either to Strife, and Contention, or to the Profusion and Consumption of the Husbands Estate. 'Tis to be hop'd that there are Shrews, and Wasteful Women enow in the World, to Answer This Moral Both Ways.

FAB. CCCXLIX.

A Corrupt Officer.

A Certain Governor of a Province that had a long time Pill'd, and Oppress'd the People under his Charge was call'd to Account in the Conclusion for the Receiving of Bribes; and sentenc'd to Refund what he had VVrongfully Taken. He came as Unwillingly to the Point, as a Bear to the Stake, which gave Occasion to somebodies saying, that it was with This Man and his Mony, as it is with VVomen and their Children. He was well enough pleas'd in the Getting of it; but it went to the very Heart of him when he Parted with it.

The MORAL.

Great Officers are but like Sponges; they Suck till they are Full, and when they come once to be Squeez'd, the very Hearts Blood of them comes away with their Money.

R. E.

REFLEXION.

IF Men could but Separate the Profit, and the Pleasure of their Sins, from the Sin it self, and keep the Former; when they Renounce the Other, what a Number of Penitents should we have in This Wicked World! But the Doctrine of Satisfaction and Restitution lies so Curfely hard upon the Gizzards of our Publicans, that the Blood in their Veins is not Half so Dear to 'em as the Treasure they have in their Coffers. The Man and the Money are in This Case as good as Incorporated, and Fining him is little less than Flaying him: But Justice however finds him Out; And This, in Few Words is the Sum of the Moral. Avarice is as hard to Part with any thing, as it was Eager to Get it. When a Man is once in Possession of an Ill Gotten Estate *De Facto*, he never Troubles his Head with the *De Jure* of the Question; but looks upon the Propriety of what he has Gotten by Rapine, to be Transferr'd to him by Providence: The Money in short had Chang'd the Master, and he'd rather part with an Eye out of his Head, then with a Penny out of his Coffers.

FAB. CCCL.

An Old Man that was willing to put off Death.

There goes a Story that Death call'd upon an Old Man, and bad him come along with him. The Man Excus'd himself, that To other World was a Great Journey to take upon so short a Warning, and begg'd a Little time only to make his Will before he Dy'd. Why (says Death) You have had Warning enough One would think, to have made Ready before This. In Truth, says the Old Man, This is the First Time that ever I saw ye in my whole Life. That's False, says Death; for you have had Daily Examples of Mortality before Your Eyes, in People of All Sorts, Ages, and Degrees; and is not the Frequent Spectacle of Other Peoples Deaths, a Memento sufficient to make You think of Your Own? Your Dim and Hollow Eyes methinks, the Loss of your Hearing, and the Faltering of the rest of your Senfes, should Mind ye, without more ado, that Death has laid hold of ye already: And is This a time of day d'ye think to stand shuffling it off still? Your Peremptory Hour, I tell ye, is now come, and there's No Thought of a Reprieve in the Case of Fate.

The

The MORAL.

Want of Warning is No Excuse in the Case of Death: For Every Moment of our Lives, either Is, or Ought to be a Time of Preparation for't.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis the Great Business of Life to fit our selves for our End; and no Man can Live Well that has not Death in his Eye.

'Tis a Strange Mixture of Madneſs and Folly in One Soleciſm, for People to Say or Imagine that ever any Man was Taken out of This World without time to Prepare himſelf for Death: But the Delay of Fitting our ſelves is our Own Fault, and we turn the very Sin into an Excuse: Every Breath we draw is not only a Step towards Death, but a Part of it. It was Born with us, It goes along with us: It is the Only Constant Companion that we have in This World, and yet we never think of it any more then if we knew Nothing on't. The Text is True to the very Letter, that we Die Daily, and yet we Feel it not. Every thing under the Sun reads a Lecture of Mortality to us. Our Neighbours, our Friends, our Relations, that fall Every where round about us, Admoniſh us of our Laſt Hour; and yet here's an Old Man on the Wrong-side of Fourſcore perhaps, Complaining that he is surpriz'd.

FAB. CCCLII.

A Miser and his Bags.

A Covetous Rich Churl finding himſelf at the Point of Death, caus'd his Coſſers to be brought up, and his Bags laid before him. You and I, ſays he, muſt Part, and I would willingly Bequeath ye to Thoſe that will take moſt Delight in ye. Why then ſay the Bags, you muſt divide us betwixt your Heirs, and the Devils. Your Heirs will have Drink and Whores for your Money, and the Devils will be as well pleas'd on the Other hand, that they are to have your Soul for't.

The MORAL.

The Money of a Miser is the Laſt Friend he takes his leave of in This World.

R E-

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis a Great deal of Pains that ſome People take to give Others Satisfaction, and to Torment themſelves. But This Verifies the Old Proverb, *Happy is the Son, whoſe Father goes to the Devil*; for Ill Gotten Goods and Eſtates are commonly Squander'd away with as Little Conſcience as they were Rak'd together. There goes a Canker along with them, when over and above the Iniquity of the Extortion and Oppreſſion, the Bloud of ſo many Widows and Orphans cries to Heaven for Vengeance. Now a Leſs Generous Chuff then This in the Fable, would have Hugg'd his Bags to the Laſt, and have Envy'd That Satisfaction to his Heirs; which he Himſelf could Enjoy no longer. But it was his Care to Tranſmit to his Poſterity a Curſe with his Money, and to Bequeath them the Sin in the Inordinate Love of Riches, together with his Treafure.

THE

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FAB. CCCLII.

Industry and Sloth.

ONE was asking a Lazy Young Fellow what made him lye in Bed so long? Why (says he,) I am hearing of Causes every Morning; that is to say, I have Two Lasses at my Bed-side so soon as ever I wake. Their Names are *Industry* and *Sloth*; One bids me get up; 'tother bids me lye still; and so they give me Twenty Reasons why I should Rise, and why I should not: 'Tis the part in the mean time of a Just Judge to hear what can be said on Both sides; and before the Cause is over, 'tis time to go to dinner.

The MORAL.

We spend our Days in Deliberating what to do, and we end them without coming to any Resolution.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable does naturally enough set forth an Expostulation betwixt Reason and Appetite, and the Danger of running out our Lives in Dilatory Deliberations, when we should rather be Up and Doing. In all these Cases, 'tis odds that the Paradox carries it against the true Reason of the Thing; for we are as Partial to our Corruptions, as if our Understanding were of Counsel for our Frailties, and manage Disputes of this kind, as if we had a Mind to be overcome. The *Sluggard's* Case in this Fable is the Case of Mankind in all the Duties of a Virtuous and a Well-Govern'd Life, where Judgment and Conscience calls us one Way, and our Lusts hurry us another. We spend All our Days upon Frivolous Preliminaries, without ever coming to a Resolution upon the Main Points of our Business. We will, and we will not, and then we will not again, and

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and

and we will. At this rate we run our Lives out in Adjournments from Time to Time, out of a Fantastical Levity that holds us off and on, betwixt Hawk and Buzzard, as we say, to keep us from bringing the Matter in question to a Final Issue. And yet we know well enough what we ought to do, and what not, if we would but take the Light of Reasonable Nature for our Guide, and hearken to the Councillor that every Man carries in his own Breast. But Men in the General, are either too Lazy to Search out the Truth, or too Partial, in Favour of a Sensual Appetite, to take Notice of it when they have found it. They had rather be Tasting the Ease and the Pleasures of Life, than Reforming the Errors and the Vices of it. Does not the Voluptuary understand in all the Liberties of a Loose and a Lewd Conversation, that he runs the risque both of Body and Soul on the one Hand, and Opposes all the Blessings that Attend the Duties of Virtue and Sobriety on the other? Does not the Ambitious, the Envious, and the Revengeful Man know very well, that the Thirst of Blood, and the Affectation of Dominion by Violence and Oppression, is a most Diabolical Outrage upon the Laws of God and Nature, and upon the common Well-being of Mankind? But these People are *Hearing Causes* too, with our *Slug-a-bed* in the *Apologue*; that is to say, Deliberating betwixt Passion and Conscience, till in the End, they are called away, whether to *Dinner* or to *Death*, it makes no Matter, for the Moral is still the same.

FAB. CCCLIII.

A Cock and a Fox.

A Fox spy'd a Cock at Roost with his Hens about him. Why how now my Friend, says Reynard, What make you upon a Tree there? Your Business lyes upon the Terra Firma, and a Cock in the Air is out of his Element Methinks. But you don't hear the News perhaps, and it is certainly true: there's a general Peace concluded among all Living Creatures, and not One of them to presume upon pain of Life and Limb, Directly or Indirectly, to Hurt another. The Blessedest Tidings in the World says the Cock; and at the same time he stretches out his Neck, as if he were looking at somewhat a Great way off. What are you Peering at? says the Fox. Nothing says t'other, but a Couple of Great Dogs yonder that are coming this Way, Open-Mouth, as hard as they can drive. VVhy then says Reynard, I fancy I'd e'en best be Jogging. No, No, says the Cock, the General Peace will Secure you: Ay quoth the Fox so it will; but if these Roguy Currs should not have heard of the Proclamation, my Coat may come to be Pink'd yet for all that. And so away he Scamper'd.

The

The MORAL.

In all the Liberties of Sharping and Tricking One upon Another, there must still a Regard be had to the Pantillos of Honour and Justice.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to tell us, that in some Cases one Nail must be driven out with another; and the Deceiving of the Deceiver doubles the Pleasure. 'Tis a Hard Matter to make a False Man and a False Tale confist with themselves; and when they come to Interfere, the Reason and the Argument of the Case returns upon the Head of the Impositor: So that it requires Great Care and Skill for a Man that has a Dark and a Double Design upon Another, to keep Clear of Clashing with his own Reasonings. Wherefore Parasites and Lyars had need of Good Memories. A General Peace would have Secured the Fox as well as the Cock; But if the Fox would not stand the Dogs, the Cock had no Reason to Venture himself with the Fox. All People that are Perfidious, either in their Conversation, or in their Kind, are Naturally to be Suspected in Reports that favour their Own Interest; and when they can make nothing else on't, they find it the Best of their Play to put it off with a Jest.

'Tis a common Thing for Captious People, and Double-Dealers, to be taken in their Own Snares; as for the Purpose in the Matter of Power, Policy, the Fundamentals, and the Maxims of Government, &c. How many are there that Limit Sovereignty in One Case to strain it in Another, and so Handle the same Question Pro and Con, at the same Time? Government is to be Bounded when it may serve One Turn, and Absolute when it may serve Another. Inasmuch that for want of Presence of Thought, Men affirm what they Deny, and Deny what they Affirm, and run Counter to Themselves. If Sovereign Power cannot Dispense, 'tis Ty'd up they cry; and if it may be Ty'd up, 'tis no longer Sovereign Power; for that which Tyes it up, is Above it. At this Rate, One Doctrine Interferes with Another, and the very Foundations of Reason and Government sink at last into a Paradox. When the Fox brings Tydings of a Peace, and Preaches upon the Subject to the Poultry, Beware the Geese. Your Foxes Acts of Amnesty are no Other than the Old State Politicks I know not how many Years ago. They Pardon all in General, in the Beginnings; those that ought to be Hanged, in the Middle; and not one Honest Man in the Conclusion. So that 'tis Ten to One the Cock was Excepted in the Proclamation; and that though the Dogs were not allowed so much as to lick their Lips at a Fox upon their Uttermost Peril, Reynard had gotten a Proviso for Himself yet to carry on his Old Trade among the Lambs and the Poultry still. This is the Method of all Popular Shams, when the Multitude are to be led by the Noses into a Fool's Paradise. The State-Foxes tell 'em what Golden-Days are now a coming, When Every Man shall sit under his own Vine, and Eat the Fruit of his own Fig-Tree: How Trade and Religion shall Flourish, and the People in short keep Holy-Day all the Year long. These are Fine Words, but the Foxes Business upon the Uphor, is only the Cramming his own Gut, without any respect to the Publick.

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FAB.

FAB. CCCLIV.

A Taylor and his Wife.

There happen'd a Grievous Quarrel once betwixt a Taylor and his Wife. The Woman in Contempt of his Trade, called her Husband *Pricklouse*; he gave her a Box o'the Ear fort, which serv'd only to make her more Outragious. VVhen this would do no good, he set her up to the Chin in a *Horfe-Pond*; but so long as her Tongue was at Liberty, there was not a VVord to be got from her but the same Nick-Name in Derision over and over again. VVell (says he to himself,) there's no way I perceive to Quiet this VVoman but by stopping of her Mouth, and so he had her Duck'd next bout over Head and Ears. VVhen she was under VVater, and could call him *Pricklouse* no longer with her Lips, she held up her Hands over her Head, and did it with her Thumbs by the Knicking of her Nails; and when he saw that once, he was e'en glad to give her over.

The MORAL.

The last Two Things that die in an Impetuous Woman, are her Tongue and her Stomach, when she cannot have her Will.

REFLEXION.

'Tis the Fortune of many an Honest Harmless Man, to have this Fable Moraliz'd to him under his own Roof; but the Better any thing is in it's Perfection, the Worse is the Corruption of it; as there is nothing more *Fetid* than a *Rotten Egg*. 'Tis the same thing betwixt a Temperate and an Impetuous Woman. Tempests and Sea-Breaches are nothing to her. There's no Place for Reasoning with her, neither is there any thought of Curing her Will, by Applying to her Body. But now for the Honour, and (in some sort) the Comfort of that Fair Sex, they do not suffer alone under the Scandal of this Figure; for Men have their Violent Passions and Transports as well as Women, and Passions much more Dangerous too than the other. The *Taylor's Wife* was only a *Good Hearty Shrew*, under the Impotency of an *Unruly Waspish Humour*; *She would have her Will, as marry would she*, and that was all the Harm in't. But 'tis another manner of Business when Men come once to be Transported out of the Government of Themselves, and beyond the Use of their Reason. Their Violences are Mortal and Outrageous, even to the Ruin of Kingdoms, Common-Wealths, Families, Persons, &c. and like a Torrent, they bear down all before them, Friends, Relations, the common Principles of Religion and Nature, or whatever else stands in their Way. Nay, they make it a point of Honour to be Firm to their Wickedness, and with the *Old Covenant* in their

their Mouths to Live and Dye *Impenitent*. They'll do all the Mischief in fine that they can, and when they can do no more, they'll be Troubled at it, and call *Pricklouse* with their Thumbs still, when they can do't no longer with their Tongues.

FAB. CCCLV.

A Woman Drown'd.

AN Unfortunate Woman happen'd to be Drown'd, and her Poor Husband was mightily in Pain to find out the Body; so away he goes along the Bank up the Course of the River, asking all he met still, if they could tell him any Tydings of the Body of his Dear Wife, that was overturn'd in a Boat at such a Place Below. Why, if you'd find your Wife, they cry'd, You must look for her down the Stream. No, No, says the Man, my Wives Will carried her against Wind and Tide all the Days of her Life; and now she's Dead, which way soever the Current runs, she'll be sure to be against it.

The MORAL.

The Spirit of Contradiction in a Cross Grain'd Woman is Incurable.

REFLEXION.

THIS falls hard upon the desperate Obstinacy of some Women; and the Freak of the Conceit does not yet derogate from the usefulness of the Fable. The Analogy is Pleasant and Pertinent enough, betwixt a Living Crossness of Humour, and Opposition to the ordinary Course and Reason of Things, and the Fancy of a Dead Body swimming against the Stream. And the License of Couching the Matter under that Figure, and of Wording it after that Manner, carries no Offence with it, either to Congruity, or Good Manners. Beside, that the very Turn and Point of the Illustration sets a Mark upon't to be Remember'd by: So that the Moral sticks by us, and takes a Deeper Root, when we can call it to Mind afterwards by such or such a Token.

There are some People that Value themselves upon being a kind of *Antipodes* to all Mankind, and in making other Mens Rules their Exceptions: Opposition and Contradiction is their Study and Delight. Now there's as much Pride and Vanity in setting up for the Ring-leader of a Perverse Practice, as in the Affectation of being the First Broacher of a Heretical Opinion. Hence it comes that Half the Wit of the World is Exercis'd upon *Paradox*; and that which we call *Good Humour*, is in Truth but a sort of *Slight of Hand* in Discourse, or a Faculty of making Truths look like Appearances, or Appearances like Truths. Now this Gift of *Hocus Pocus*, and of Disguising Matters, is so Surprising and Agreeable

Agreeable on the one hand, that it must of Necessity be a very strong Temptation to the Quitting of the Beaten Road on the other. Mankind was all cast in the same Mould, made liable to the same Affections, Enlightened with the same Principles, and we have all of us the same Rule to Walk by; the same Duties incumbent upon us in this World, and the same Pretensions to our Part in the next; insomuch that whoever affects a Fantastical Singularity of Crossness to all his Fellows, he puts himself in some degree out of the Pale of a common Providence and Protection: Beside, that the Evil is as incurable in the Man to whom it is become Habitual, as it was with the *Woman* here in the Fable.

FAB. CCCLVI.

A Bishop and a Curate.

A Certain *Country Curate* had a Dog that he had a Mighty Kindness for; the Poor Cur Sickens and Dyes, and his Master in Honour of his Memory gave him Christian Burial. This came to the *Bishop's* Ear, who presently sent for the *Curate*, Rattled him to some Tune, with Menaces to the Highest Degree for bringing such a Scandal upon the Function. My Lord, (says the Curate,) if your Lordship had but known the Understanding of this Dog, both Living and Dying, and especially how Charitable an End he made,) You would not have Grudged him a Place in the Church-Yard among the rest of his *Fellow-Parishioners*. How so, says the *Bishop*? Why my Lord, says the *Curate*, when he found he was Drawing Home, he sent for a *Notarius*, and made his Testament. *There's my Poor Lord Bishop in Want*, says he, and it is my Will to leave him a Hundred Crowns for a Legacy. He charg'd me to see it perform'd, and I have it here in a Purse for your Lordship ready Counted. The *Bishop* upon the Receipt of the Money, gave the Priest Absolution, and found it a very good Will, and a very Canonical Burial.

The MORAL.

Money Corrupts both Church and State.

REFLEXION.

THERE may be Ill Men in Holy Orders, and the Lewdness of the Person does not at all derogate from the Sacredness of the Function. Avarice on the one hand, is an Encouragement as well as a Protection

to Licentiousness on the other, when People know before-hand, that *Money* will Compound all Differences. Nay, and *Money* is a *Protestant* Reconciler too as well as a *Papist*, when Passion and Corruption come once to be Authorized under the Venerable Cover of a Sacred Character; only the *Bishop* Absolves Himself in the one Case, as he does the *Curate* in the other. So that *Money* upon the Main, serves for the Touchstone of Common Honesty, Faith, Law and Religion: The Devil holds the Scale, and Profit or Loss is made the Standard of Gospel or Heresy. It Pleads all Causes, Defends all Titles, and turns Christianity it self into a Moot Point. It sets Texts together by the Ears, as well as Divines, and makes the Voice of God to be of more Authority in the Mouths of the Multitude, than in the Oracles of Holy Writ. 'Tis the Idol that Men of all Ranks and Professions Bow to; States-men, Sword-men, Lawyers, Ecclesiasticks, &c. there's hardly any thing in Nature that has the Heart to withstand it; bating here and there some singular Exception perhaps, from a General Rule. What are Courts more than Common Markets, where Men are Bought and Sold in the one, as Beasts are in the other? The Captain Fights for his Pay; the Lawyer Pleads for his Fee, no Matter for the Conscience of the Cause; the one's a Soldier of Fortune he tells ye, the other is a Lawyer of Fortune; and for the Business of Right or Wrong, 'tis not one Scruple of the Question. 'Tis *Money* in fine, that like the Devil, makes Men Sail with all Winds, and sets all Wheels a going. Nay the very Altar it self scapes not the Almighty Power of so Irresistible a Temptation; for we are taught in this Fable, that an Episcopal Habit is not one jot better Proof against Corruption, than a Colonels Buff-Coat. 'Tis not a Sanctimonious Pretence, under a Pomp of Form and Title, without the Grace of an Inward Affection and Integrity that will serve the Turn: The Articles of the Christian Faith, and the Doctrin of our Blessed Lord and his Apostles, are to Day, and to Morrow and the same for ever; not to be Moulded and Accommodated to every turn of State, but to be held and kept Inviolable as a standing Rule to all Ages. There are no such Worshipers of the Devil, as the Buyers and Sellers of Souls; there's nothing they'll stick at, but Shuffle, Cant, Juggle, Swear back and forward like so many Spiritual Knights of the Post; serve all Times, and all Gods, even though Paganism it self should turn up Trump; for this sort of Prostitutes steer all their Actions by the Compass of *Viderit Utilitas*, and for the *Dogs Legacy* Absolve the Devil himself, and with this Beastly Avaricious Bishop, Pronounce the Blackest Soul in Hell to be as White as Snow.

FAB. CCCLVII.

A Husband, Wife, and Chastly Father.

A Man of Quality had gotten a Peevish Contentious *Woman* to his *Wife*, that was observed to go every Day to *Confession*, and her Business was not so much to Discharge her Conscience

Conficience of her own Sins, as to tell Tales of her *Husband*. The *Holy Father* would be ever and anon Chiding and Admonishing the Cavalier, telling him, that if he would but come to *Confession*, he doubted not but to make Him and his Wife Friends again. The Gentleman said, *Yes, he would,* and he went accordingly. The Good Man then bad the Penitent be sure to Examine himself thoroughly, and leave nothing out: Alas, Father, says he, for that Matter there will be no need on't; for you have had all my Sins in Confession from my Wife already, and a Thousand times more perhaps than ever I Committed.

The MORAL.

Calumny is half the Business of a Bigot: Bitterness passes for Zeal, and our very Devotions are in Effect but Libels against our Superiours.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S no such Cloak as Religion for all manner of Wickedness, and the Man is a stark Fool that cannot impose upon his Neighbour, when he has once got the Mastery of his own Conscience: There's no Evidence of our Thoughts, but our Works; and if an Hypocrite can but Conceal himself from the Eyes of his Companions, he never troubles his Head to Consider how Open he lyes to the Searcher of his Heart. What was the Penitent's Confession here, but a Cover for his Calumny? And her Husband's way after that of giving the Holy Father to Understand the Truth of the Matter, was a Turn Pleasant enough.

'Tis a Field of a Huge Latitude that the Devil has to Dance, and to Play his Gambols in, when he sets himself to Preach upon the Text of Religion and Conscience. In the Troubles of King *Charles the First*, what with Humiliations and Thankgivings, Seditious Lectures, and Pulpit-Invectives, the People had hardly any other Business at Church than to tell God Almighty Tales of their Sovereign: So that this Unhappy Prince might have Answered his *Confessarius* upon the shrift of an Auricular Confession, as our Husband Answered his herein the Fable, That *Others had done it for him, and told more than All beforehand*. This was the Method of their Proceedings toward him through the whole Course of his Distresses, from the First Odious Remonfrance, to the Last Execrable Stroke upon the Scaffold. They began with Blasting him in his Reputation; they took up Arms against him, Hunted and Pursued him; Seized his Revenues and his Person, Depos'd him from his Royal Dignity, Usurp'd the Government to Themselves, and under the Colour of a Formality of Law, put him upon a Judicial Tryal, and took away his Life. And not One Step did they set all this while in the whole Tract of this Iniquity, without Seeking the Lord first, and going up to enquire of the Lord, according to the Cant of those Days. Which was no other than to Make God the Author of Sin, and to Impute the Blackest Practices of Hell to the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

FAB.

FAB. CCCLVIII.

An Old Man and an Ass.

AN Old Man and a Little Boy were driving an Ass before them to the Next Market to Sell. Why have you no more Wit, (says one to the Man upon the Way,) than you and your Son to Trudge it afoot, and let the Ass go Light? So the Man set the Boy upon the Ass, and Footed it Himself. Why Sirrah, says Another after this, to the Boy, Ye Lazy Rogue you, must you Ride, and let your Ancient Father go afoot? The Man upon this, took down his Boy, and got up Himself. D'ye see (says a Third) how the Lazy Old Knave Rides Himself, and the Poor Little Child has much ado to Creep after him! The Father, upon this, took up his Son Behind him. The next they met, ask'd the Old Man whether his Ass were his Own or no? He said Yes. Troth, there's little sign on't says t'other, by your Loading him thus. Well says the Fellow to Himself, and what am I to do now? For I am Laugh'd at, if either the Ass be Empty, or if One of us Rides, or Both; and so in the Conclusion he Bound the Asses Legs together with a Cord, and they try'd to carry him to Market with a Pole upon their Shoulders betwixt them. This was Sport to every Body that saw it, infomuch that the Old Fellow in great Wrath threw down the Ass into a River, and so went his way Home again. The Good Man, in fine, was willing to Please Every body, but had the Ill Fortune to Please No body, and lost his Ass into the Bargain.

The MORAL.

He that resolves not to go to Bed till all the World is pleas'd, shall be troubled with the Head Ach.

REFLEXION.

So many Men, so many Minds; and this Diversity of Thought must necessarily be attended with Folly, Vanity, and Error: For Truth is one and the same for Ever, and the Sentence of Reason stands as Firm as the Foundation of the Earth. So that no Man can be either Happy or Secure that governs himself by the Humour and Opinion of the Common People. 'Tis a Thing utterly impossible to Please All, and none but a Mad Man will endeavour to Please those that are Divided among themselves, and can never Please one another. A Wife, and an Honest Man lyes

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by Rule, and Consults the Conscience of his Actions, without any Regard to Popular Applause. Did ever any Mortal yet in his Right Wits, Advise with the *Mobile* about the Government of his Life and Manners? (Or which is all one, with the Common and Professed Enemies of Reason and Virtue,) Did ever any Creature make a Friend or Confident of them? Why should we be solicitous then to be thought well of by those that no Prudent Good Man ever thought well of? They are all Passion and Fancy, without either Judgment or Moderation: They neither understand what they do, nor why; but act with a kind of *Impetus*, that knows neither Consideration nor Conduct. So that it is in truth, a Scandal, and an Ill Sign to please them; but a worse yet, for a Man to Value himself upon the Reputation of a Popular Favour. What are their Affections but Violent Transports that are carried on by Ignorance and Rage? What are their Thoughts of Things, but variety of Incurable Error? And what are they themselves in their own Nature, but a *Herd* rather than a *Society*? Their Humour is very Happily set forth in this Fable; and so is the Vanity of the Old Man's endeavouring to keep Fair with them; for they are still unsatisfied with the Present State of Things, and consequently never to be Pleas'd. Now if a Man had nothing else to do but to Fool away his Days in the Pursuit of Phantomes and Shadows, and then at last lye down in the Dust like a Brute, without any Fear or Danger of an after-Reckoning, the Care were taken; but for a Reasonable Soul to Post-ponne the most Necessary Offices and Duties of Life, and to Hazzard the very loss even of Heaven it self, in favour of a Depraved Appetite? What has he to Answer for, that shall be found Guilty of so Impious a Madness? The very Dog's not worth the Hanging, that runs out at Check, and lets every Cackling Crow or Daw Divert him from his Game and Business. To Conclude; a due Consideration of the Vanities of the World will Naturally bring us to the Contempt of it; and that Contempt of the World will as certainly bring us Home to our Selves. This was the Case of the Poor Man here, when he had Try'd this, and that, and t'other Experiment, he threw all his Care and Follies together with his Ass into the River: And then he was at Rest.

F A B. CCCLIX.

A Span Dreamt he found Gold.

A Man fancied in his *Sleep* once, that he was carried by the Devil into a Field to Dig for *Gold*, where he found a Great Treasure; so the Devil advised him not to take it away with him at present, but rather to leave some particular Mark upon the Place, that he might find it another time. VVhat Mark? says the *Dreamer*. Een down with your Breeches quoth the Devil, and lay your Tail there; my Life for yours, do but keep your own Council, and no Body will look for Gold in that

that Place. The Fellow did as he was bid, and when he Waked, he found that his Dream was out.

The MORAL.

He that Consents to deal with the Devil for Money in his Sleep, 'tis to be fear'd he would do it Waking too, if it lay fair for his Hand.

R E F L E X I O N.

IT is a *School-Question* how far a Man is Answerable in many Cases for his Dreams: Now here was Deliberation, Discourse, and Consent; So that both the Understanding and the Will had their Parts in the Story: Where Avarice was at One End on't, 'twas no wonder that the Devil should be at the Other. But Men go to the Devil for Money Waking as well as Sleeping: Nay and Men of all Sorts and Qualities too, from the Prince to the Beggar. Churchmen, Statesmen, Tradefmen, Lawyers, and who not? And if all that go to Hell upon that Brand, should besnit the Sheets, there would be a World of Work for the Wash-Women.

F A B. CCCLX.

A Country Fellow and a Hog.

IN a Certain Country, where it was the Custom for any Man that Kill'd a Hog, to Invite the Neighbourhood to Supper with him; a *Curmudgeonly Fellow* that had a Hog to Kill, advised with One of his Companions how he might save the Charge of that Supper. Why (says he) do but give it out to Morrow Morning, that the Hog was Stollen the Night before; set a Good Face on't, and your Work is done. Away goes this Man Open-Mouth, next Morning, Bawling it about, that his Hog was Stollen. *Right, Right*, says his Camarade, *Roar it out as I had you*. Ay, but says the *Hog-Merchant*, with Damned Oaths and Imprecations, My Hog is Stoll'n in Good Earnest. *Upon my Life*, says t'other, *thou dost it Rarely*. So the one *Swore on*, and the other *Foold on*, till in the Conclusion the Churle found he was Banter'd out of his Hog; for the Hog was Stollen indeed.

The MORAL.

Penny Wise, and Pound Foolish.

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R E.

REFLEXION.

THIS is a Point of Decency and Discretion for a Man to Comply with the Common Customs of the Place, where he Lives, over and above the Rules of Good Neighbourhood and Society. So that the Old Hunks here was well enough serv'd to be Trick'd out of a Whole Hog for the Saving of his Puddings: And it was so much the Better too, that he was of the Plot to the Fooling of Himself, and had his own Jest turned upon him in Earnest: For he was caught in his own Snare, and met withal as we say, in his own Kind. And we may make this further Use on't, That an Ill Natur'd Thrift, is next Door to Squandering: He was Cheated, and he was Laugh'd at, and he Deserv'd both; for he made himself a Party to the Picking of his own Pocket, and the very Sham that he designed upon his Neighbours was turned upon Himself. The Frolick was Pleasant and Pertinent enough, but the Conscience of the Case is another Question; though there's this to be said for't, that it was but one Fraud paid with another, and that he Himself went half way in't by his own Consent. 'Twas with the *Man and the Hog*, as with the *Boy and the Wolf*; he would be Crying a *Wolf, a Wolf*, when there was none, and then could not be Believed when there was.

FAB. CCCLXI.

A Florentine and a Horse-Courser.

A Florentine bought a Horse for so many Crowns, upon Condition to pay one Half down upon the Nail, and be a Debtor for the rest. The Horse-Courser comes to the Florentine next Morning for the Remainder of the Mony. Soft, says the Florentine, A Bargain's a Bargain: My Contract was to be your Debtor for the Rest, and if I Pay it, I'm no longer your Debtor.

The MORAL.

Conceits and Witticisms pay no Scores.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable is only a Silly Tale told for the Tale's sake, without any further Mystery or Meaning that I can perceive in't. If the Florentine had been Drubb'd, or laid by the Heels for the Fallacy, or but Laugh'd at for the Conceit, it would have serv'd for a Caution to People how they Trifle, and play the *Tonies* betwixt Jest and Earnest, in Matters of Common Honesty, Good Faith and Business. Or it would have born

a Moral,

a Moral, to Discourage the Levity of *Punning* and *Jingling*; and the Childish Humour of Fooling with Mental Reservations and Double Meanings. But as it is, I can find nothing more in't than a Frothy, Empty Story. It may serve however as a *Buoy* to keep People at a Distance, and give Notice of a Shelf or a Flat. For the Silliness of taking Delight in this Vulgar way of Sophism, is to me as arrant an Indication of an Innocent, as a *Bib* and a *Bauble*. So that the Doctrine of a Thing done here, teaches us what we are not to do; that is to say, we are neither to Meditate Fraudulent Contracts, nor to take Childish Collusions in Conversation for Current Payment.

FAB. CCCLXII.

A Christian and a Pagan.

A Christian and a Pagan, that had been Old Acquaintances and Fellow-Travellers, had several Discourses upon the way together about Religion; and coming into Italy, the Christian advised the *Infidel*, for his better Satisfaction, only to go to Mass once, and then tell him what he thought on't. The Pagan accordingly went to Church, and being afterwards ask'd his Opinion of the Ceremonies and Solemnity of the Office, his Answer was, That he saw but one Thing there that he Dislik'd; which was, that it look'd a little Uncharitable for one Man to Eat and Drink by Himself, and all the rest to look on.

The MORAL.

'Tis much wiser Opinions as it is with Tastes, we can no more Command our Judgments than our Palates.

REFLEXION.

THE POYSON of this Fable in the Liberty of Jestings with Holy Matters, would need an Antidote to go along with it, if it were not that it is a Pagan's Conceit, and consequently suitable enough to the Character and Humour of an *Infidel*, to have the Offices of Christianity in Derision. If we take it by that Handle, it may serve for a Reproof to those among our selves, (as we have but too many of them,) that take the same Freedom of Scoffing at Religion, and Religious Rites and Ceremonies. These People pass in the World under the Name of Christians, but in their Hearts and Manners they are little better than Pagans: The Frolick of a Merry Word goes further with them, than the Conscience of their Profession, and if they can but Elude the Dint of a Pinching Conviction by some Trivial Jest, the Conceit they think Attones for the Wickedness.

FAB.

F A B. CCCLXIII.

An Ass taught Grammar.

There was a Bold Undertaking Pedant, Wager'd his Neck against a certain Sum of Money, that in Ten Years time he would Teach an Ass to Write, Read, and Chop Logick. His Friends called him a Thousand Mad-men for casting away his Life upon so Absolute an Impossibility. Pray Gentlemen (says the Undertaker,) have but a little Patience; for 'tis odds, that before the Term's out, either the Prince Dyes, (that's a Party to the Contract,) or the Ass Dyes, or the Adventurer Dyes, and then the Dangers over.

The MORAL.

Collusion without Malice, is in many Cases, not only Laudable but Necessary.

R E F L E X I O N.

There are some Cases wherein a Man may Justifie some sort of Shuffling and Evading without any Offence to Honour or Good Faith; as in a case for the Purpose, where the gaining of Time, may be as much as a Man's Life or Estate is worth. Some Men are but one Remove from some Asses, and the difficulty of Teaching the one, is next door to the impossibility of Teaching the other. The very Proposition is a Whimsie pleasant enough, to shew the Vanity of attempting to make a Philosopher of a Blockhead: Neither is it of a Quality to be understood according to the Letter. So that in such a case, if a Man can but save himself by a Shift, or a Figure, 'tis all that can be desired; and the Conditions naturally implied, fall within the fair Equity of the Question. There are certain Bounds and and Terms of Raillery that may very well stand with the Rules of Honesty and Good Manners; that is to say, Where the Liberty carries neither Malice, Sauciness, nor Ill Nature along with it: And the discreet manage of such a sort of Freedom, betwixt Jest and Earnest, seasons the Entertainment of an Agreeable Conversation. We should say to our selves in all our Distresses upon the apprehension of Temporal Difficulties to come, as this Pedant in the Fable did to his Relations and Companions; Let it be Bondage, Loss of Friends, Beggery, Banishment, nay Death it self, [This or that may Intervene.] It is an Unaccountable Weakness for a Man to put himself upon the Torture at present, for fear somebody else should Torment him Seven Years hence. Is it not enough for us to be Miserable when the time comes, unless we make our selves so Beforehand, and by Anticipation? When we have gone as far as Conscience, Honour, Industry, and Human Prudence can carry us, toward the preventing, or the averting of the Danger that threatens us, we are to remit the rest to Providence, and wait the good Pleasure of

of Heaven with Patience, Humility and Resignation. This Man was to dye at Seven Years end, unless he could bring to pass a thing Impossible. Now sooner or later, (and which of the Two is uncertain,) we are all of us to dye. Why are we not as Sollicitous now for the Certainty of the Thing, as for the Appointment of the Time, when a Thousand Accidents may interpose to divert the one, and the other is wholly inevitable?

F A B. CCCLXIV.

A Priest and Epiphany.

To Morrow (says the Curate,) is to be Celebrated the Feast of Epiphany; I do not know whether the Saint be a Man or a Woman; but the Day however is to be observ'd with Great Solemnity.

The MORAL.

The Silliness of the Person does not at all Derogate from the Dignity of his Character and Commission.

R E F L E X I O N.

This is a Dry Fable, and there's nothing to be gotten out of it but by Squeezing. It may pass however with a little Force, for a Reproach upon the Ignorance of many People in their own Trade, provided always that there be no Reflexion upon the Profession it self, which is but too much the Practice of Loose Men, and of Troublesome Times; as if the Commission were to Blame for the Person's sake that Abuses it. There are Men of all sorts, Good and Bad, in all Functions and Societies; and the Order, or the Office, is never the worse for the Failings of an Ill, or a Weak Man that has the Execution of it. It was well turn'd by Mr. Selden upon an Alderman in the Long-Long Parliament, on the Subject of Episcopacy. Mr. Speaker, says the Alderman, *there are so many Clamours against such and such of the Prelates, that we shall never be Quiet till we have no more Bishops.* Mr. Selden upon this, Informs the House, what Grievous Complaints there were for high Misdemeanors against such and such Aldermen, and therefore, says he, by a Parity of Reason, it is my Humble Motion that we may have no more Aldermen. Here was the Fault transferr'd to the Office, which is a Dangerous Error; for not only Government, but Human Society it self may be dissolved by the same Argument, if the Frailties or Corruptions of Particular Men shall be Reveng'd upon the whole.

F A B.

FAB. CCCLXV.

A Tavern Reckoning paid with a Song.

A Hungry Traveller stept into an Eating House for his Dinner, and when he had filled his Belly, mine Host brought him his Reckoning. Well, says the Traveller, I must e'en pay you with a Song now; for I have not one Penny of Money. Tother told him in short, that his Business was Money, not Musick. But what if I should give you a Song yet that shall content you? (says the Man again,) will you not take that for Satisfaction? Yes says the Victuallar, if I like it. So he fell to Singing I know not how many Songs, one after another; but the Master told him in one Word, that Songs would pay no Scores where he had to do. Well (says the Songster,) let me try but once more now, and I shall go near to fit ye. So he took out his Purse as if he would Open it, and at the same time fung him a Song with this *Bob* to't, *Out with your Purse, and Pay your Host*. How dy'e like this now? says the Traveller! Oh very well says mine Host. Why I thought I should fit you at last with a Song that would Please you, quoth the other, and so he went away.

The MORAL.

There are some ways of Fooling that do the Business of Skill and Address.

REFLEXION.

THE Conceited Sharper here in the Fable, sets forth the Humour and Character of the Spunging Buffoons that a Man meets every Day in his Porridge Dish: that is to say, in Courts and at Great Mens Tables, as well as elsewhere. These same Jack-Pudding Smell-Feasts are certainly the most Despicable Creatures under the Sun, unless perhaps their Patrons that Protect and Encourage them may be the more Contemptible Wretches of the Two. They make Fooling their Business and their Livelihood, and live like *Iceland Shocks*, by shewing Tricks for Bread. They turn Conversation into a direct Farce: Their Wit is either Scurrilous or Frothy, which they manage at such a Rate as if Human Reason were a Faculty only to make Sport withal.

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FAB. CCCLXVI.

A Fryar, a Laique and a Wolf.

A Certain Mendicant (one of those that beg in the Name of St. Anthony,) contracted with a Country Fellow for such a quantity of Corn to Ensure his Sheep, and his Husbandry for that Year. The Man depended so absolutely upon this Security, that he e'en left his Sheep to look to themselves; and the Wolf picked up I know not how many of them. This past on, till the Holy Brother came for his next Years Provision. Yes, says the Clown, You're a Trusty Spark indeed, to take Charge of my Sheep, and then let the Wolf Eat them all; your Promises are not worth a Fart, and I'll have no more to do with you. Ah! that same Villanous Wolf, says the Religious! Indeed you must have a care of him, for he's e'en so wicked a Beast, that he shall not only Deceive St. Anthony, but St. Anthony's Master himself too, if he had it in his Power.

The MORAL.

All Promises are either broken or kept.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S a Reproof to all Religious Cheats and Impostors that Promise more than they are able to Perform, and Preach those Doctrines to their Disciples, which they do not Believe themselves. When Churchmen come once to be Mercenary, and to prostitute the Truth for Money, no wonder, after their Example, if the Laity Govern their Consciences too by the same Measure. It makes Religion look like a Trade, or a Contrivance of State, than a Divine Inspiration: Nay, it staggers People in the very Foundations of their Faith, to see Ministers, at Variance with themselves, and the Pulpits changing with the Times; and paradoxing upon the Gospel. Holy Men Teach in their Lives as well as with their Lips, and it draws an Irreverence upon the Function, where the one bears a Contradiction to the other. There must be no Preaching of Salvation one Day, and Damnation another, upon one and the same Text. There are Quacks in Divinity, as well as in Physick, and Pretenders to the Absolving of all Sins, as well as to Remedies for all Diseases. But the Curate went beyond his Province, when he stretch'd his Patent for the Cure of Souls, to a kind of Tutelary Guardianship over Goods and Chattels. When such an Impostor has once forfeited the Credit of his Doctrine, 'tis a shrewd Temptation to his Disciples to question the very Authority of his Commission, and to take the Stories he tells 'em of the

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next World, to be no better than a Trick of Spiriting Men away into a Fool's Paradise: But when he comes once to be Detected, he has either the *Wolf* or the *Devil* to bring him off again.

F A B. CCCLXVII.

A Priest and a Sick Man.

A Priest that was willing to give a Sick Man a Word of Comfort in his Extream Misery, told him, *That whom the Lord loves he Chastens.* 'Tis no wonder he has so few Faithful Servants then, says the Poor Man; and I'm afraid he'll e'en have Fewer if he goes this way to work.

The MORAL.

Ignorance is some sort of Excuse, for a Man that Speaks or does an Ill thing, with a good Intention, or without Understanding that he does or says Amis.

R E F L E X I O N.

A Man should no more commit such a Freak as this is, to the Publick, without somewhat of a Caution or Controul upon't, than he would throw Rats-bane up and down a Houfe where Children and Fools might come at it: For there are Liquorish and Inconsiderate Readers, as well as Children, and the one in as much danger of Mistaking Evil for Good, as the other is of taking a Dose of Mercury, for a Sweetmeat. As for Example, here's a Lewd, Atheistical Fancy expos'd at Random, which some People will be forward enough to take, as it stands Uncorrected, for a very fine thing said, and by that means give some sort of Reputation to a Liberty that is not upon any terms to be endured. Now we are in Charity to presume, that the Author never intended this Extravagant Instance for a President, and therefore the Imperfection of the Fable, must be help'd out by some Pertinent Application of it in an Instructive Moral.

The Doctrin that arises from this Text, will fall under the Topick of the Government of the Tongue, and reach, in the Latitude, to all the Transports and Excesses of that Unruly Member: as Blasphemy, Calumny, Scurrility, Prophaneness, False, Vain, and Evil-Speaking and the like; which are all naturally enough reducible to the same Head, as they do effectually proceed from the same Root. He that has gotten a Habit of letting his Tongue run before his Wit, will rather lose his Honour or his Friend, than his Jest; nay, and venture his Salvation over and above too, into the bargain. As in the Case here before us, where we have a Libertine Fooling even in his Last Agonies, with a Witticism betwixt his Teeth, without any regard to the Circumstances of Sobriety and Conscience. But this is a Wickedness only for Profligates and Madmen, to make Sport

Sport with, and Men of better Sense to Tremble at; for there must be no Quibbling and Trifling with the Majesty, and Judgments of the Almighty.

F A B. CCCLXVIII.

A Physician that Cur'd Mad-Men.

THere was a Physician in Milan that took upon him to Cure Madmen; and his way was this: They were Ty'd Naked to a Stake, and then set up-right in a Nasty Puddle; Deeper or Shallower, according to the degree of the Distemper; and there to continue, till betwixt Cold and Hunger they might be brought to their Wits again. There was one among the rest, that after Fifteen Days Soking, began to shew some Signs of Amendment; and so got leave of the Keeper for the Liberty of the Court, and the House, upon condition not to set Foot over the Threshold of the Street-Doors. He past his Promise, and was as good as his Word.

As he was standing one Day at the Outer-Gate, there came a Falkner Riding by, with his Kites and his Curs, and all his Hawking Trade about him. Hark ye Sir, says the Mad-Man, a word with you: And so he fell to asking him Twenty Idle Questions, What was *this*, and what was *that*, and t'other? And what was all this good for? and the like. The Gentleman gave him an Answer to every thing in Form. As for Example, *This that I Ride upon*, (says he) *is a Horse, that I keep for my Sport; and this Bird upon my Fist is a Hawk that Catches me Quails and Partridges; and those Dogs are Spaniels to Spring my Game.* That's well, says the Fool, and what may all the Birds be worth now, that you catch in a Twelve Month? Why it may be some Ten or Fifteen Pound perhaps, says t'other. Ay but (says the Mad Fellow again,) what may all your *Hawks, Dogs, and Horses* cost you in a Year? *Some Fifteen times as much perchance*, says the Falkner. Get you out of the way then immediately (cries the Fool,) before our Doctor gets fight of you; for if he fow'd me up to the Middle in the Pond, you'll be in as sure as a Gun up to the Ears if he can but set Eye on ye.

The MORAL.

Every Ean living is Mad in some respect or other, and the Doctors themselves as Mad as the Patients.

REFLEXION.

THIS Story gives us to understand in the Application of it, that there are more Mad-men out of Bedlam than in't; and that according to *Horace*, We are all Mad, every Mother's Child of us, more or less; and therefore 'tis but Neighbourly Justice for One Mad-man to bear with another. 'Twas well enough said of a Fellow in a Mad-House that was ask'd in the Interval of his Distemper how he came to be there? Why, says he, *The Mad Folks abroad are too many for us, and so they have Master'd all the Sober People; and Coop'd 'em up here.* There's an Alienation of Mind in the Moral, as well as in the Physical Acceptation of the Expression; and he's as Mad a Man that abuses his Reason, as he that has lost the Exercise of it: Beside, that there's as great a Diversity of Freak and Extravagancy in the one Sense as in the other; and they have their *Paroxysms* and their *Intermissions* both alike. Every Man Living in fine, has his weak side, and 'tis but striking the right Vein to set the Humour a Working.

The General Doctrin of this Parable, we find fumm'd up in a very few Words here; that is to say, he that eagerly pursues any thing, and gives more for't than it is worth, is no better than a Mad-Man. Now the way to make a true estimate, both of the Price and of the Purchase, is only to set the one against the other, and so to Balance the Account. One Mans Head runs Riot upon Hawks, Hounds, Dice, Drabs, Drinking, Reveling, and for Brevity sake, we may e'en take in the whole Roll of Good Natur'd Sins and Pleasures, (if I may call them so, that may serve to Gratify a Sensual Appetite. Let but a Man consider now the Time, Money, Care, Labour, and Vexation that this Wild-Goose-Chase has cost him, and then say to himself on the other hand, what have I gotten to answer all this Expence, but the Loose, Giddy Frolick of a few Mad Hours, attended with Claps, Gouts, Palsies, Infamy, Beggery, Nauseous Quahms, Surfeiting Satieties, Anxiety of Thought and Conscience, and all attended with the Anguish of a Late and an Unprofitable Repentance in the Conclusion? And it is the same thing too with the Diabolical Transports of Ambition, Pride, Envy, Revenge, and the like; over and above the Irreparable Loss of a Thousand Blessed Opportunities, to the extream Hazard of Eternity it self. When 'tis com'd to this once, there's no way but the Doctor's Discipline; that is to say, Mortification and Affliction to bring us to our selves again.

FAB. CCCLXV.

A Country Fellow Climbing a Tree.

A Country Fellow got an Unlucky Tumble from a Tree: Why this 'tis, (says a Passenger,) when People will be doing things Hand over Head, without either Fear or Wit: Now could I have taught you a way to climb a Thousand Trees, and never hurt your self with a Fall. Alas, says t'other, the Advice comes too late for this Bout, but let's have it however; for a body may be the better for't another time. Why then (says the Traveller,) *You must take care for the future, whenever you Climb another Tree; that you come no faster down than you went up.*

The MORAL.

Do nothing Rashly.

REFLEXION.

'TIS Good Counsel rather to take Time and Leisure in matters that will bear it, than to venture Neck and All with overmuch Hast.

All Rash and Aspiring Humours, fall under the Reproof of this Moral; for there are Climbers in State, as well as in Woods and Orchards; and Favourites run as great a Risque in Mounting to Honours, Charges and Preferments, as the Fellow did here in Climbing an *Apple-Tree*. Their Rise is commonly Gentle and Step by Step; but when they are once up, they are in danger of falling down again by their own Weight: Wherefore *Slow and Sure* in these Cases, is good Counsel. 'Tis a Roguy kind of a Saying, that *He that will be Rich before Night, may be Hang'd before Noon*. High Places are Slippery, and it turns the very Brain of a Man to look down from 'em. He that first call'd *Experience the Mistress of Fools*, might at the same time have told us upon the Opposition, that *Nature is the Mistress of Wise Men*: Only the one looks forward from the Causes into the Effects, and the other traces the Truth, and the Reason of Things backward, from the Effects up to their Causes. That is to say, the one Teaches us Wit, by shewing us where we play'd the Fool, and the other Teaches us Wit, by keeping us before-hand from Playing the Fool at all. To apply this Moral to the Fable now, the stress of it rests upon the matter of Foresight, and After-Wit, and the Doctrin tells us, that he that wants the one, must make his Best of the other: This was the very Case of the Man in the Orchard here, before and after his Fall. Now Nature does nothing by Starts and Leaps, or in a Hurry, as we say; but all her Motions are Gradual, Regular, and without Noise, which may serve us for a Lesson, and a President, not to do any thing Rashly.

FAB. CCCLXX.

One that had Lost his *Mony* and *Cloaths* at *Play*.

A Fellow that had lost his *Mony* and *Cloaths* at *Play*, stood sniv'ling at a Tavern Door, to think what would become of him. One of his Acquaintance came to him, and asked him what he Cry'd for? For *Nothing*, says he. How come you to Cry then, says t'other, if you have nothing to Trouble you? Why for that very Reason, says he, because I have *Nothing*. Now the one took it that he had no Reason to Cry, and the other meant that he Cry'd because he had nothing left him.

The MORAL.

Cautions are as Instructive as Precepts; the one shews us what we are not to do, and the other what we are.

REFLEXION.

THIS Quirk is little better than the Childrens Play of *Riddle me, Riddle me*; though the Conceit I know is Celebrated among the *Apothegms* of the Ancients. The *Mony* and the *Cloths* were Lost on purpose to make way for the Jest; as the Gentleman dropt his Book into the River, off of *Maudlin Bridge* in *Cambridge*: What's that, says one of his Acquaintance that was passing by? Alas, says t'other, 'tis *Just In*; now the Book was *Justin*. We may observe from hence, what Pains some Men take to make themselves Ridiculous, and that Study may improve a Coxcomb as well as a Philosopher. We may learn further, that *Men do not know when they are well*, or when they have enough; but shift and squander till they would half Hang themselves at last, to be where they were again. It may be another Note too, the Unreasonableness of Jestings in Cases of Distress: So that the Figure at last is Fool all over. Upon the whole, the Fellow Plays, and loses his very Back-side, and then Cries: And what is all this more now, than the laying of a Train for the bringing in by Head and Shoulders the miserable Conceit of *Nothing* upon *Nothing*.

FAB. CCCLXXI.

A *Witnards* Buying of *Wheat*.

UPON a time when there was an Extreme Scarcity of Corn in *Florence*, a Poor Wretch with *One Eye*, was sent to the Market with a great Sack, to Buy such a Provision of *Wheat*:
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He goes to his Corn-Merchant, and asks him the Price of so many Measures. Why, says he, one of these Measures is as much as one of your Eyes is worth; (meaning, that *Wheat* was very Dear.) Why then cries an *Unlucky Wag*, that stood by there, A less Bag methinks might have serv'd your Turn, for One of those Measures is as much as you are able to pay for.

The MORAL.

A Jeering Buffoon is the common Enemy of Mankind.

REFLEXION.

IT is a high Point of Ill Nature, and Ill Manners, to make Sport with any Mans Imperfections that he cannot help; and it holds as well too in the Case of our Misfortunes, if we have not brought them upon our selves by our own Fault. 'Tis enough, where any thing of this fall out one way or t'other, that Providence and Nature will have it so: But Intemperate Wits will spare neither Friend nor Foe; and make themselves the common Enemies of Mankind. Men that are given to this Licentious Humour of Scoffing at Personal Blemishes and Defects, should do well methinks to look into themselves a little, and begin their Animadversions at Home; for which is the Greater Scandal, the want of Charity, Modesty, Humanity; or the want of an Eye? 'Tis the Reasonable Soul that makes the Man, not the Body; and a Deformity in the Nobler Part is Ten Thousand Times more liable to Reproach, than an Imperfection in the other. We are not answerable for our Persons, but for our Manners we are. The Scornor should do well also to consider upon the Sight of a Cripple, or a Monster, that it was only the Distinguishing Mercy of Heaven that kept him from being one too; and not render himself by his Ingratitude the more Abominable Monster of the Two. The Boy in fine, did very Ill, and if he had but been soundly Whipt for't, it would have Perfected the Morality of the Fable.

FAB. CCCLXXII.

A *Country-man* with his *Asses*.

A *Country-man* that had been at Market with his Corn, and was Driving his *Asses* Home again, Mounted one of the Best of them to Ease himself: When he was up, he fell to Counting, and so kept Telling them over and over, all the way he went, but still wanted one of his Number. Upon this, away he goes to the Market Town, whence he came, (a matter of
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Seven Miles off, back again,) Enquiring of all he met, if any Body had seen his *Ass*. He could learn no Tydings of him, and so Home he went, Late at Night, as arrant a Fool, as he set out. The Lofs went to the Heart of him, but upon Alighting, and his Wives giving him the Hint, he found his Beast again, and that the *Ass* he rode upon was forgot in the Reckoning.

The MORAL.

The Butcher look'd for his Knife when he had it in his Mouth.

REFLEXION.

'Tis many a Man's Case, to fancy that he wants what in Truth he has; and then to Tire himself out with Hunting after it Abroad, when he carries it about him all this while, and may have it better Cheap at Home. The bare Supposal of one Petty Lofs, makes us unthankful for all that's left. We are naturally apt to think our Selves Miserable, and the very thinking so makes us so. This Conceit puts us upon the Ramble up and down for Relief, (and all in vain too,) 'till very Weariness brings us at last to our selves again, where we find the *Ass* we sought for, and the Cure of all our Misfortunes in our own Breasts. A Man may be so intent upon one thing, as to heed nothing else, as he that spent half a day to look for his Odd Stocking, when he had them both upon a Leg.

FAB. CCCLXXIII.

A Man that Carried his Plough to Ease his Oxen.

A Peasant that had Plow'd himself and his Oxen quite a Weary, Mounted an *Ass*, with the Plough before him, and sent the Oxen to Dinner: The Poor *Ass*, he found, was ready to Sink under the Load, and so he took up the Plough and laid it upon his own Shoulders. Now, says he to the *Ass*, Thou mayst carry Me well enough, when I carry the Plough.

The MORAL.

Some Brute Animals, have more understanding then some Men.

REFLEXION.

MAN and Wife are in many Cases the Plough-man here, and his *Ass*; they think to Ease one another, not considering that what either of them bears, is a common Burden to both. There was a Fuddling Couple that sold Ale, and their Humour was to Drink Drunk Hand to Fist, upon their own Liquor: They laid down their Club still for what they had, and this they called Forcing a Trade. Now so long as the Tipple was paid for, all went merrily on they thought, without ever so much as Dreaming that 'twas at their own Cost. 'Tis much thereabouts betwixt Rulers and Subjects: The Prince may carry the Plough perhaps, but the weight of both Plough and Prince lies upon the Peoples Shoulders.

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Miscellany

Miscellany Fables.

FAB. CCCLXXIV.

A Fox and a Cat.

There was a Question started betwixt a Fox and a Cat ; which of the Two could make the best Shift in the World, if they were put to a Pinch. For my own part, (says Reynard,) when the worst comes to the worst, I have a whole Budget of Tricks to come off with at last. At that very instant, up comes a Pack of Dogs full-Cry toward them. The Cat presently takes a Tree, and sees the Poor Fox torn to Pieces upon the very Spot. Well, (says Puß to her self,) One Sure Trick I find is better than a Hundred Slippery ones.

The MORAL.

Nature has provided better for us, than we could have done for our Selves.

REFLEXION.

ONE Double Practice may be disappointed by another ; but the Gifts of Nature are beyond all the Shams and Shuffles in the World. There's as much difference betwixt Craft and Wisdom, as there is betwixt Philosophy and Slight of Hand. Shifting and Shuffling may serve for a Time, but Truth and Simplicity will most certainly carry it at the long run. When a Man of Trick comes once to be Detected, he's Lost, even to all Intents and Purposes : Not but that one Invention may in some Cases be Honestly Countermin'd with another. But this is to be said upon the whole matter, That Nature provides better for us, than we can do for our selves ; and instructs every Creature more or less, how to shift for it self in cases of Ordinary Danger. Some bring themselves off by their Wings, others by their Heels, Craft or Strength. Some have their Cells or Hiding Places ; and upon the Uphot, they do more by Vertue of a Common Instinct toward their own Preservation, than if they had the whole Colledge of the Virtuosi for their Advifers. It was Nature in fine, that brought off the Cat, when the Foxes whole Budget of Inventions fail'd him.

FAB.

FAB. CCCLXXV.

The Dancing Apes.

A Certain Egyptian King Endow'd a Dancing-School for the Institution of Apes of Quality ; and when they came to be Perfect in their Lessons, they were Drefs'd up after the best manner, and so brought forth for a Spectacle upon the Stage. As they were in the Middle of their Gamboles, somebody threw a Handful of Apples among them, that set them presently together by the Ears upon the Scramble, without any regard in the World to the Business in Hand, or to the Dignity of their Education.

The MORAL.

The Force of Nature is infinitely beyond that of Discipline and Imitation.

REFLEXION.

MEN have their weak Sides as well as Apes, and it is not in the Power of Study and Discipline to extinguish Natural Inclinations ; no not so much as to Conceal them for any long time, but they'l be breaking out now and then by Starts and Surprizes, and discover themselves. The Apes were taught their Apes Tricks by a Dancing Master ; but it was Nature that taught them to Eat Apples, and the natural Institution was much the stronger of the Two.

FAB. CCCLXXVI.

An Ass and Two Travellers.

A Couple of Travellers that took up an Ass in a Forrest, fell downright to Loggerheads, which of the Two should be his Master : So the Ass was to stand by, to see those Two Boobies try their Title to him by a Rubber at Cuffs. The Ass very fairly look'd on, 'till they had Box'd themselves a Weary, and then left them both in the Lurch.

The MORAL.

'Tis a common thing, both in Love, Law and Arms, for Plaintiff and Defendant to lye Battering one another for a Prize that gives them both the slip.

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REFLEXION.

MANY People have fair Opportunities put into their Hands, and want Wit to make Use of them. Here was a silly Controversie, as fillily Manag'd, and Two Quarrellom Fools out-witted by an *As*. Why did they not keep him when they had him sure? Or why did they not Compound the matter, and Divide, when the one had no more right to him than the other? But this of the *Travellers* and the *As* is a common Case, and a Frivolous Contentious Law-Suit is the Moral of it; when Plaintiff and Defendant are Worrying one another about the Title, till they have spent the Estate. So the *Travellers* fought here for an *As*, and the *As* ran away with the *Stakes*.

FAB. CCCLXXVII.

Mercury and Fishermen.

SOME *Fishermen* that had caught more Fish than they knew what to do withal, Invited *Mercury* to part with them; but finding that the Invitation was not so much matter of Respect, as to get rid of the Glut they had taken, he very fairly left them to Eat by themselves.

The MORAL.

In all the Good Offices of Human Society, 'tis the Will and the Affection that Creates the Obligation.

REFLEXION.

'TIS the ordinary Practice of the World, for Men to be kind to other People for their own Sakes; or at least to be frank of Civilities that cost them nothing: Wherefore we are to Distinguish betwixt Kindnesses that are only matter of Course, and Friendly Offices that are done out of Choice and Good Will. Where's the Obligation, the Friendship, or the Respect of any Man's making me a Present of what he neither cares for himself, nor knows what to do withal? And of that which I am to be never the better for neither? The Fellow here had taken more *Fish* than he could spend while they were Sweet, and so rather than they should lye by to stink him out of the House, he Invited *Mercury* to the Bating of them; that is to say, to the Helping him off with 'em.

FAB. CCCLXXVIII.

An Eagle and a Beetle

A *Hare* that was hard put to't by an *Eagle*, took Sanctuary in a Ditch with a *Beetle*. The *Beetle* Interceded for the *Hare*: The *Eagle* Flapt off the former, and Devoured the other. The *Beetle* took this for an Affront to Hospitality, as well as to her Self, and so Meditated a Revenge, watch'd the *Eagle* up to her Nest, follow'd her, and took her Time when the *Eagle* was Abroad, and so made a shift to Roll out the Eggs, and Destroy the Brood. The *Eagle* upon this Disappointment, Timber'd a great deal higher next Bout; the *Beetle* watch'd her still, and shew'd her the same Trick once again. Whereupon the *Eagle* made her Appeal to *Jupiter*, who gave her leave to lay her next Course of Eggs in his own Lap. But the *Beetle* found out a way to make *Jupiter* rise up from his Throne; so that upon the Loo'ning of his Mantle, the Eggs fell from him at Unawares, and the *Eagle* was a Third time Defeated. *Jupiter* stomach'd the Indignity, but upon Hearing the Cause, he found the *Eagle* to be the Aggressor, and so Acquitted the *Beetle*.

The MORAL.

'Tis not for a Generous Prince to Countenance Oppression and Injustice, even in his most Darling Favourites.

REFLEXION.

THE Rights and Priviledges of Hospitality are so Sacred, that *Jupiter* himself would not Countenance the Violation of them, even in his own Minion, the *Eagle*. Nor is there any thing so despicable, (as we see in the case of the *Beetle*,) but Access is open for the Cries of Distressed Innocence, to Divine Justice. Let no Man presume because he is Great and Powerful, nor Despair because he is Low and Poor; for the one may Rise and the other may Fall, and the meanest Enemy may find a way to a Revenge. Tyranny may prosper for a while, 'tis true, and under the Countenance of a Divine Permission too, as the *Eagle* got leave here to Deposit her Eggs (or her Cause) in Heaven: But *Jupiter's* Lap it self, we see, is no Final Sanctuary for an Oppressor. Though nothing is more common in the World then to mistake Providences and Judgments, and to call the Wickedest and the worst of Men and of Things by Good Names.

FAB. CCCLXXIX.

An Owl and Little Birds.

There goes a Story of an Owl that was advised by the Little Birds to Build rather among the Boughs and Leaves as they did, then in Walls and Hollow Trees; and so they shew'd her a Young Tender Plant for her Purpose. No, No, says the Owl, those Twigs in time will come to be Lim'd, and then your'e all Lost if you do but touch 'em. The Birds gave little Heed to't, and so went on Playing and Chirping among the Leaves still, and passing their Time there in Flocks as formerly; till in the conclusion the Sprigs were all Daub'd with Lime, and the Poor Wretches clamm'd and taken. Their Repentance came now too Late; but in Memory of this Notable Instance of the Owls Foresight, the Birds never see an Owl to this very Day, but they Flock about her and Follow her, as if it were for a New Lesson. But our Modern Owls have only the Eyes, the Beak and the Plume of the Owls of Athens, without the Wisdom.

The MORAL.

Good Counsel is lost upon those that have not the Grace to Hearken to't; or do not Understand it, or will not Embrace and Follow it in the proper Season.

REFLEXION.

WHOLESEM Advice is worth nothing, unless it be (in Truth,) Given as well as taken in Season. This Fable shews the Danger and the Mischief of either Rejecting, not Heeding, or not Entertaining it; and likewise at the same time, sets forth how hard a thing it is to fasten Profitable Advice upon Men that Indulge themselves in Ease and Pleasure. They look upon it as so much time lost, to employ the Present upon the thought of the Future; and so by one Delay after another, they spin out their whole Lives, 'till there's no more Future left before 'em. This Dilatory Humour proceeds partly from a Sloathful Laziness of Temper; as I knew a Man that would not be got out of his Bed when the House was afire over his Head. Action is Death to some sort of People, and they'd as live Hang as Work. It arises in a great measure too from an Habitual Heedless Inadvertency, when Men are so intent upon the Present, that they mind nothing else; and Counsel is but cast away upon them. Birds of Pleasure, and Men of Pleasure are too Merry to be Wise; and the case of this Fable is but the common case of the World. Wholesem Advice comes in at one Ear, and goes out at

t'other. Men, in short, of Blood and Appetite, have no Foresight; and so Postpone Prudence as a Vertue of another Season.

FAB. CCCLXXX.

A Gourd and a Pine.

There was a Gourd Planted close by a Large Well-spread Pine: The Season was Kindly, and the Gourd shot it self up in a short time, climbing by the Bows, and twining about 'em, till it topp'd and cover'd the Tree it self. The Leaves were Large, and the Flowers and the Fruit fair; inso-much that the Gourd had the confidence to value it self above the Pine, upon the comparison. Why says the Gourd, you have been more Years a Growing to this Stature than I have been Days. Well, says the Pine again, but after so many Winters and Summers as I have endured, after so many Blasting Colds, and Parching Heats, you see me the very same thing still that I was so long ago. But when you come to the Proof once, the First Blight or Frost shall most infallibly bring down that Stomach of yours, and strip ye of all your Glory.

The MORAL.

Nothing so insolent and Intolerable as a Proud Upstart that's rais'd from a Dunghil; he forgets both his Master and his Maker.

REFLEXION.

THE Gourd here is an Emblem of Vain Pride and Ingratitude; and the Pine bids Princes and Great Men have a care what Favourites they prefer, and what Friendships they Entertain; and this for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of the Publick. He's a Fool that takes himself to be Greater, Richer, Fairer or Better than he is; or that reckons any thing his own, which is either but Borrow'd, or may be taken away next Moment. He that lives barely upon Borrowing, is effectually but a Beggar when his Debts are paid. This Gourd in short, is a Proud Upstart; his Growth is quick, but his Continuance short: He values himself upon his Feather in his Cap; and in a word, upon those Fooleries that a Man of Honour and Substance would blush at. And nothing else will serve him neither, but to vye Excellencies with those that took him out of the Dirt; nay, and to elevate himself (when all's done) to the Dishonour of his Supporters. And what's the Issue at last of Encouraging these Minions, but the bringing of a Scandal upon Common Justice, by a most Pernicious Example, that ends in the very starving as well as the Defaming of their Benefactors; for 'tis impossible but they

must Pine and Wither, that entertain such Hangers-on. This *Gourd* in fine, is the true Emblem of a Court-Leech; he Fastens and Sucks, without either Mercy or Measure, and when he has drawn his Master Dry, he very fairly drops off, Changes his Party; and so leaves him.

FAB. CCCLXXXI.

A Raven and Wolves

A Raven that had waited upon a Herd of *Wolves* a whole Days Ramble, came to 'em at Night for a share of the Prey they had got. The *Wolves* answer'd him, that if he had gone along with 'em for Pure Love, and not for his Gut, he should have had his Part: But (said they) a *Dead Wolf* if it had so fall'n out, would have serv'd a *Ravens* turn as well as a *Dead Sheep*.

The MORAL.

Most People Worship for the Loaves, from the very Plough-Tayl to the Crozier and Scepter; and the World bows to that that's uppermost.

REFLEXION.

'TIS the Intention that qualifies the Action; neither is it for any Man to pretend Merit, or to challenge a Reward for attending his own Business. The *Raven* dogg'd the *Wolves* for his Supper: Now if these *Wolves* themselves had been Hounded by a Herd of *Tygers*, that should have Worry'd Them, one sort of Carrion would have been as good to the *Raven*, as another. This is the Case, as well betwixt Man and Man, as of *Wolves* and *Ravens*, that suck the Blood of those they Follow and Depend upon, under a Pretext of Service and Kindness. How many Examples have we seen of this, among those that follow Courts, and the Leaders of those Followers? If the Master gets the Better on't; they come in for their Snack; and if he happens to fall in the Chace, his Temporising Friends are the Foremost to break in upon the Quarry. Whether the *Wolves* Took or were Taken, was all a case to the *Raven*.

FAB. CCCLXXXII.

Arion and a Dolphin.

THIS Famous *Arion* was a Great Favourite of *Periander* the King of *Corinth*; he Travelled from thence into *Sicily* and *Italy*, where he gather'd a great Mass of Treasure, and gain'd

gain'd over and above the Good-Will and Esteem of all People wherever he came. From thence he put himself Aboard a *Corinthian* Vessel, to go back again, where he got an inkling among the Ships Crew of a Conspiracy to take away his Life. He Discours'd the Mariners about it, and came in the end to this composition; that if he would cast himself presently into the Sea, and let the Conspirators have his Money, there should be no further Violence offer'd to his Person. Upon this Agreement he obtained Liberty to give them only one Song before he Leap'd Overboard; which he did, and then Plung'd into the Sea. The Seamen had no thought of his ever coming up again; but by a wonderful Providence, a *Dolphin* took him upon his Back, and carried him off safe to an Island, from whence he went immediately to *Corinth*, and presented himself before *Periander*, just in the condition the *Dolphin* left him, and so told the Story. The King ordered him to be taken into Custody as an *Impostor*; but at the same time caused Enquiry to be made after the Ship, and the Seamen that he spake of, and to know if they had heard any thing of one *Arion* where they had been? They said Yes, and that he was a Man of Great Reputation in *Italy*, and of a Vast Estate. Upon these Words, *Arion* was Produced before them, with the very Harp and Cloaths he had when he Leapt into the Sea. The Men were so confounded at the Spectacle, that they had not the Face to deny the Truth of the Story.

The MORAL.

Money is the Universal Idol. Profit Governs the World, and Quid Dabitur & Tradam may be the Motto: But Providence yet in the Conclusion makes all things work for the Best.

REFLEXION.

SOME Men are worse than some Brutes, and little less than Beasts in the shape of Reasonable Creatures. This Fable shews us, that Men of Blood will stick at no Profitable Villany, but they are Blind, Deaf, and Inexorable where Money's in the case. The Charms of Reason, Art and Innocence are Lost upon 'em, and the Sea it self we see, had more Pity for *Arion* than the Men. The *Dolphin* represents the Instrument of an Over-ruling Providence that interposes Miraculously to our Deliverance, when ordinary Means fail us. The Wonderful Discovery in the Conclusion, serves to shew us that Murder will out.

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The MORAL.

Mony is the Universal Idol. Profit Governs the World, and Quid Dabitur & Tradam may be the Motto: But Providence get in the Conclusion makes all things work for the Best.

REFLEXION.

SOME Men are worse than some Brutes, and little less than Beasts in the Shape of Reasonable Creatures. This Fable shews us, that Men of Blood will stick at no Profitable Villany, but they are Blind, Deaf, and Inexorable where Mony's in the case. The Charms of Reason, Art and Innocence are Lost upon 'em, and the Sea it self we see, had more Pity for *Arion* than the Men. The *Dolphin* represents the Instrument of an Over-ruling Providence that interposes Miraculously to our Deliverance, when ordinary Means fail us. The Wonderful Discovery in the Conclusion, serves to shew us that *Murder will out*.

FAB. CCCLXXXIII.

A Spider and the Gout.

A Spider that had been at Work a Spinning, went Abroad once for a little Country Air to Refresh her self; and fell into Company with the Gout, that (by the way) had much ado to keep Pace with her. When they came at Night to take up their Lodging, very inquisitive they were into the Character and Condition of their Host: But the Spider without any more Ceremony, went into the House of a Rich Burgher, and fell presently to her Net-work of Drawing Cobwebs up and down from one side of the Room to the other; but there were so many Brooms, and Devillish House-wenches still at hand, that whatever she set up this Moment, was swept away the next: So that this miserable Insect was the only Creature within those Walls that felt either Want or Trouble. But the Gout all this while, was fain to Kennel in the very Rendezvous of common Beggars, where she was as uneasy, as Hard Lodging, Course Bread, and Puddle-Water could make her. After a tedious and a restless Night on't, they met again next Morning by Sun-Rise, and gave one another the History of their Adventure. The Spider tells first how Barbarously she had been us'd; how cursedly Nice and Cleanly the Master of the House was; how impertinently Diligent his Servants were, &c. And then the Gout Requited the Spider with the Story of her Mortifications too. They were in short, so unsatisfied with their Treatment, that they resolv'd to take quite contrary Measures the next Night. The Spider to get into a Cottage, and the Gout to look out for a Palace. They did what they Propos'd, and never were Creatures better pleas'd with their Entertainment. The Gout had her Rich Furniture, Down-Beds, Beccasica's, Pheasants, Partridges, Generous Wines; the best in fine, of every thing that was to be had for Money, and all with Pure Heart, and Good will as we say. The Spider was as much at Ease on the other hand; for she was got into a House where she might draw her Lines, Work, Spin, Mend what was Amis, Perfect what she had Begun, and no Brooms, Snares or Plots to Interrupt or disturb her. The Two Travellers after this met once again, and upon conferring Notes, they were both so well satisfied, that the Gout took up a Resolution for ever after

after to keep Company with the Rich, the Noble, and the Voluptuous; and the Spider with the Poor and Needy. What Wife Man I say, upon these Terms; would not rather take up his Lodging with the Spider in the Fable here, then with the Gout?

THE MORAL.

An Industrious Poverty in a Cell, with Quiet Thoughts, and Sound Sleeps, is infinitely to be Prefer'd before a Eazy Life of Pomp and Pleasure: For Courts are but Nurseries of Diseases and Cares.

REFLEXION.

ONE may be very Uneasie with a Plentiful Fortune, and as Happy in a Mean Condition; for 'tis the Mind that makes us either the one or the other. A Luxurious Court is the Nursery of Diseases; it Breeds 'em. it Encourages, Nourishes and Entertains them. A Plain, an Honest, and a Temperate Industry, contents it self with a little; and who would not rather Sleep Quietly upon a Hammock, without either Cares in his Head, or Crudities in his Stomach, then lye Carking upon a Bed of State, with the Qualms and Twinges that accompany Surfeits and Excess?

The End of the Fables in the Common School-Book.

Y y 2

A Supple-

A
S U P P L E M E N T
O F
F A B L E S,
O U T O F

*Phædrus, Avienus, Camerarius, Neveletus, Apithonius, Gabriel,
Babrius, Abstemius, Alciatus, Boccacini, Baudouin, De la Fontaine,
Æsopè en Belle Humeur, Méslier, &c.*

FAB. CCCLXXXIV.

A Lamb, a Wolf and a Goat.

A Wolf overheard a Lamb Bleating among the Goats. Dye hear Little One, (says the Wolf,) if it be your Dam you want, she's yonder in the Field. Ay (lays the Lamb,) but I am not looking for her that was my Mother for her *Own* sake, but for her that Nurfes me up, and Suckles me out of *Pure Charity*, and *Good Nature*. Can any thing be Dearer to you, says the Wolf, then she that brought you forth? Very Right, says the Lamb; and without knowing or caring what she did: And pray, what did she bring me forth for too; but to Ease her self of a *Burden*, and to deliver me out of her own Belly, into the Hands of the *Butcher*? I am more Beholden to her that took Pity of me when I was in the World already, then to her that brought me in-tot, I know not how. 'Tis *Charity*, not *Nature*, or *Necessity* that does the Office of a *Tender Mother*.

The MORAL.

There's a difference betwixt Reverence and Affection; the one goes to the Character, and the other to the Person, and so distinguishes Duty from Inclination.

Inclination. Our Mothers brought us into the World; a Stranger takes us up, and Preserves us in't. So that here's both a Friend and a Parent in the case, and the Obligation of the one, must not destroy the Respect I owe to the other; nor the Respect the Obligation: And none but an Enemy will advise us to quit either.

R E F L E X I O N.

MEN are not so sensible of Laws and Duty, as they are of Kindness and Good Nature; beside, that the Wolf's Pretence or Care for the Poor Lamb, was a Charity that began at Home.

There is an *Affection* of *Nature*, and that which we call a *Filial Duty*; and there is an *Affection* that is grounded upon the Moral Considerations of *Benevolence* and *Friendship*. In the one, we lye under an Obligation of Reverence and Respect to a *Parent*, be the Father or Mother what they will; in the other, we pay a Regard to *Civil Acknowledgements* and *Virtue*. Nature, and the Principles of Nature must be kept Sacred; but Men cannot Love to what degree, or whom, or what they please: So that in many Cases, we pay a *Veneration* upon *One Score*, and an *Affection* upon *Another*; and this Fable does very well distinguish the *Gratitude* from the *Respect*. The *Wolves* Preaching to the *Lamb*, is no ill Emblem of a *Scandalous Minister*, that *Discredits* a very *Good Sermon* with an *Ill Life*, and gives the Lye to his *Doctrin*, in his *Practice*. The *Wolf* took the same Care of the *Lamb*, that the *Keepers of our Liberties* in former days did of the *Innocent People of England*. They pretend to put us out of Harms way from others, that they might Devour us themselves.

FAB. CCCLXXXV.

Jupiter's Altar Robb'd.

A Thief Kindled his Torch at *Jupiter's Altar*, and then Robbed the Temple by the Light on't. As he was Packing away with his *Sacrilegious Burden*, a *Voice*, either of Heaven, or of Conscience, Pursu'd him. The Time will come (says that Voice) when this *Impious Villany* of Yours shall cost ye Dear; not for the Value of what you have Stolln; but for the Contempt of Heaven and Religion, that you ought to have a Veneration for. *Jupiter* has taken care however to prevent these insolent Affronts for the Time to come, by an Express Prohibition of any Communication for the future, betwixt the Fire upon his *Altars*, and that of *Common Use*.

The

The MORAL.

Nothing more Familiar then to cover Sacrilege, Murder, Treason, &c. with a Text. And we are also to learn from hence, that we have no greater Enemies many times, then those we have Nurs'd and Bred up; and that Divine Vengeance comes sure at Last, though it may be long first.

R E F L E X I O N.

THE Kindling of a Torch at the Altar, and then Robbing the Church by the Light on't, is an Old Invention contriv'd betwixt the World, the Flesh and the Devil; and will never be out of Date, so long as we hold any Intelligence with the Common Enemies of Mankind. There's nothing cuts Religion, like Religion it self: Texts are put up against Texts, and one Scripture made to fight against another; insomuch, that the Rule of Faith is Perverted into a Doctrin of Heresie and Schism; and the Gospel of Peace is made a Voucher for Sedition and Rebellion. There's nothing of Peace is made a Voucher for Sedition and Rebellion. There's nothing more common then to cite Holy Writ for the Overturning of Religion, and to Over-rule one Divine Authority with another; nay, and when all is done, to Justifie the Sacrilege of Seizing and Employing the Revenues of the Church to Prophanè Uses. And whence comes this Confusion and Self-Contradiction all this while? but that the Manage of Holy Matters falls many times into the Hands of Men of more Polite Curiosity and Skill, then Evangelical Zeal and Affection. The School-men have spun the Thread too fine, and made *Christianity* look like a Course of *Philosophy*, then a *System* of Faith, and *Supernatural Revelation*: So that the Spirit of it Evaporates into Niceties and Exercises of the Brain; and the Contention is not for Truth, but Victory. The whole Business in fine, is sour'd into Altercation and Cavil; but all must be Remitted to the Judgment of the Great Day, when every Man shall receive according to his Works: and Wo be then to the *Church-Robbers* that shall be found among them that serve at the *Altar*. But 'tis no New Thing for Men that call themselves *Professors* and *Disciples*, to Sell and to Betray their Lord and Master; For Men that wear the Livery of the Church, and Eat the Bread on't, to offer Sacrilegious Violence to their Holy Mother. And this is the case of *Jupiter's Altar* Robb'd by the Light of his own Torch: When the House of God is Riff'd and Dishonor'd by his own Domesticks; that is to say, when the Sacrilege is Countenanc'd by the Authority of a Holy Character, and the Violence supported by a Text.

F A B. CCCLXXXVI.

The Crows and the Pigeons.

THEre happen'd a Suit in Law betwixt the Two Families of the *Crows* and the *Pigeons*; but for Quietness sake, they agreed upon an Order of Reference, and the *Kite* was

was to be *Arbitrator*. The Cause was Heard, and Judgment given for the *Crows*.

The MORAL.

Ask my Brother if I'm a Thief. *One Criminal upon the Bench, will be sure to bring off another at the Barr.*

R E F L E X I O N.

INNOCENCY is almost sure to be worsted, wherever it may be Abus'd with Security and Advantage. *Guilty or not Guilty*, is not so much the Point in the Case here of the *Crows* and the *Pigeons*; for the matter in question, is the *Person* or *Party*, not the *Faith*. The One's in the Plot, let him be never so Innocent; and the other is as white as the Driven Snow, let him be never so Criminal. There are *Cabalists*, *Ignoramus's*, *False Witnesses*, among *Men*, as well as among *Birds*, with all the Pompous Formalities of Countenancing Fraud and Corruption, with the Sacred Name of *Justice*. Set a *Kite* upon the *Bench*, and 'tis Forty to one he'll bring off a *Crow* at the *Barr*. Briefly, there is nothing more in the Iniquity of this Fiction, then what we see every day made good in common Business and Practice. 'Tis but dressing up a *Bird of Prey* in his *Cap and Furs*, to make a Judge of him; and so for a *Knight of the Post*, 'tis but dubbing him with the Title of a *King's Evidence*, and the Work is done: For in these Cases, *Judge, Jury* and *Witnesses* are all of a Piece.

F A B. CCCLXXXVII.

A Gard'ner and his Landlord.

A Man that had made himself a very Fine Garden, was so Pester'd with a *Hare*, among his Roots, his Plants, and his Flowers, that away goes he immediately to his Landlord, (a great Huntsman it seems,) and tells him a Lamentable Story of the Havock that this poor *Hare* had made in his Grounds. The Gentleman takes Pity of his Tenant, and early the next Morning goes over to him with all his People and his Dogs about him: They call in the First Place for Breakfast, Eat up his Victuals, Drink him Dry, and Kiss his Pretty Daughter into the Bargain. So soon as they have done all the Mischief they can within Doors, out they march into the Gardens to Beat for the *Hare*: And there down with the Hedges; the Garden-Stuff goes all to Wreck, and not so much as a Leaf scapes em toward the Picking of a Sallad. Well, (says the *Gard'ner*) this

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A Gard'ner and his Landlord.

A Man that had made himself a very Fine Garden, was so Pester'd with a Hare, among his Roots, his Plants, and his Flowers, that away goes he immediately to his Landlord, (a great Huntsman it seems,) and tells him a Lamentable Story of the Havock that this poor Hare had made in his Grounds. The Gentleman takes Pity of his Tenant, and early the next Morning goes over to him with all his People and his Dogs about him: They call in the First Place for Breakfast, Eat up his Victuals, Drink him Dry, and Kiss his Pretty Daughter into the Bargain. So soon as they have done all the Mischief they can within Doors, out they march into the Gardens to Beat for the Hare: And there down with the Hedges; the Garden-Stuff goes all to Wreck, and not so much as a Leaf escapes em toward the Picking of a Sallad. Well, (says the Gard'ner) this

is the way of the World, when the Poor sue for Relief to the Great. My Noble Friend here has done me more Damage in the Civility and Respect of these Two Hours, than the uttermost Spite of the *Hare* could have done me in twice as many Ages.

The MORAL.

Appeals are Dangerous from the Weaker to the Stronger, where the Remedy proves many times worse than the Disease.

REFLEXION.

HE that finds himself Uneasie, and proposes to mend his Condition in what case or in what manner soever, should do well to fit down and Compute within himself; *What do I suffer by this Grievance? Can I Remove it or no? What will it Cost me? Shall I get or Lose by the Change? Will it be worth my while, or not?* Now this is all matter of Course in our ordinary Dealings upon the Truck, and in common Bargains; and yet where the Peace and Liberty of the Mind, or the Character of a Wife or a Good Man lyes at Stake, we take up Resolutions Hand over Head, without Calculating upon the Profit or Loss of the Thing in Question; as in the Instance of the Poor *Gard'ner* here. He might have Treated a Brace of *Hares* sure, much Cheaper than a *Troup of Horsemen*, with so many Packs of *Dogs*, and such a Gang of *Ruffians* at the Heels of 'em. Had not he better have born *War's* Nibling of his Plants and Roots now, than the *Huntsman's* Fooling with his Daughter, and the Eating him out of House and Home? The Breaking down of his Fences; the Laying of his Garden Waste, and taking his Childrens Meat out of their Mouths, over and above? But all this Befel him for want of Deliberating beforehand, and setting one thing against another. Now if the Allusion of this Fable be so Instructive to us, and so necessary to be well attended and apply'd, even in the common Affairs and Dealings of this World, what shall that Man say for himself, that's Guilty of the same Temerity and Imprudence over and over, in the case of *Temporal* and *Eternal*? Is it that we do not Believe the Doctrin of a Future State, or that we do not think on't; or (which is worst of all,) that we do not Mind it? For we Live as if we were more sensible of the *Hares*, than of the *Devils*.

FAB. CCCLXXXVIII.

Jupiter's Two Satchels.

WHEN *Jupiter* made Man, he gave him *Two Satchels*; one for his *Neighbours Faults*, t'other for his *Own*. These Bags he threw over his Shoulders, and the Former he carried Before him, the Other Behind. So that this Fashion came

came up a great while ago it seems, and it has continued in the World ever since.

The MORAL.

Every Man Living is Partial in his own Case; but it is the Humour of Mankind to have our Neighbours Faults always in our Eye, and to cast our own over our Shoulders, out of Sight.

REFLEXION.

THAT which *Jupiter* does in the *Fable*, *Nature* does in the *Life*. We are here admonish'd of a Double Fault; want of Charity and Justice toward others, and want of a Christian Scrutiny and Examination into our Selves: So that here's the Sin of Detraction in making other People Worse than they are, and the Sin of Pride and Hypocrisy, in Boasting our selves to be Better. It were well if we could Place our *Transgressions* out of the Ken, as well of our *Consciences* as of our *Eyes*: But there are only Amusements to put off the Evil Day a little longer, that will certainly overtake us at last. The *Mythologist* does well enough however, in Assigning that to *Jupiter*, which we our selves are but too prone to do, upon a Propension of *Nature*; that is to say, of *Nature* corrupted; for there is both a Sin and a Frailty in't, to be over Censorious of our Neighbours, and as Partial to our selves. *Out of Sight, Out of Mind*, they say; and at this rate one Fault is made use of to Excuse another. We do not *Repent*, because we do not *Think* on't; and so the Neglect is made an Excuse for the Impenitence. We live like Spendthriits, that know themselves to be desperately in Debt, and dare not look into their Accounts to see how the Reckoning stands. Nay 'tis the case of too many of us, that we keep no Books neither; or at the Best, do not know where to find them. Self-Love is still attended with a Contempt of others, and a Common Mistake of Matters at Home as well as Abroad; for we keep Registers of our Neighbours Faults, and none of their Good Deeds; and no-Memorials all this while, of what we do Amis our Selves. But [*I am not as this Publican*] is the very Top of our Righteousness.

Thus goes the World, and a Lewd Practice it is, for one Man to value himself upon the Wickedness of another: But the Worst of all is yet behind; that is to say, to think our selves safe, so long as we keep our Iniquities from the Knowledge of Men, and out of our own View and Memory, without any Awe of that Justice that never Sleeps, and of that All-seeing Eye and Wisdom that Observes all our Misdoings, and has them perpetually in his Sight.

FAB. CCCLXXXIX.

A King and a Rich Subject.

A Certain Prince that had a very Wealthy, over-grown Subject, found it convenient to make a Traitor of him, provided it could but Handfomly be brought about: So the Man was taken into Custody, and the Kings Evidence produced against him for *Consults* at this Place, and at that, against the Life of the King, and the Peace of the Government; and for Receiving, Comforting, and Abetting the Enemies of the Crown. The Man had the Character of a very Loyal Person, and People were almost at their Wits end, to hear of so horrid an Accusation against him. But the Witnesses Swore Home, and one of them Extream Positive, that if his House at that very instant were but narrowly Search'd for Men and Arms, they would find such a Provision, that the Modern Discoveries at *Tichbourn* and *Flixham*, were Nothing to't. The Pretended Criminal began now to Moralize upon the Story, and so away goes he to his Majesty; casts himself at his Feet, and promises that if he might but have as Ample a Pardon, as other Witnesses to *Consults* have had before him, he would shew him the very Bottom of the Plot. I cannot deny, says he, but I have a great many of the Enemies of your Royal Crown and Dignity at this time Conceal'd in my House; and if your Majesty shall be pleas'd to appoint any Person to make Seizure of them, they shall be immediately Deliver'd up. So the Prince Order'd a Squadron of his Guards, and a Trusty Officer in the Head of em, to go along with him. The Gentleman led them very Frankly to his Coffers, and shew'd them his Treasure. These are the Traytors, says he, that you are to take care of, and pray be pleas'd to see that they may be kept in safe Custody till they shall be Deliver'd by Due Course of Law.

THE MORAL.

We may gather from hence, that Riches are many times but a Snare to us; and that Money makes many a Man a Traytor: But if a Body will Compound at last with his Estate to save his Life, when he has nothing left him, he may be at Rest. For a Certificate of Poverty is as good as a Protection.

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REFLEXION.

THE Story of *Ahab* and *Naboth* comes directly to the Point of this Fable; that is to say, as the King and Subject, with the Iniquity of the Subornation and Practice: Only the one was a Poor Subject, and the other a Rich, which does not one jot alter the Morality of the Case. The Old Saying, that [*Money does all things,*] is not much wide of the Truth; for it gives, and it takes away; it makes Honest Men and Knaves; Fools and Philosophers; and so forward *Mutatis Mutandis*, to the End of the Chapter. There's not any Corruption in Nature, but Money is at one end on't; The whole World is under the Dominion of it; for all things under the Sun are Bought and Sold. But as it gives Men Reputation, so it brings People into Snares and Dangers too; It exposes them to Factions, Robbers, Cheats, Knights of the Post, and the like: It fills their Heads and their Hearts with Cares and Disquiets. And what at last are all the Baggs and Possessions that Rich Men take so much Pride and Pleasure in, but Spunges Deposited in their own Hands, 'till there shall be occasion to Squeeze them for the Publick Use!

FAB. CCCXC.

A Merchant and a Seaman.

A Merchant at Sea, was asking the *Ships-Master*, what Death his Father Dy'd? He told him that his Father, his Grandfather, and his Great Grandfather were all Drown'd. Well, says the Merchant, and are not you your self afraid of being Drown'd too? No, not I, says the Skipper. But Pray, says 'tother again, what Death did your Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather Dye? Why they Dy'd all in their Beds, says the Merchant. Very good, says the Skipper, and why should I be any more afraid of going to Sea, then you are of going to Bed?

THE MORAL.

He that troubles his Head with drawing Consequences from meer Contingencies, shall never be at rest: And this is further to mind us, that in an Honest Course of Life, we are not to fear Death.

REFLEXION.

TI'S much in our own Power how to Live, but not at all when or how to Dye: So that our part is only to Submit to Fate, and to bid Death Welcome at what Time, and in what Place or Manner soever it shall please God to send it. The Reason and the Doctrin of this Fable

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is Clear, Strong and Edifying: We are either not to Fear Death at all, or to Fear it every moment of our Lives; nay, and in all the Forms that ever it appear'd in, which will put us to such a stand, that we shall not dare even to Live for Dying. We must neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Breathe, nor Sleep; if we come once to Boggle at Presidents, and at the doing of those things over again, that ever any Man dy'd of before. There is not one instant of Life in fine, but may be our Last. Beside, that we Live, not only in the daily Danger of Death, but in a continual Certainty of it: So that the Question is not how, or of what this or that Man Dy'd, but the Inevitable Fate and Mortality of Mankind. One Man dies in his Bed, another at Sea, a Third in the Field; kind. One Man dies in his Bed, another at Sea, a Third in the Field; this Man of one Accident, or Distemper, that of another: And what is there more in all this now, than so many several ways to the same Journeys End? There is no such Preservative against the Fear of Death, as the Conscience of a Good Life; and if we would have it Easie, we must make the Thought of it Familiar to us.

FAB. CCCXCI.

Mice, Cat and a Bell.

There was a Devillish Sly *Cat* it seems, in a certain House, and the *Mice* were so Plagu'd with her at every turn, that they call'd a Court to Advise upon some way to prevent being surpriz'd. If you'll be Rul'd by me, (says a Member of the Board,) there's nothing like Hanging a *Bell* about the *Cats Neck*, to give Warning before-hand, when *Puss* is a coming. They all lookt upon't as the best Contrivance that the Case would bear. Well (says another) and now we are agreed upon the *Bell*, say who shall put it about the *Cats Neck*. There was no body in fine that would Undertake it, and so the Expedient fell to the Ground.

The MORAL.

The Boldest Talkers are not always the Greatest Doers.

REFLEXION.

THIS is the course of the World, to the very Life, we can never want Advisers and Councillors in Matters of the Greatest Hazzard: But let the Reason be never so clear, we are still at a Loss for an Instrument to put Dangerous Projects in Execution.

Desperate Cases require Desperate Remedies; but let the Hazzard of this or that Part of a Body be what it will, it is matter of Duty, Justice and Policy to consult the Good of the whole. It was the Interest of the

the *Mice* to have a *Bell* put about the *Cats Neck*, and they all agreed upon't to be a very good Expedient: But when it came to the Issue, the Counsel fell to the Ground for want of one to put it in Execution. This is no more then what we see frequently in difficulties of State; but the true Reason of failing in that Case, proceeds rather from some Failings in the Administration, then from any want of necessary Instruments. As for the purpose, where Reward and Punishment are inverted, and where Men of Faith and Zeal for the Honour and Service of the Commonwealth are only made Sacrifices to the Passions and Interests of the Corrupt and Fearful. Where Matters are thus Manag'd, I say, every Man is not of a Constitution to Leap a Gulf for the Saving of his Country: Especially, when over and above the certainty of Ruin, Men are no less sure of having their very Names and Memories abandon'd to Infamy and Contempt for their Pains: But on the other Hand, where Christian as well as Political Justice has its Course, every part of the Community suffers by Consent with the whole: and such a Government in the uttermost of Extremities, shall never fail of *Devotes*.

FAB. CCCXCII.

Usurers and Curriers.

A Parcel of *Curriers* fell into Company with a Garig of *Usurers*, and past this Complement upon 'em; what a Blessing they accounted it to meet with so many Worthy Men of their own Trade. One of the *Usurers* was a Head Man of the City, it seems, and took it a little in Dudgeon to be Rank'd Cheek by Jowl with a Scab of a *Currier*; and so ask'd one of 'em what he meant, by saying they were all of a Trade? Nay, I must confess, says the *Fell-monger*, there is some Difference yet betwixt your Trade and ours; for we deal but in Flaying of *Dead Horses*, and *Asses*, and the People of your Trade Flay *Living Men*.

The MORAL.

A Reproof has more Effect when it comes by a side Wind, then if it were Levell'd directly at the very Vice or Person.

REFLEXION.

THIS is a very great Mistake in the World, to give Reputation to many Unconscionable and notorious Practices, that ought rather to be Punished. One would try all ways of setting People Right in their Wits and Manners: Authority and Friendship works upon some; Dry and Sober Reason works upon others: but these Means are only effectual; where there's Place for Modesty and Conscience. Some are reclaim'd by Punishment; some

some by Example, and some again are set Right by Good Nature, or upon Second Thoughts : But there are a sort of Men that will not be Reason'd into their Senses, and may yet be Laugh'd or Droll'd into them. A Jest works more many times than a Text. Every Man, in fine, has a Yielding Side, if a Body could but hit upon't : The Figure of a *Carrier* applied to an *Usurer*, sinks deeper with him, than all the *Woos* in Holy Scripture, upon the Topick of *Grinding the Faces of the Poor*. Men must Angle for *Converts* as they do for *Fishes*. There's no good to be done, without sitting the Bait to the liking of the Fish, and to the Course of the Season: As the *Carrier* here struck the *Usurer* upon the Right Vein.

FAB. CCCXCIII.

Two Travellers of Differing Humours.

There were two Men together upon a Journey, of very Differing Humours ; one of them went Slugging on, with a Thousand Cares and Troubles in his Head, exclaiming over and over, *Lord, what shall I do to Live!* T'other Jogg'd Merrily away, and left his Matters to Providence and Good Fortune. Well Brother (says the Sorrowful Wight,) *How can you be so Frolick now ? As I am a Sinner, my Heart's e'en ready to break for fear I should want Bread.* Come, come, says t'other, *Fall Back, Fall Edge,* the Resolution's taken, and my Minds at Rest. What Resolution, says his Companion ? Why a Resolution, says he, to make the best Shift I can, and commit my self to Heaven for the Rest. Ay, but for all that, says t'other, again, I have known as Resolute People as your self, that their Confidence has Deceiv'd them in the Conclusion ; and so the Poor Man fell into another Fit of Doubting, and Musing, till he started out of it all on a sudden: *Good Lord, says he, what if I should fall Blind!* And so he walk'd a good way before his Companion with his Eyes shut, to try how 'twould be, if that Misfortune should befall him. In this *Interim* his Fellow-Traveller that follow'd him, found a Purse of Money upon the way, which made good his Doctrin of leaving things to Providence ; whereas the other mis'd that Encounter, as a Punishment of his Distrust ; for the *Purse* had been *His*, if he had not put himself out of condition of *Seeing* it.

THE MORAL.

He that commits himself to Providence, is sure of a Friend in time of need ; while an Anxious Distrust of the Divine Goodness, makes a Man more
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and more Unworthy of it ; and Miserable beforehand, for fear of being so afterward.

REFLEXION.

THE Two opposite Humours of a Cheerful Trust in Providence, and a Suspicious Diffidence of it, with the ordinary Effects and Consequences of the one and the other, are very well set forth here for our Instruction and Comfort. The Divine Goodness never fails those that Depend upon it, provided that according to the Advice of *Hercules* to the *Carter*, they put their own Shoulders to the Work.

The most Wretched sort of People under the Sun, are your *Dreamers* upon Events ; your *Foreboders*, *Supposers*, and *Putters of Cases* : They are still Calculating within Themselves, What if this, or that Calamity, Judgment or Disaster should befall them ; and so they form it in their own Imagination, for fear it should come another way. It is most certain, that what we *Fear*, we *Feel* ; beside that Fancy breeds Misery as Naturally as it does the Small Pox. Set a Whimsical Head agog once upon Sprights and Goblins, and he'll be ready to Squirt his Wits at his own Shadow. I'll suppose my self *Blind*, (says one of the Travellers,) and try what will come on't : And what is this more than the Experiment many and many a Man makes in the World ? Well, I shut my Eyes, I Stumble, I Lose my Way, Break a Leg or an Arm perhaps ; step over a Bag of Money, for him to find that comes after me with his Eyes open : In one Word, I slip my Fortune in a Fantastical Freak, to no manner of Purpose but for my own Ruin. There is no surer Remedy for this Superstitious and Desponding Weakness, then first to Govern our selves by the best Improvement of that Reason which Providence has given us for a Guide ; and then when we have done our own Parts, to commit all Cheerfully for the rest, to the good Pleasure of Heaven, with *Trust* and *Resignation*. Why should not I as well Comfort my self with the Hope of what may be, as Torment my self with the Fear on't ? He that distrusts God's Providence, does effectually put himself out of his Protection.

FAB. CCCXCIV.

An Agreement between the Wolves and the Dogs.

THE *Wolves* found themselves in a great Straight once how to deal with the *Dogs* ; they could do well enough with 'em one by one they saw, but were still worsted and over-born by Numbers. They took the Matter into Debate, and came at last to this conclusion, That unless they could make a Party among them, and by a Parcel of Fair Words and Pretences, engage them in a Confederacy against their Masters and Themselves, there was no good to be done in the matter. Upon this, they sent out their Spies among the *Dogs*, with Instructions
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to go to those among them that were nearest their own Make, Size and Colour, and to reason the matter with them, after this or the like manner. [Why should not we that are all of a Colour, and in a manner all of a Kind, be all of a Party too, and all of an Interest? You'll say perhaps, that your Masters, and your Fellows may take it ill, and pick a Quarrel with ye. Well, and what will they be able to make out then, against You and Us together? If it comes to that once, 'twill be but One Push for all, and the Work is done.] This Discourse wrought as well as Heart could wish; for a great many of the *Wolf-Colour'd-Dogs* cry'd out, *Well mov'd upon't*, and so went over to the other side: And what came on't at last, but that after the *Dogs* had Deserted, the *Wolves* Worry'd one Part of their Enemies by the help of the *Currs* that went over to them; and they were then strong enough to destroy the Revolters themselves.

The MORAL.

A House divided against it self, cannot stand.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fiction may be matched with a Thousand common Cases, where Parties are divided with Factions from Abroad, into Feuds and Animosities among themselves. 'Tis an easie matter to form and to invent Specious Colours and Arguments to all manner of Purposes, and to Paradox the Multitude into what Opinion any Man pleases, that is but a Master of Art, and Address, and in any sort of Credit with the *Mobile*; for 'tis not the Reason of the thing in Question, but Passion and Prejudice that Governs in the Case. What will not Ignorance and Credulity swallow, if they can be but once prevail'd upon to Believe, that it is the common Interest of all the *Dogs*, for one part of them to enter into an Alliance with the *Wolves* against the other; and to draw Inferences from the Complexion of the Ministers, to the Reason of the Government; as the *Wolf-Colour* of the Dog is made an Argument for a Resemblance in the Nature of them: But the very Proposition points out the ready way to Destruction: And the dividing of the Guards, leads manifestly, First to the Worrying of one another; and Secondly, to the utter Ruin of the whole: Only the *Dogs* of the Conspiracy are to be *Last Eaten*. The *Wolves* Proposal was Practicable and Natural enough, and a Perfect Emblem of the Confusions and Politicks abroad in the World. The *Wolves* sit in Counsel, and so does the *Cabal*; and the Subject matter of Both their Debates is *Division*. The one sends out their Spies and their Agents, to Tamper and Seduce the *Dogs* from their Faith and Duty: The other have their *Instruments* at work too; in their Clubs and Pulpits, and to stagger the People in their Allegiance. The *Dogs* are to be *Debauch'd*; that is to say, the *Guards* are to be corrupted: The *Wolf-Colour'd Currs* to be dealt with in the First Place; that is to say, those Courtiers, Officers, Soldiers, and others

others that have somewhat of Agreement in Principle and Persuasion with the Common Enemy. Nay, and the very same Argument is put in their Mouths too, *We are all of a Colour*: And what's the issue of all this at last, but the same Fate to the People where these Liberties are taken, that attended the *Dogs* and the *Sheep* here in the Fable?

FAB. CCCXCV.

A Wolf turn'd Shepherd.

THere was a Crafty *Wolf* that Dress'd himself up like a *Shepherd*, with his Crook, and all his Trade about him, to the very Pipe and Posture. This *Masquerade* succeeded so well with him, that in the Dead of the Night once, when the Men and their *Dogs* were all fast Asleep, he would be offering at the *Shepherd's Voice* and *Call* too; But there was somewhat of a *Howle* in the *Tone*, that the Country presently took an *Alarm* at, and so they fell in upon him in his Disguise; when he was so Shackled and Hamper'd, that he could neither Fight nor Fly.

The MORAL.

'Tis the highest Pitch of a Publick Calamity, when the People are Worry'd and Seduc'd by those that should Protect and Instruct them. No Impostor is so Exquisite, as not to lye open some way or other to a Discovery.

REFLEXION.

THIS is in some sort the Reverse of *Boccalini's* Advice from the *West-Indies*; that the *Spaniards Dogs* there that were sent to Preserve their Flocks from *Wolves*, were grown *Wolves* themselves. Now here's a *Wolf* turn'd *Shepherd*, with the same Design, only better Dress'd up: For there is no Treachery so Plausible, as that which is cover'd with the Robe of a Guide or Governor. Nothing like a Mercenary *Bar-Gown* to make a Sedition Warrantable; nothing like an *Assembly of Pye-Ball'd* Divines, to make it a Point of Conscience; and nothing again like a Popular *Ordinance*, to make it both Law and Gospel. There are hardly any more Dangerous Instruments of Mischief, then Corrupt Officers and Ministers, that Abuse their Authority, commit Publick Violence in their Masters Name, and do Wrong under a colour of Right and Justice. But this does not come up yet to the Force and Point of the Fiction; for 'tis one thing to abuse a Lawful Authority, to the Degree of Tyranny and Oppression; and it is another thing to exercise a worse Tyranny and Oppression, without any Authority at all. The *Wolf* turn'd *Shepherd*, is only an *Ujurer* in the Shape of a *Protector*; a *Persecutor* under the Cloak of a *Governor*; a Creature that's Cruel and False by Nature, in Opposition to all the Methods of Piety and good Manners: So that here's all

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summ'd up in a few Words, to make the case Miserable and Shameful. The Morality in fine, of this Fable, may be fairly enough apply'd to the Errors on Both Hands: That is to say, of those that put a *Lawful Authority* upon the Stretch, to the Abuse of that Power, under the Colour of *Prerogative*; and of those that take upon them to Exercise the Offices of Power, without any Right to't at all. But the Sheep however are well Guarded in the mean time, that have a Wolf for their Keeper.

FAB. CCCXCVI.

An Ass and a Lion.

IN Old Time, when a Generous Beast made more Conscience of his Word than many a Modern Christian has done of an Oath; a *Lion* shook Hands with an *Ass*, and so they agreed upon't to Jog on up and down in the Woods, Lovingly and Peaceably together. As they were upon this Adventure, they discovered a Herd of *Wolves*; the *Ass* immediately sets up a Hideous Bray, and fetches a Run at them Open Mouth, as if he would have Eaten 'em. The *Wolves* only Snear'd at him for his Pains, but Scamper'd away however as hard as they could drive. By and by comes the *Ass* back again, Puffing and Blowing from the Chafe. Well, says the *Lion*, and what was that Horrid Scream for, I Prithee? Why (says t'other,) I frighten'd 'em all away, you see. And did they run away from you, says the *Lion*, or from me, d'ye think?

The MORAL.

Noise and Bluster is so far from doing Business, that instead of Airing and Frighting People, it serves only to make them Sport, when the Vanity of it comes to be Discover'd.

REFLEXION.

THERE are *Braying Men* in the World, as well as *Braying Asses*; for what's Loud and Senseless Talking, Huffing, Damming and Blapheming, any other than a more fashionable way of *Braying*? Only the one is that to the Ear, which the other is to the Mind; and a Man may better endure the Shocking of his Sense, than the Affronting of his Reason. The *Lion*, 'tis true, might have kept better Company; but so long as it was only for his Diversion, it gives us to Understand how far Great Men may be allow'd to make themselves Merry with *Buffoons*. The *Wolves* running away from the *Ass*, while the *Lion* was looking on, tells us in the Allegory, that *Favorite Asses* have the Privilege of *Favorite Dogs*; they may Snap and Snarl where they please, *Gratis*: But 'tis for their Master's

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fake at last, that they come off with a whole Skin. And what's the Issue now of all this Noise in the Conclusion, but the making of the Noise-Maker still the more Ridiculous?

FAB. CCCXCVII.

An Ape and a Mountebank.

THERE was a *Mountebank* Trick'd up as Fine as a Lord; a certain *Ape*, that had a Mind to set up for a *Beau*, spies him out, and nothing would serve him, but he must have a Suit and Dress after the same Pattern; he press'd the *Quack* so hard for't, that at last he told him plainly, Upon condition, says he, that you shall wear a Silver Chain about your Neck, I'll give ye the very Fellow on't; for you'll be running away with your Livery else. *Jack* agrees to't; and is presently riggd out in his Gold and Silver Lace, with a Feather in's Cap, and as Figures go now a-days, a very pretty Figure he made in the World, I can assure ye; though upon Second Thoughts, when the heat of the Vanity was over, he grew Sick of his Bargain; for he found that he had sold his *Liberty* for a *Fools Coat*.

The MORAL.

'Tis with us in our Lives, as with the Indians in their Trade, that truck Gold and Pearl, for Beads and Glasses. We part with the Blessings of Both Worlds for Pleasures, Court-Favours, and Commissions; and asidast, when we have sold our selves to our Lusts, we grow Sick of our Bargain.

REFLEXION.

A Vain Fool can hardly be more Miserable, than the Granting of his own Prayers and Wishes would make him. How many Spectacles does every Day afford us, of *Apes* and *Mountebanks* in Gay Coats, that pass in the World for *Philosophers*, and *Men of Honour*; and it is no wonder for one Fool to value himself upon the same Vanity, for which he esteems another. He that judges of Men and of Things by Sense, governs himself by Sense too: and he that well considers the Practices and Opinions of the Age he lives in, will find, that Folly and Passion have more Disciples than Wisdom and Vertue. The Feather in a *Fools Cap*, is a *Fools Inclination*; nay, it is his *Ambition* too; for he that measures the Character of another Man by his *Outside*, seldom looks further than the Business of Dress and Appearance in himself. Beside, that ill Examples work more upon us than Good; and that we are Forwarter to imitate the one, than to Emulate the other. This now is the Highest Pitch of

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Infelicity,

Infelicity, when we do not only square our Lives in General, according to Vicious Presidents, but set our Hearts in particular (with the Fantastical *Ape* here,) upon this or that Extravagance. No other Sort of Fool would please him, than the very *Counter-part* of this Quack. His Mistake was double; First, he plac'd an Opinion of Happiness where there was no Ground at all to expect it. Secondly, he parted with his *Liberty* in Exchange for't; which is the same thing with Trucking the Greatest Blessing of Human Nature for the Handy-Work of a Taylor.

FAB. CCCXCVIII.

Boys and Frogs.

A Company of Waggish Boys were watching of Frogs at the side of a Pond, and still as any of 'em put up their Heads, they'd be Pelting them down again with Stones. Children, (says one of the Frogs,) you never Consider, that *though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

THE MORAL.

Hard-heartedness and Cruelty is not only an Inhuman Vice, but worse than Brutal: For such Men take Delight in Blood, which Beasts spill only in Self-Defence, or in case of Necessity to satisfy Hunger.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Dangerous and an Ill Natu'd Liberty, the Wanting or the Suffering of Children to play with Birds and Flies. The Cudgelling of *Shroving-Cheeks* is a Barbarous Custom; and so is the common License that Roguy Boys take in the Streets, of Tearing and Tormenting of Puppies and Kittlings. The very Sport is Cruelty; for 'tis no longer a Laughing Matter, when the Life of a Creature comes to be concern'd. This is a Freedom not to be endur'd, so much as in the Spectacle, but much less to be approv'd or Practic'd, especially by those that are Born and Train'd up to any considerable Figure in a Government: For Hard-heartedness in Boys, will be Brutality and Tyranny in Men. Softness and Tenderness of Nature, are the Seeds of a Generous Humanity: Provided always that Children be taught to distinguish betwixt a Benignity and a Facility of Disposition, and that they may not confound Gracious with Effeminate. By this means there may be a Foundation laid of worthy Thoughts, which will ripen in due time into Glorious Actions and Habits, to qualifie Men for the Honour and Service of their Country. This Foundation, I say, of a Pious and a Virtuous Compassion, will Dispose Men afterward, instead of adding Affliction to Affliction, and of Grinding the Faces of the Weak and Innocent, to Minister Protection to those that are Oppressed.

FAB. CCCXCIX.

A Council of Beasts.

THE Beasts (a great while ago,) were so harass'd out with Perpetual Feuds and Factions, that they call'd a *General Council*, in the nature of a *Committee of Grievances*, to Advise upon some way for the Adjusting of Differences, in order to a Publick Peace. After a great many Notable Things said upon the Debate, *Pro* and *Con*, the *Hares* at last, (according to the *Printed Votes* of those Days,) deliver'd their Sense to this Effect: There can never be any Quiet in this World, so long as one Beast shall be Allow'd Nails, Teeth, or Horns, more than Another; but the Weaker will still be a Prey to the Stronger: Wherefore we humbly propose an *Universal Parity*, and that we may be all upon the same *Level*, both for Dignity and Power; for we may then, and not till then, promise our selves a Blessed State of Agreement, when no one Creature shall be able to Hurt another.

THE MORAL.

The Mobile are still for Levelling; that is to say, for Advancing themselves: For 'tis as Broad as 'tis long, whether they Rise to others, or bring others down to them. Beside, that the Doctrin of Levelling strikes at the very Order of Providence.

REFLEXION.

'TIS a Foolish Thing for People to talk Boldly, without a Power to Execute; for upon the Upshot, they serve only for Sport to their Superiors. The World is like to be well Govern'd, where those that have neither Resolution nor Courage, shall take upon them to give Laws to't: When Fools shall correct the Works of the Heavenly Wisdom, and pass Reviews upon the Order of the Universe. It might be every jot as Cheap, New-made as Mended; and the whole Creation taken to Pieces and Rebuilt, as any part of the Work of Providence Improv'd. If God, Prohounc'd upon every thing that he made, that it was *Good*, who shall presume to think he can make it Better?

The Question is the Procuring of an *Universal Peace*; and the *Hares* are of Opinion, that the Disarming of *Lions, Tygers, &c.* and the bringing of Matters to a Level, would do the Work. Let it now be consider'd, that there is an Ambition in the very Affectation of that Equality; for 'tis as Broad as 'tis long, whether the other shall be brought down, or they themselves Advanc'd. 'Tis Sottish, I say, to offer at things that cannot be brought about; it is Wicked to meddle towards the Altering of Unfetting

Unfetting of Things Sacred ; and it is a Madness for the Weaker to talk of Binding the Hands of the Stronger. The Simple are not to direct the Wife, nor the Inferiors to impose upon those that are Above them. 'Tis Nonsense to suppose a Level in the several Parts of the Universe, when the very Frame of it is only an Orderly Pile, or Scale of one thing above another.

Now there are *Hares* in Councils and in Commissions of *State*, as well as in *Fields*, and in *Fables*, where the Multitude are for Levelling too, and for Paring the Claws, and Drawing the Teeth of *Governors*, as well as of *Beasts*. The True *English* of leaving no Power to do Hurt, is the leaving no Power to do Good neither ; and to make short Work on't, the leaving no Power at all. 'Tis a *Juggle of the Levellers*, (says Mr. *Selden*,) *They would have no body Above them, they say, but they do not tell ye they'd have no Body Under them.*

FAB. CCCC.

A Cock and a Fox-Cafe.

There was a *Fox-Cafe* set up near a *Hen-Roost*, to hold forth the Doctrine of Terror and Example. A *Cock* spy'd it; and scour'd away from't, as fast as his Legs and his Wings could carry him, and the Birds hooted at him for't. Hark ye my Masters, (says he,) there are *Live-Foxes* as well as *Dead Ones*, by the Token one of 'em had me by the Back but c'other day, and a Thousand Pound to a Nut-shell I had never got off again. And pray tell me now, if any of you had but been in my condition, whether the very Print of a *Foxes Foot* would not have started ye ; and much more the Image of him in his *Skin*.

The MORAL.

The Burnt Child Dreads the Fire.

REFLEXION.

WE find this to be true upon daily Experience, that narrow Escapes out of great Dangers, make People take *Alarums* at less ; especially of the same Kind. One had better be Laugh'd at for taking a *Fox-Cafe* for a *Fox*, then be Destroy'd by taking a *Live-Fox* only for a *Cafe*. The very Fancy has somewhat of Reason in't, for 'tis but a Measuring Cast, upon such a Supposition as this, whether it proves the one or the other. A *Lark* we see will Dare at a *Painted Hobby*. I sing'd the Toes of an *Ape* through a Burning Glass my self once, and he would never be brought to Endure the sight of a Burning-Glass after. I knew another *Ape* that was Shot behind his Master in the Long Rebellion here, and would never after

after that, Endure the sight of a Pistol. Now there's no more in all this, then what's Natural, Reasonable and Familiar.

FAB. CCCC.

A Cobler turn'd Doctor.

A Bungling *Cobler* that was ready to Starve at his own Trade, changes his Quarter, and sets up for a *Doctor* ; and by the Force of Sour Looks, and Hard Words, Conjures himself into some sort of Reputation with the Common People. His Master-piece was a Composition that he *Bill'd* about, under the Name of a *Sovereign Antidote*. This Physician came in time to fall Sick himself, and the Governor of the Place gave him a Visit. He calls for a Cup, and a Dose of his *Antidote*, puts a little Fair Water in't, under a Pretence of so much Poison ; stirs it together, and gives it his Patient. This (says he) is only to try the Force of your Medicine ; and if you outlive it, I'll give ye a considerable Sum of Money for your Receipt. The poor *Quack* had more Care of his Life then of his Credit, and so for fear of being Poyson'd, told the whole Truth of the Matter, and how he came to be a Physician. The Governour upon this Discovery, call'd the People together, and bad them consider the Folly and Madness of their Confidence, that would venture the Patching up of their Carcasses, upon the Skill of an Ignorant Fellow, that no body that knew him would trust so much as with the Mending of a pair of Old Shoes.

The MORAL.

There's Quacking in all Trades : Bold Ignorance passes upon the Multitude for Science ; and it is with Men as 'tis with Brutes, some are to Eat, and others to be Eaten. Confident Knaves, live upon Credulous Fools.

REFLEXION.

NO Fable can be Pleasant, Profitable or Instructive in Emblem, that is not drawn to the very Life of Nature ; and we have a Horror for the Monstrous Productions of the Brain, as well as for those of the Body. Wherefore the Test of an Edifying Parable, is a Congruity of the Moral to the Lines of Practice, and to the Image of Truth. The Resemblance must be Touching, and a Man must have a Feeling of it to be Mov'd with it. 'Tis never right, till I can say to my self, How many Instances have I seen in the World of this *Cobler turn'd Doctor* ? How many *Underlayers*, that

that when they could not live upon their Trade, have rais'd themselves from *Cobbling to Fluxing*, and taken upon them to cast the Water of a Body Politick, as well as of a Body Natural? This minds me of a *Cobbling Colonel* of Famous Memory, (and he was a Statesman too of the *Long Parliament Edition*;) to a Lady of Quality in *Ireland*. She had been so terribly Plunder'd, that the Poor Woman went almost Barefoot: And as she was Warming her Feet once in the Chimney Corner, the Colonel took notice that her Shoes wanted Capping; *Lord, Madam*, (says he) *Why d'ye wear no Better Shoes?* Why truly Sir, says she, all the *Cobblers* are turn'd *Colonels*, and I can get no body to Mend 'em. Now to do Right to the *Apologue*; there are several Remarkable *Innuendo's* in't: Here's First a *Coxcomb* that Commences *Doctor*. Secondly, A kind of an *Individuum Vagum*, dress'd up in the Character of a Man of Quality. Thirdly, From being ready to Starve Himself, he makes a very good Living out of the Privilege of Poysoning and Destroying other People. Fourthly, It gives us to Understand the Force of Impudence on the one hand, and of Ignorance on the other; for what was it but the Brazen Face of the Quack, assisted by the Silliness of the *Mobile*, that advanc'd this Upstart from the Stall to the Stage? It is not to be Imagin'd the Power of Tumour and Pretence, Bold Looks, Hard Words, and a Supercilious Brow, upon the Passions of the Multitude. To say the Truth on't, we are impos'd upon by *Bochers*, and Men of Forehead, without Common Sense, in all Trades and Professions, even to the Venturing of Soul, Body, Life and Estate upon their Skill, Honesty and Credit. Can any Man look about him in the World now, and cast his Eye and Thought upon Every-days Instances of some of these wonderful Improvements and Conversions, without Saying to Himself, The *Mythologist* Pointed at all these Men in this Fable? For it holds as well from *Foppery to Policy*; from *Baseness to Honour*, and from *Beggary to Superfluity*, as from *Patching to Purging*, and from the *Stall to the Ornial*. But a Tryal of Skill at last puts him past his *Latin*; and when it comes to that once, he'll have more Wit than to Venture his Life upon his *Antidote*.

FAB. CCCCH.

A *Cobler* and a *Financier*.

There was a Droll of a *Cobler* that led a Life as Merry as the Day was Long, and Singing and Joking was his Delight. But it was not altogether so well with a Neighbour of his, though a Great Officer in the Treasury; for there was no Singing, nor hardly any Sleeping under his Roof: Or if he happen'd to Doze a little now and then in a Morning, 'twas Forty to One the Jolly *Cobler* Wak'd him. How often would he be Wishing to Himself that Sleep were to be bought in the Market as well as Meat and Drink! While his Head was working upon this Thought, the Toy took him in the Crown

to

to fend for the Songster. Come Neighbour, says he, thou liv'st like a Prince here, How much a Year canst thou get by thy Trade? Nay, Faith Master, says the *Cobler*, I keep no 'Count-Books; but if I can get Bread from Hand to Mouth, and make Even at the Years End, I never trouble my self for to Morrow. Well, says the Officer, but if you know what you can Earn by the Day, you may easily cast up what that comes to a Year: Ay, says he, but that's more or less as it falls out; for we have such a World of *Holy-Days, Festivals, and New Saints*, that 'tis a Woundy Hindrance to a Poor Man that Lives by his Labour. This Dry, Blunt Way, took with the Officer, and so he went on with him: Come my Friend, says he, you came into my House a *Cobler*, what will you say now, if I send you out on't an *Emperor*? and so he put a Purse of an Hundred Crowns into his Hand. Go your ways, says he, there's an Estate for ye, and be a good Husband of it. Away goes the *Cobler* with his Gold, and in Conceit as Rich as if the Mines of *Peru* had been empty'd into his Lap. Up he Locks it immediately, and all the Comforts of his Life together with his Crowns in the same Chest. From the time that he was Master of this Treasure, there was no more Singing or Sleeping at our House; not a Cat stirr'd in the Garret, but an Outcry of Thieves; and his Cottage was so haunted with Cares, Jealousies, and Wild Alarums, that his very Life was become a Burden to him. So that after a short time, away trudges he to the Officer again; Ah Sir says he, if you have any Charity for a Miserable Creature, do but let me have my Songs and my Sleep again, and do you take back your Hundred Crowns, with an Hundred Thousand Thanks into the Bargain.

THE MORAL.

The Poor Man that has but from Hand to Mouth, passes his Time Merrily, and without any Fear or Danger of Thieves, Publick or Private; but the House that has Money in't, is as good as Haunted.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable makes Riches to be a great Enemy to our Repose, and tells us that the Cares of Money lye heavier upon a Good Man, than the Inconveniencies of an Honest Poverty. He that sets the Anxiety, Fears and Dangers that accompany Riches, against the Cheerful and the Basic Security of a Private Fortune and Condition, may very well be Thankful for the One, without Repining at the other. He that sets his Heart upon any thing in this World, makes himself a Slave to his Hopes and

B b b

Fears;

Fears, and is as sure of being Disappointed, as he is of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs. Let it be Love, Preferment, Court-Favours, Popularity, or what else it will, some Rival or other he must expect to meet with in all his Pretensions. The Proud Man's Inclination is Glory, High-Place in the World, and the Applause of the People. The Envious Man's Heart is set upon doing Shrew'd Turns, Defamatory Calumnies and Revenge. In few Words, Violent Affections never fail of being Uneasie and Importune: but of all Extravagant Passions, the Love of *Money* is the most Dangerous, in regard of the greatest Variety of Difficulties that attend it. There may be some few Pretenders to a Beautiful Lady; some few Candidates for the favour of a Popular Choice. But these are Competitions that Intermitt, and go off and on as it happens, upon this or that Occasion. But *Money* is an *Universal Mistress*; Men are always Watching, Spying, and Designing upon't; and all the Engines of Worldly Wisdom are perpetually at Work about it: So that Whosoever is Possess'd of, and Sollicitous for that Interest, shall never Close his Eyes, so long as Craft, Violence, or Conspiracy, shall be able to keep them Waking.

FAB. CCCCIII.

The Eagle, Cat and Sow.

There was an *Eagle*, a *Cat* and a *Sow* that bred in a Wood together. The *Eagle* Timber'd upon the top of a High *Oak*; the *Cat* Kitten'd in the Hollow *Trunk* of it, and the *Sow* lay Pigging at the *Bottom*. The *Cat's* Heart was set upon Mischief, and so she wet with her Tale to the *Eagle*. Your Majesty had best look to your self, says *Puss*; for there is, most certainly a Plot upon ye, and perchance upon Poor me too; for yonder's a *Sow* lies Grubbing Every Day at the Root of this Tree; Shee'll bring it down at last, and then your Little Ones and mine are all at Mercy. So soon as ever she had Hammer'd a Jealousie into the head of the *Eagle*, away to the *Sow* she goes, and Figs her in the Crown with another Story; Little do you think what a Danger your Litter is in; there's an *Eagle* Watching constantly upon this Tree to make a Prey of your *Figs*, and so soon as ever you are but out of the way, she will certainly Execute her Design. The *Cat* upon this, goes presently to her *Kittens* again, keeping her self upon her Guard all Day, as if she were afraid; and steals out still at Night to Provide for her Family. In one Word, the *Eagle* durst not stir for fear of the *Sow*; and the *Sow* durst not budge for fear of the *Eagle*: So that they kept themselves upon their Guard till

till they were both Starv'd, and left the Care of their Children to *Puss* and her *Kittens*.

The MORAL.

There can be no Peace in any State or Family, where Whispersers and Tale-bearers are Encouraged

REFLEXION.

Busy-Bodies and Intermedlers, are a Dangerous sort of People to have to do withal; for there's no Mischief that may not be wrought by the Craft and Manage of a Double Tongue, with a Foolish Credulity to work upon. There's hardly a Greater Pest to Government, Conversation, the Peace of Societies, Relations and Families, then Officious Tale-bearers, and Busy Intermedlers. These Pick-thanks are enough to set Mankind together by the Ears; they live upon Calumny and Slander, and cover themselves too under the Seal of Secresy and Friendship: These are the People that set their Neighbours Houses afire to Roast their own Eggs. The Sin of Traducing is Diabolical, according to the very Letter; and if the Office be Artificially Manag'd, 'tis enough to put the whole World into a Flame, and no body the Wiser which way it came. The Mischief may be Promoted, by Misrepresenting, Misunderstanding, or Misinterpreting our Neighbours Thoughts, Words and Deeds; and no Wound so Mortal as that where the Poison works under a Pretence of Kindness. Nay, there are ways of Commendation and Insinuations, of Affection and Esteem, that Kill a Man as sure as a Gun. This Practice is the Bane of all Trust and Confidence; and it is as frequent in the Intrigues of Courts and States, as in the most Ordinary Accidents of Life. 'Tis enough to break the Neck of all Honest Purposes, to Kill all Generous and Publick-Spirited Motions, and to stifle all Honourable Inclinations 'in the very Conception. But next to the Practice of these Lewd Offices, Deliver all Honest Men from lying at the Mercy of those that Encourage and Entertain them.

FAB. CCCCIV.

The Frogs and the Bulls.

There happen'd a Desperate Duel betwixt a Couple of *Bulls*, upon a Point of Honour; for the Quarrel was about a Mistress. There was a *Frog* at the same time upon the Bank of a Lake, looking on to see the Combat. Ah, says the *Frog*, what will become of Us now? Why prithee, says one of his Companions, what are the *Bulls* to the *Frogs*, or the Lakes to the Meadows? Very much I can assure ye, says the *Frog* again, for

he that's Worst'd, will be sure to take Sanctuary in the Fens, and then are we to be trod to Pieces.

The MORAL.

Delirant Reges, Plestuntur Achivi. When Princes fall out, the Commonalty Suffers, and the Little go to Wreck for the Quarrels of the Great.

REFLEXION.

LET Ill Consequences be never so Remote, 'tis good however, with the Frogs here in the Fable, to have the Reason of Things at Hand. The Design of many Actions looks one way, and the Event works another; as a Young Gamester's Couzen'd with a *Bricole* at Tennis. But Mischiefs, whether meant or not, are to be Provided against and Prevented, with as much Care and Industry as if they had been designed from the Beginning; and the Application of Foresight in the one Case, must supply the want of Foresight in the other. 'Tis the Fool that lives *ex Tempore*, and from *Hand to Mouth*, as we say, without carrying his Thoughts into the Future. But a Wise Man looks forward, thorough the proper and natural Course and Connexion of Causes and Effects; and in so doing, he Fortifies Himself against the Worst that can Befall him. The Frogs Case, in some Respect, is that of a Civil War; where the People must expect to be Crush'd and Squeeze'd in the Consequence, toward the Charge and Burden on't. *The Lords make Merry, but 'tis the Commons must pay the Piper.*

FAB. CCCC.V.

The Frogs and the Sun.

IN the Innocent Age of the World, when there were no Children in Nature, but those that were begot in Lawful Wedlock, it was in every Bodies Mouth, that the Sun was about to Marry. The Frogs in General were ready to Leap out of their Skins for Joy at it; 'till one Crafty Old Slut in the Company, advis'd 'em to Consider a little Better on't, before they appointed a Day of Thanksgiving for the Blessing. For (says she) if we are almost Scorch'd to Death already, with *One Sun*, what will become of us when that *Sun* shall have Children, and the Heat Encrease upon us with the *Family*!

The MORAL.

We take many things at First Blush, for Blessings, that upon Second Thoughts we find would be most Pernicious to us.

REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

IT requires great Care and Circumspection, that we Weigh and Balance things before we pronounce them to be either good or Evil: For Men are Thankful many times for direct Maledictions, and Mortifie themselves upon the Mistake of Imaginary Blessings. 'Twas a Wife Frog that Advis'd her Fellows to think well on't, before they rung the Bells for the *Sun's Wedding*. This Fancy looks toward the Case of a *Republican Humour* that has got a-head in a *Monarchical State*, Now *Empire* is not to be shar'd in *Consort*; and when *Sovereignty Marries*, 'tis no longer *Single* but *Popular*; and still the Greater the Number of Governors, the Heavier is the Weight of the Government. Now though the Order of Superiority and Subjection be of Absolute Necessity for the good of Mankind, this does not yet hinder it in many respects, from being Grievous to those that live under it; every common Man would be Free, and thinks himself Wrong'd if he be not so. Now this is for want of Understanding the True and Natural Reason of the Matter; which is, that when One Government comes to be Dissolv'd, the first thing to be done is to fall to Cutting of Throats toward the setting up of Another.

FAB. CCCC.VI.

The Fox Condemn'd.

THERE was a Fox (as the Story has it) of a Lewd Life and Conversation, that happen'd at last to be Catch'd in his Roguery, and call'd to an Account for the Innocent Blood he had spilt of Lambs, Pullets and Geese without Number, and without any Sense either of Shame or of Conscience. While he was in the hands of Justice, and on his way to the Gibbet, a Freak took him in the Head to go off with a Conceit. You Gentlemen, the King's Officers, says he, I have no Mind in the World to go to the Gallows by the Common Road; but if you'll carry me through the Little Wood there on the Right Hand, I should take it very kindly. The People fancy'd a Trick in't at First, and that there might be some Thought of a Rescue, or an Escape in the Case; till *Reynard* Assur'd them upon his Honour, that he had no such Design: Only he was a great Lover of Musick, and he had rather have one Chirping Madrigal in the Woods, then Forty from *Turks* and *Popes* upon the Ladder.

The MORAL.

Many People are Harden'd in an Habitual Defiance of Heaven and Hell, that they'll sport with them at the very Gallows; and value themselves upon Living and Dying all of a piece.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable hits the Humour of a great many loose People in the World, that are so Wicked as to value themselves upon their Ill Manners, and the contempt of all Goodness; nay, to the degree even of taking a Pride in their Iniquity, and affecting a Reputation by it, in proportion to the Measure of the Extravagance. Some Men are so Harden'd in Lewdness, that they make it a Point of Honour to be True to't, and to go to the Devil with a Frolick betwixt their Teeth. They have gotten a Habit of Laughing Honesty and Good Manners out of Countenance, and a Reprobated Hardness of Heart, does them the Office of Philology towards a Contempt of Death. Our common Executions yield but too many Instances of this Kind; and it helps mightily to keep up the Humour, that instead of Owning and Professing an Abhorrence for these Affronts upon God and Nature, the Impiety is celebrated for a Jest. And whence comes it now, that Men should be so Intensible, either of a Present Calamity, or of a Future Judgment, but from the Custom of a Scoffing Atheistical Life; where Licentiousness has so long pass'd for Sharpness of Wit, and Greatness of Mind, that the Conscience is grown Callous; and after this, it is but a Natural Congruity for Men to Dye as they have Liv'd. Now a Liberty in this Latitude is not more Execrable, than the Example is Pernicious; especially where it is attended with the Pleasure of a Frothy and a Surprizing Wit to Recommend the Wickedness.

FAB. CCCCVII.

A Man at a Fish Dinner.

A Certain Prince took a I earn'd Man to Dinner with him: It was a *Fasting-Day* it seems, and a great deal of Large Grown *Fish* there was at the Table; only at the Lower End, where the Philosopher sat, there were none but Little Ones. He took out several of them One by One, and first put his Mouth to the Fishes Ear, and then the Fishes Mouth to his own Ear, and so laid 'em in whole again, without so much as Tasting one Bit of 'em. Come Sir, says the Master of the Feast, You have some Pleasant Thought or other in your Head now, Pray let the Company take part with ye. Why Sir, says he, My Father had the Ill-Fortune about Two Years ago

to

to be Cast away upon this Coast; and I was asking these Little Fishes if they could tell me what became of his Body: They said No, they could not, for 'twas before their Time: But if I Examined the Great Ones, 'tis possible they might be able to say somewhat to't. The Prince was so well pleas'd with the Fancy, that he Order'd his Mefs to be Chang'd; and from that Time forward, no body Welcomer to the Table then this Man.

The MORAL.

It is a Master-piece in Conversation, to intermix Wit and Liberty so Discreetly, that there may be nothing in't that's Bitter, Coarse, or out of Season.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to tell us, that Good Humour goes further many times in the Reputation of the World, than Profound Learning; though Undoubtedly both together are Best. There is a certain Knack in the Art of Conversation, that gives a good Grace to many things, by the Manner and Address of Handling 'em, which in the ordinary way of bringing Matters about, would give great Offence to the Common Rules, even of Civility and Discretion. The Skill on't lyes in the Nicety of Distinguishing, First, What Liberty is necessary in such and such a Case. And Secondly, How to Temper and Accomodate that Freedom to a Consistence with Good Manners: And this must be done too without Formality and Affectation; for a Studied and a Labour'd Forecast toward the Setting of such a Humour Abroach, is Putrid and Nauseous to the Highest Degree; and better Fifty such Conceits were Lost, than that any thing of Contrivance or Premeditation should appear in't. There are a sort of People, that when they have once hit upon a Thought that Tickle them, will be still bringing it in by Head and Shoulders, over and over in several Companies, and upon several Occasions; but 'tis below the Dignity of a Man of Weight, to value himself upon such a Levity; for it makes him look as if Trifling were his Master-piece. Now these Turns of Fancy and Entertainment, should pass off as they came on, Carelessly and Easily, without laying any Stress upon them; for they are then only Happy and Agreeable, when they are Play'd off at Volly, and *pro Re Nata*, and only made use of, in fine, as a Sauce to the Conversation. The Philosopher in this Instance, was not without some Difficulty how to gain his Point: There were better Fish at the Table, and the Question was how to come at them, without being either Rude or Importune; and yet if he were not clear enough to be Understood, he was in danger still to lose his Longing. So that he found out such a way of Asking, as to Provoke a Question without Speaking a Word to't; and he did it in such a Fashion of Respect too, that it might not look like Begging on the one Hand, or Reproaching on the other. And he was much in the Right once again too, when the Riddle was already set afoot, rather to wait till the Explanation should be Desir'd, than to Prompt the Master of the Feast to Call for't.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCVIII.

Two Laden-Asses.

AS Two Asses were Fording a River, the one Laden with Salt, the other with Sponge: The Salt-Ass fell down under his Burden, but quickly got up again, and went on the Merrier fort. The Sponge-Ass found it agreed so well with his Companion, that down lyes he too, upon the same Experiment; but the Water that Dissolv'd the Salt, made the Sponge Forty times Heavier then it was before; and that which Eas'd the One, Drown'd the Other.

The MORAL.

The Deceiver may be Deceived: Many People take false Measures for their own Relief, without considering that what's Good in one Case, may be Bad in Another.

REFLEXION.

A Wise Man lives by Reason, not by Example; or if he does, 'tis odds, he goes out of his Way. We have a Common Saying that holds in a Thousand Ordinary Cases, where the same thing Ruins one, that Saves another. It is the part also of an Honest Man to deal Above-board, and without Tricks. The Ass with the Sponge, fail'd in both; for First, he would be trying Conclusion, without Examining either the Nature of the thing in Question, or what the Matter would bear. Secondly, He was false to his Master too, in Abusing a Trust for the Easing of his own Carcass; and then it cost him his Life Over and Above, which was both his Mishap and his Punishment.

FAB. CCCCIX.

A Black-Bird afraid of a Kite.

APoor Simple Black-Bird was Frighted almost to Death with a Huge Flopping Kite that she saw over her Head, Screaming and Scouring about for her Prey. Come Sister, says a Thrush to her, Pluck up a Good Heart; for all this Fluttering and Screeking is but Fooling; and you shall see this Lazy Buzzard at last, e'en take up with some Pittiful Frog or Mousie to her Supper, and be Glad on't too. No, no, the
Hawks

Hawks are the Dangerous Birds Child, that Bite, as they say, without Barking, and do Execution in Silence.

The MORAL.

The more Noise and Flutter, the less Danger.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S no great Danger in Men of Huff and Bluster: Noise and Pretence without Execution, is only *much ado about Nothing*; and yet this way of Trifling, is the very Bus'ness and Practice of many that pass in the World for Great Men, though they are much Mistaken that think them so. But there are Reverend Appearers in all manner of Glorious Professions and Adventures, as in Arms, Letters, Religion, Law, Policy, &c. There are Quacks, in short, of all sorts, as Bullies, Pedants, Hypocrites, Empyricks, Law-Jobbers, Politicasters, and the like; and there are Men as well as Black-Birds that are Silly enough not to Distinguish betwixt a Hawk and a Buzzard.

FAB. CCCCX.

A Fox and Wolf.

AN Unlucky Fox dropt into a Well, and cry'd out for Help: A Wolf overheard him, and looks down to see what the Matter was. Ah, (says Reynard,) Pray lend me your Hand Friend, or I'm lost else. Poor Creature! says the Wolf, *Why how comes this about? Prithee how long hast thou been here? Thou canst not but be mighty Cold sure.* Come, come, this is no Time for Fooling, says the Fox; set me upon Terra Firma first, and then I'll tell ye the History.

The MORAL.

When a Man is in Misery, there must be no Trifling in the Case. 'Tis a Barbarous Humour to stand Bantering out of Season. 'Tis no Time or Place for Raillery, when a Life's at Stake.

REFLEXION.

HERE are Three Calamities in One: First, The Foxes falling into a Pit, and not being able to get out again. Secondly, The Misery of being put to beg Relief of an Enemy, for want of a Friend. Thirdly, The Affront of the Refusal, as it was accompanied with Raillery and Scorn. 'Twere well if we had not too many of these Brutal Mockeries in our
Daily

Daily Conversations; for we have Banterers in Religion, in Point of Honour, and upon all the Distresses of Human Life. He that has no Pity or Compassion for the Miserable, is not in Truth of a Reasonable Make; for Tenderneſs of Nature is but a kind of Lay-Charity; and a Body can be no more a Good Man without the One, than a Good Christian without the Other. Let a Man be never ſo Wicked, 'tis a Baſe and an Unmanly thing to Inſult upon him in his Calamity. His Punishment may be Juſt; and when he ſuffers Juſtice, 'tis all that a Good and a Generous Man can wish for in the Caſe.

The Scorns of Great Men, or Buffoons of Quality, are every jot as Wolviſh in Converſation, as they are here in the Fable; though 'tis look'd upon, I know, as a Mark of Breeding, and the Indication of a Man that has Notable Skill in the World, to turn the Earneſt of all Things and Duties, Sacred and Civil, into a Jeſt, and to put the Common Principles of Faith, Truth, Juſtice and Reſpect, out of Countenance. Now in all theſe Caſes, the Preſident is as Dangerous, as the Praſtice is Odious, where the Quality of the Droll ſerves to Authoriſe the Indignity: But from a *Fox*, that's made up of Trick and Treachery, there's no better to be Expected.

FAB. CCCXI.

Two Travellers find an Oyster.

AS Two Men were Walking by the Sea-Side, at a Low-water, they ſaw an *Oyster*, and they both Pointed at it together: The One Stoops to take it up; the other gives him a Puſh, and tells him, 'tis not yet Decided whether it ſhall be Yours or Mine. In the *Interim*, while they were Diſputing their Title rot, comes a Paſſenger that way, and to him they refer'd the Matter by Conſent, which of the Two had the Better Right to the *Oyster*. The Arbitrator very Gravely takes out his Knife, and opens it; the Plaintiff and Defendant at the ſame time Gaping at the Man, to ſee what would come on't. He Loofens the Fiſh, Gulps it down, and ſo ſoon as ever the Morſel was gone the way of all Fleſh, wipes his Mouth, and Pronounces Judgment. *My Maſters*, (ſays he, with the Voice of Authority,) *The Court has Order'd each of ye a Shell, without Coſts; and ſo pray go Home again, and live Peaceably among your Neighbours.*

The MORAL.

Referees and Arbitrators ſeldom forget Themſelves.

REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

THE Scope of this Fable, is to divert People from Contentious, Expensive and Vain Law Suits. *Agree, Agree*, (ſays the Old Saw,) *the Law is Coſtly*: The whole Buſneſs of the World is about *Mean & Taun*; either by Right, in Good Earneſt, or by Wrong, under the colour of Right: And while the Clients are Contending about the Title, the Council runs away with the Eſtate. This Litigious Humour, where Men are as well Stubborn and Wilful, as Capricious and Quarrelſome, burns like the Fire of Hell; for 'tis never to be Quench'd: Beſide, that whoever is given to Wrangling, can never want Matter or Occaſion for't. And this is not only the Caſe in Matters of Propriety, and in Legal Claims before a Bench of Juſtice, but it works in a Thouſand Inſtances of Vain Diſputations, Competitions, and other Tryals of Maſtery and Skill, where there's little more than Pride, Stomach, Will and Vanity, to uphold the Conteſt. Nay, and he that has the better on't at laſt, is only the more Fortunate Fool of the Two. Let but any Man ſet before him the Vexatious Delays, Quirks and Expences of moſt of our *Barretry Suits at Law*, and 'tis odds he finds at the Foot of the Account, *the Play not worth the Candle.*

FAB. CCCCXII.

A Raging Lion.

THERE was a *Lion* ran Stark Mad, and the very Fright on't put all the Beaſts of the Forreſt out of their Wits for Company. Why what a Condition are we in, they cry'd, to fall under the Power of a *Mad Lion*; when a *Lion* at the very Sober'eſt, is little better than *Frantick*?

The MORAL.

Rage upon Rage is a Double Madneſs.

REFLEXION.

GOVERNORS had need be very well Principled, and good Natur'd, to keep their Paſſions in Order and Obedience: But when an Abſolute Power ſhall come to be put upon the Stretch by an Outragious Humour, there's no Living under it. By a *Raging Lion*, is meant an Unruly and a Cruel Governor, which is a ſad Calamity, but not without ſomewhat of Dignity yet in the Miſfortune; for 'tis a *Lion* ſtill, how Mad ſoever. Now if it had been a *Raging Ape*, the Fancy had been Ridiculous and Scandalous to the Laſt Degree; and therefore the Moral is Refrain'd to the True and Gentle Character of Sovereignty, without Deſcending to the Counterfeit.

Ccc z

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The Moralists that make this Raging of a *Lion* to be a Surcharge of One Madness upon another, must not be Understood Simply, as if they took Government for a Burden and an Oppression; but it refers to the Infelicity of that State where an Impotent Will puts an Unbounded Power upon the Tenter. But let the Oppression be never so Sanguinary, there's no Appeal left from the Tyranny; for if a General Insurrection had been thought Lawful, the Fable would not have made the Case so Desperate: So that this is only to insinuate the Sacredness of Power, let the Administration of it be what it will: And the Reason of it is so plain, that it is impossible for Human Frailty to be better Secur'd than it is by the Determinations of Providence in this Particular. An Unlimited Power 'tis true is a strong Temptation, and where 'tis Screw'd up to the Highest Pitch, 'tis a great Unhappiness; but it is not for Men that have their Fortunes and their Stations in this World Assign'd them, to take upon themselves to be their own Carvers, and to Grumble at the Orders and Resolutions of their Masters and Rulers. 'Tis a Great Unhappiness to lye at the Mercy of a *Raging Lion*; but it is a Christian Duty nevertheless to suffer Patiently under the Justice of such a Judgment.

FAB. CCCCXIII.

The Kingdom of Apes.

TWO Men took a Voyage together into the Kingdom of *Apes*; the one a *Trimmer*, the other a *Plain Dealer*. They were taken into Custody, and carried to the Prince of the Country, as he sat in State, and a Mighty Court about him. Well, says the King to the *Trimmer*, Look me in the Face now, and say, what you do take me to be? A Great Emperor, Undoubtedly, says the *Trimmer*. Well, says his Majesty once again, and what d'ye take all these People about me for? Why Sir, says he, I take them for your Majesties Nobility and Great Officers. The Prince was wonderfully pleas'd with the Civility and Respect of the Man; and Order'd him a Bushel of Pippins, as a singular Mark of his Royal Favour. His Majesty after this, put the same Questions to the *Plain Dealer*, who fell to computing with Himself, that if his Companion had gotten a Reward for a Damn'd Lye, certainly he should have twice as much for a Plain Honest Truth; and so he told the King bluntly, that he took him for a very Extraordinary *Ape*, and all those People about him for his *Trusty and Well-beloved Counsellors and Coxens*: But the Poor Man Paid dearly for his Simplicity; for upon a Signal from the Emperor, the whole

Band

Band of *Apes* fell Tooth and Nail upon him, and tore him one Limb from another.

THE MORAL.

Where the Rules and Measures of Policy are Perverted, there must needs Enſue a Failure of Justice, and a Corruption of Manners: And in a Kingdom of Apes, Buffoons may well put in for Commission-Officers.

REFLEXION.

THIS (says *Camerarius*,) is to reprove the Practices of perverse Courts, and Extravagant Princes.

It is the proper Business of *Mythology* to Point out, and Represent the Images of Good and Evil, and under those Shadows to Teach us what we ought to do, and what not, either Severally and Apart, or as Members of a Society; that is to say, Simply, as Men in a State of Right Nature, or as Parents, or Children, Masters, or Servants, Husbands or Wives, Rulers or Subjects, Friends, Countrymen, Relations, and the like. Now as there are Good and Bad of all sorts; so their Virtues and their Vices, their good Behaviour and their Misdemeanors are to be set forth, Circumstanc'd and Distinguish'd in such sort, as by Rewards or Punishments, to Encourage the One, and to Discourage the Other, in proportion to the Dignity of the Action, or the Degree of the Offence; by Conferring Marks and Characters of Honour, Offices of Trust, or Beneficial Commissions on the one hand, and by inflicting Sentences of Shame, Infamy, Pains Corporal, or Pecuniary on the other. Without this Distribution, one main end of Emblem is lost; neither is it the true Figure of Life. For Wicked Men, False Brethren, Unnatural Parents, Disobedient Children, Barbarous Husbands, Undutiful Wives, Tyrannical, Weak or Fantastical Governors; Rebellious Subjects, Cruel Masters, Faithless Servants, Perfidious Kindred and Acquaintance: All these Lewd Characters are as Absolutely necessary to the Perfecting of the Design, as the most Laudable Excellencies in Nature.

In this Fable of the Kingdom of *Apes*, the Author according to *Camerarius*, intended the Picture of an Extravagant Government, where he gives Flattery and Corruption the Advantages that in Policy and Justice belong to Services of Honour and of Truth: And at the same time Delivers up a Man of Honesty, Justice and Plain Dealing to be torn to Pieces. This Kingdom of *Apes* has been Moralliz'd a Thousand and a Thousand times over in the Practice of the World, and such as the Fountain is, such will be the Stream. Let Government itself be never so Sacred, Governors are still but Men; and how necessary and Beneficial soever the Order is at all Hands Confess'd to be, the Officers yet, and the Administrators are but Flesh and Blood, and liable to the Passions and Frailties of other Mortals.

There are in fine, many Distempers, Errors, and Extravagances, that shew themselves in the Exercise of Political Powers; as an inexorable Rigour for the Purpose, or as a *Lazbe* Demission of Sovereign Authority. There are Cafes of Sensuality, Pleasure, and Appetite, where Governours have only the Name of Rulers, while some over-grown Subject perhaps Usurps upon the Prerogative in effect, and does the worst things imaginable

imaginable in the Name of the Publick. But this rarely happens, save where the Master wants Resolution to check the License and Presumption of a Daring Servant.

There is also a certain Manage that leaves all at Six and Seven, and thinks to support Greatness without either Rule, Weight or Measure; and that's a dangerous Point, when Prudence and Fidelity shall turn to Loss, and Wickedness be supported by the Reputation of Favour and Applause. The Misery of these false Measures is excellently well Pointed out to us in this Fable; and consequently the Blessings of a steady Admiration, where the Ends of Government are Conscientiously observ'd, and the Divine Privileges of Power maintain'd; and where Truth and Justice are impartially Asserted and Administer'd, and as resolutely Defended.

FAB. CCCCXIV.

An Ass made a Judge of *Musick*.

There was a Question started betwixt a *Cuckow* and a *Nightingale*, which of the Two had the Better Voice, and the better way of Singing. It came at last to a Tryal of Skill, and an *Ass* was to be the Judge; who upon Hearing both Sides, gave it clearly for the *Cuckow*.

THE MORAL.

'Tis a Hard Case for Philosophers to be Try'd by Fools, and the Multitude to sit Judges upon the Niceties of Honour and Government.

REFLEXION.

THE Old Adage of *Afinus ad Lyram*, answers this Figure to the very Letter. The Fable extends to all Incompetent Judges, Umpires, or Arbitrators, in what Case or Matter, or under what Incapacity or Disability forever. It Points at the Folly and Scandal of the Choice too, as well as the Iniquity of the Sentence; for the Honour of the Governor, and the Well-being of the Government, depend in a great Measure upon the Fitness of the Officer, let his Commission be Ecclesiastical, Civil, Military, or what else it will. Here's an *Ass* made a Judge of *Musick*; a Faculty that he neither Loves nor Understands; for there's no Song to One *Ass*, like the Braying of Another. Let any Man fancy to Himself, how it would look to put a Law-Case to a *Jack-Pudding*; a Question of State to a *Corn-Cutter*; a Point of Conscience to a *Knight of the Post*. In short, let every Man be Consulted and Credited in his own Way and Trade. Neither can it be Expected that a Fool should judge according to Wisdom, Truth, Reason and Justice. There may be very proper Exceptions too upon the Matter, as well of Morals, as of Abilities. One would
not

not Trust a Covetous Man in Money Matters, where there's any thing to be Gotten, either by Fraud or Corruption; nor a Vain Man, where there's a Temptation to Popularity. False Men are not to be taken into Confidence; nor Fearful Men into a Post that requires Resolution; nor Cruel, Insolent Men, into a Station where Power may be Abus'd to Oppression. All these Absurdities fall within the Dint of this Fable; for want of Honesty makes a Judge as Incompetent, as want of Understanding.

FAB. CCCCXV.

An Ape Judge betwixt a Fox and a Wolf.

A Wolf charges a Fox with a piece of Pilferery. The Fox Denies it. The Ape tries the Cause, and upon a fair Hearing, Pronounces them both to be Guilty. You (says the Judge to the Wolf,) have the Face to Challenge that which you never Lost; and you (says he to the Fox,) have the Confidence to Deny that which you have certainly Stoll'n.

THE MORAL.

When both Plaintiff and Defendant happen to be a Couple of Crafty Knaves, there's Equity against them Both.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable tells us what Credit is to be given to Witnesses of a False and Lewd Conversation, and that a known Liar is of no Authority in a Judgment of Law, even when he speaks Truth. Where a Brace of Sharpers will be going to Law, none so fit as an Ape to try the Cause; and it was a Sentence worthy of such a Judge, to pronounce them both Guilty; which in Equity they were, with a respect to their Character and Reputation; though in Law they could not be so, upon the Fact in Question. If the Ape in this Fable had too little regard to the Letter of the Law, we have seen some Cases where more stress has been laid upon the rigour and strictness of it, then Conscientiously did belong to: For when one Man of an Exemplary Improbability, Charges another of the same Stamp, in a Court of Justice, he lies under the Disadvantage of a strong Suspicion, even before he is Heard; and People are Prepar'd to Believe the Worst of him by Anticipation, and before his Case is Known. So that the Bare Prejudice is sufficient to turn the Scale, where it was Gold-weight before; unless we Ballance the Improbability of the one, with the Improbability of the other, as the Ape did here in the Fable.

We are to understand upon the whole matter, that it is more Advisable to give too Little Credit in a Court of Judicature to Men of Profligate Lives, then too Much: For 'tis a Scandal to Publick Justice, to make use of such Instruments for the Supporters of a State.

FAB. CCCCXVI.

An Ape and a Lion in his Kingdom.

WE are told of a *Lion*, that (after the Laudable Example of other Princes,) pass'd an Act of Grace upon his Accession to the Crown, wherein he was pleas'd to Declare himself wonderfully in favour of the *Liberties and Properties of his Subjects*. He did not hold in this Mind long; and yet he could not think it convenient neither, to make any Attempts upon the Beasts by open Force; so that he chose rather to take them One by One in Private to him, and to sift them all upon this General Question; *Put your Nose just to my Mouth,* says he, *when I Gape, and then tell me truly, is my Breath Sweet or no?* Some told him that it was not Sweet, others that it was; and so he pick'd a Quarrel with them Both; The one Sort went to Pot for their Hypocrisie; and the other for their Insolence. It came to the *Ape* at last, to deliver his Opinion upon the Matter; the *Ape* Smelt and Snuffled, and consider'd ont: Why certainly Sir, says he, You have some Rich Perfume in Your Mouth, for I never smelt any thing so fragrant since I was Born. The Roguy *Ape* in fine, Wheedled him so Artificially, that the *Lion* had not the Face to Chop him up immediately upon the Spot, and yet he was Resolv'd he should not Scape neither: So the *Lion* Counterfeited Sick, and there was notable Puzzling among the Doctors I warrant ye, about his Pulse and his Water: But they told him however upon due consideration, that they found no Mortal Symptoms about him, only a kind of Heavy Indisposition, that might be easily Rectified by a Careful Diet; and so they Desir'd him by all means to bethink himself what Flesh he lov'd best, and e'en make a Hearty Meal ont. Why then (says the *Lion*) I have a strange Fancy for a Mouthful of Good Sound *Apes-Flesh*, if you find it proper for me: Nothing like it, they cry'd; and so the Poor Flattering *Ape* was presently Taken up, Dress'd and Eaten by way of Prescription.

The MORAL.

There's no Hope for an Honest Man, where Flattery is Encourag'd and Rewarded, and Plain-Dealing Punish'd.

R E.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable gives to Understand, that where Men of Power happen to be Unjust and Cruel, all the Prudence and Innocency in the World will not save a Man: He that would Thrive in such a Court, must Govern himself betwixt Sincerity and Adulation. The Art of Pleasing is not every Man's Talent, neither will the same way of Manage work upon all Humours alike. The Art of Pleasing, is in Truth but the Art of Living; and the Skill of Cutting to a Thrid, betwixt Flattery and Ill Manners; but so as to Accomodate the Method and the Application, to the *Genius* of the Man, or of the People, and to the Quality of the Business in Hand: Not but that there are some Cases and Natures that a Man cannot so much as Touch, without Burning his Fingers, and where Truth, Flattery, and Trimming are all Mortal.

We may learn from hence also, that Justice is so Awfully Sacred, that the most Faithless of Men have a secret Veneration for it; for their Uttermost Cruelties are cover'd with the semblance of it; and in the very Exercise of the Vice, they Affect the Reputation of the Vertue. 'Tis neither Prudent nor safe, in fine, to Provoke great Men, or indeed to have any thing to do with them, if they be not Men of Honour, as well as of Power; for though their Hands seem to be Bound, they can yet Untye themselves, by Virtue of a Certain Prerogative they have to Play *Fast or Loose at Pleasure*.

FAB. CCCCXVII.

Two Laden Asses.

There's an Old Story of *Two Asses* Travelling upon the Road, the One Laden with *Oats*, the other with *Money*: The *Money-Merchant*, I warrant ye, was so Proud of his *Trust*, and of his *Bell*, that he went Juking and Tossing of his Head, and Tabring with his Feet all the way, as if no Ground would hold him. The other Plodding on with his Nose in the Breech of his Leader, as Gravely as One Foot could follow another. While they were Jogging on thus upon the Way, out comes a Band of *Highway-Men* from the next Wood, and falls upon the *Ass* that carried the *Treasure*. They Beat, Wound and Rifle him, and so leave him, without so much as taking the least Notice of his Fellow. Well, (says the *King's Ass*,) and for all this Mischief I may e'en thank my *Money*. Right, says the other; and it has been my Happiness that I was not thought worth the Robbing.

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The MORAL.

Poverty is both Safe and Easie; and Riches a Great Snare to People in many Cases: As it far'd worse here the with the State-As then with the Muletiers.

REFLEXION.

THE Poor Peaceable Man has nothing to Fear, but does his Business, and takes his Rest, without the Trouble either of Thieves or of Alarums. 'Tis the Booty, not the Man, (save only for the Booty's Sake,) that is in Danger. There's either *Money* or *Monys-worth*, in all the Controversies of Life; for we live in a Mercenary World, and 'tis the Price, in some sort or other, of all things that are in it; but as it certainly draws Envy and Hazzard after it, so there are great Advantages go along with it, and great Blessings that attend the right use of it. And so for Poverty too; a narrow Fortune is undoubtedly a Cramp to a great Mind, and lays a Man under a Thousand Incapacities of serving either his Country or his Friend; but it has the Comforts yet of being free from the Cares and Perils that accompany great Masses of Treasure and Plentiful Estates. Beside, that the Virtue of a Generous and a Charitable Tenderness of Nature, is never the less Acceptable to him that takes the Will for the Deed, for want of Ability to put those good Inclinations in Execution. This Fable in short, makes good the old Saying,

*No Man Sings a Merrier Note
Then he that cannot change a Goat.*

FAB. CCCCXVIII.

A Boar Challenges an Ass.

THEre pass'd some Hard Words betwixt a Boar and an Ass, and a Challenge follow'd upon't. The Boar depended upon his Tusks, and computed within himself, that Head to Head the other could never be able to Encounter him. So he Advanc'd upon his Adversary: And the Ass, so soon as ever he had him within Distance, turn'd Tayl upon him, and gave him such a Lash over the Chops with his Iron Hoof, that he made him stagger again. The Boar after a little Pause, Recover'd himself. Well, (says he) I was not aware of such an Attack from that End.

The

The MORAL.

No great Enterprize should be Undertaken without considering beforehand the Good or the Ill that may come of it.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable shews the great Oversight of Engaging in Quarrels, without Considering from what Quarter the Danger may come. Where Adversaries are unequally Match'd, it will behove the Weaker to supply the want of Force and Courage, by Invention and Address. Presumption can never Justifie either Temerity or Carelessness; for every Creature has its Weak Side, and lies open to be Impos'd upon by Craft or Surprize. There's an Infamy in the very Challenge of so Base and Timorous a Creature; but then to be Worst'd by an *Animal* that's the Scorn of all the Rest, is Shameful and Ridiculous to the Highest Degree.

FAB. CCCCXIX.

A Cuckow and Little Birds.

A Cuckow was asking several Little Birds, what made them so Shy of coming into her Company. They told her, that she was so like a Hawk, they did not care to have any thing to do with her.

The MORAL.

A Wise Man Searches into the Nature of Things; and does not Govern himself by outward Semblances and Appearances.

REFLEXION.

THERE should a Reward be had in all our Actions and Counsels, to the Nicety of the matter in Question. This is to tell us, that the very Appearances of Evil are to be Avoided, and all the Semblances of Danger to be well Examin'd and Consider'd. Why should not a Bird as well trust a Hawk that's like a Cuckow, as trust a Cuckow that's like a Hawk? Two Likes may be Mistaken, and a Man cannot be too wary where the Error is Mortal. There may be a Disguise 'tis true, in the one case; and a misapprehension in the other; but it is safer yet to stand upon our Guard against an Enemy in the likeness of a Friend, than to Embrace any Man for a Friend in the Likeness of an Enemy. There's no Snare like Credulity, when the Bait that's laid for us is cover'd with the pretence of a Good Office. Neither are there any Impositions so Pernicious, as those that are put upon us by Fair Resemblances. He that is

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not

not certain, (in such an Instance as this,) is in danger; and 'tis ill Venturing (Neck and all especially,) where a Body is not very sure, whether it be a Hawk or a Cuckow.

FAB. CCCCXX.

Hungry Dogs, and a Raw-Hide.

A Company of Hungry Cuts Discover'd a Raw-Hide in the Bottom of a River, and laid their Heads together how to come at it: They Canvass'd the matter one way and t'other, and brought it to this Issue in the Conclusion, that the only way to get it, was to Drink their way to't. So they fell to Lapping and Guzzling, till in one Word, they Burst themselves, and never the nearer.

The MORAL.

He that sets his Heart upon Things Impossible, shall be sure to Lose his Longing.

REFLEXION.

FOOLISH Counsel is not only Vain and Unprofitable in General, but in many particular Cases most Destructive and Deadly. This Fable lays open the Folly, the Vanity, and the Danger of Pressing too eagerly for any thing that's out of our Reach. We spend our Strength, and our Credit in clearing the way to't, and it flies before us like a Shadow, which we may well Pursue, but can never Overtake. It is much the Humour of Chymists, and a Thousand other sorts of Projectors, that propose to themselves things utterly Impracticable, and consume their Lives in Hopeless and Fruitless Udertakings. This falls out for want of Computing upon the Proportion betwixt the Means, and the End; and for want of Examining and Considering what's Practicable, and what not; and for want again of Measuring our Force and Capacity with our Designs.

FAB. CCCCXXI.

An Ass and a Shadow.

ONE Hir'd an Ass in the Dog-Days to carry certain Bails of Goods to such a Town: 'Twas Extreem Hot, so that he lay down upon the Way to Refresh himself under the Shade of the Ass. The Muleter bad him Rise, and go on according to his Bargain.

Bargain. T'other said that the Ass was His for the time he had Hir'd him. Right, says the other, You have Hir'd the Ass, but not the Shadow.

The MORAL.

Work for the Lawyers.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable Plays upon the Contentious Humour of People that go to Law for Trifles. *De Asni Umbra*, is effectually but this Fancy in an *Adage*. There needs no more to the setting of the whole World in a Flame, than a Quarrellom Plaintiff and Defendent, and a Brace of *Chicanours* to Blow the Coals. Wrangling is Instructed as an Art or a Science on the one side, and made use of as an Exercise on the other. Some People can no more Live without Law, then without Air, and they reckon it better Husbandry to spend a Thousand Pound upon Counsel, to Defend a Trivial or an Unwarrantable Cause, then to part with one single Six Pence for the Payment of an Honest Debt. This Fable in short, is Moralliz'd in *Westminster-Hall*, Forty times over every Term.

FAB. CCCCXXII.

A Country-Fellow and a River.

A Blockheaded-Boy that was sent to Market with Butter and Cheefe by the Good Old Woman his Mother, made a stop at a Quick River in the way, and laid himself down upon the Bank there, till it should run out. About Midnight, Home he goes to his Mother, with all his Market-Trade back again. Why how now Son, says She, what have we here to do! Why Mother, says this Booby, yonder's a Scurvy River that has been running all this Day, and I staid till just now for the Running of it out, and there 'tis Running still. The Lord, help thee Son, says the Good Woman, for thy Head and mine will be laid many a Fair Day before this River runs Dry.

The MORAL.

We are not to Expect that Nature will Change her Course, to Gratifie the Sickly Break of every Fantastical Humour.

REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

THIS is to shew us the Mischief and the Danger of Procrastination. The Sloathful and Irresolute slip their Opportunities in the very Expectation of them. Some People are so unreasonably Lazy, as to expect that Nature should rather go out of her Course and Way for their Sakes, then they put themselves to the trouble of Moving One Step out of their own way for the sake of Business and Nature. They'll rather wait the Running of a River Dry, then take the Pains to look about for a Bridge or a Ford. They never consider that Nature is a Perpetual Motion, and that the Work of the Universe Circulates, without any Interval or Repose. Why should not the Sun sleep in the Firmament, or stand still to Attend our Affairs, as well as the Rivers stop their Courses to give us Passage?

Nay, the Madness of this Folly is yet more Impious then any thing else in't; for what Man in his Right Wits can pretend to Wish, to Hope, or to wait for such Events, for the Gratifying of a Sickly Fancy, as would be enough to put People quite beside their Senses, if they should come to pass? So Ridiculous are Intemperate Curiosities, and Impotent Affections, that nothing less then Portents, and the Confounding of Nature in her Course and Causes, can Content us. How can any thing succeed well to People that are to be pleas'd with Nothing, unless the very Ball of the Universe may be Unravel'd, and the Laws of Providence Revers'd?

FAB. CCCCXXIII.

A Bladder with Beans in't.

IN the Days of *Adam*, when (as the Story says,) the World had here and there a Shrew in't, it fell to the Lot of a certain Philosopher to have one of those Smart Lassies to his Wife: The Evil Spirit was often up with her; and never had any Quack or Operator so many Receipts for the Tooth-Ach, or a Quartan Ague, as he had Spells offer'd him for the Laying of it again: But when he found that neither Saying Much, Little, or nothing; neither Choler, nor Patience; neither Going nor Staying would do any Good upon her, he Betook himself to a *Bladder of Beans*, and the shaking of that Bladder when the Fit was upon her, without One Syllable speaking, was at any time a Present Cure.

The MORAL.

There's no way like Raising One Devil to Cast out another: For there must be no Answering of Noise, Folly, and Reviling, in the same Kind.

REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

THE Husband here in the Fable found no Charm to lay the Devil in a Petticoat, but the Ratling of a Bladder with *Beans* in't; and I my self have known a *Cat-Pipe* us'd in the like Case with very good Success. There's no Contending with an Impetuous Woman, by Authority or Reason. The Banging of it out in a Dispute at length, would be a Loss both of Time and of Honour, and to no manner of purpose neither; for what should a Man do, Reasoning upon a Point where Reason does not so much as enter into the Question? So that it is the Best of a Brave Man's Game to make a Drawn Battle on't; where there's no Possibility of a Victory. He in fine, that contemns a Shrew to the Degree of not Descending to Word it with her, does worse then Beat her. But we live in an Age, when Women, we hope, are better Instructed, then to fly in the face of Religion it self, Law, and Nature: And these Desperate Encounters can never fall out betwixt a Man and his Wife, but where the Woman is lost to all sense of Shame, Prudence, Modesty and Common Respect.

FAB. CCCCXXIV.

A Fox and a Divining Cock.

A Fox that had spy'd out a *Cock* at Roost upon a Tree, and out of his Reach, fell all of a sudden into an Extravagant Fit of Kindness for him; and to Enlarge upon the Wonderful Esteem he had for the Faculties and good Graces of the Bird, but more particularly for his Skill in *Divination*, and the Foreknowledge of Things to come. Oh (says he) that I were but Worthy the Friendship of so great a Prophet! This Flattery brought the *Cock* down from the Tree into the very Mouth of the *Fox*, and so away he Trudges with him into the Woods; reflecting still as he went, upon the strange Force that Fair Words have upon vain Fools: For this Sot of a *Cock* (says he) to take himself for a *Diviner*, and yet not foresee at the same time, that if he fell into my Clutches, I should certainly make a Supper of him.

The MORAL.

A Fool that will Swallow Flattery, shall never want a Knave to give it him.

REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

THE Power of Flattery, where it is once Entertain'd, is well nigh Irresistible; for it carries the Countenance of Friendship and Respect; and Foolish Natures are easily wrought upon, and Perverted, under that Semblance. When Pride, Vanity, and Weakness of Judgment meet in the same Person, there's no Resisting the Temptations of a fair Tongue, and consequently no avoiding the Secret and Malicious Designs of a False Heart. Here's a Credulous *Cock* already prepar'd for the Entertainment of the Grosest of Flatteries: Nothing so Ridiculous, nothing so Impossible, but it goes down whole with him, for Truth and Earnest: Nay, and the Folly is so Unaccountable, and the Madness so Notorious, that in this Humour the most Spiteful Enemies we have in the World pass upon us for Friends. The *Cock* takes the Council of a *Fox*, and like the *Squirrel* to the *Rattle-Snake*, puts himself into the Mouth of his Mortal Adversary. How many such Diviners do we meet with in our Daily Conversation, that lay their Lives, Fortunes and Reputation at the Mercy of Parasites? How many Sots that Commence Philosophers upon the Credit of these Pawning Slaves! There's no Fool to the great Fool that's Fool'd by a little Fool; nor any thing so Scandalous as to be the Fool Of a Fool.

FAB. CCCCXXV.

The *Wren* Begs a *New Gown*.

THE *Moon* was in a heavy Twitter once, that her *Cloaths* never Fitted her: Wherefore, Pray Mother, says she, let the Taylor take Measure of me for a *New-Gown*. Alas Child, says the Mother, how is it possible to make any one Garment to Fit a Body that appears every Day in a several Shape?

The MORAL.

'Tis the Humour of many People, to be perpetually Longing for something or other that's not to be had.

REFLEXION.

THIS shews us the Vanity of Impracticable Propositions, and that there is no Measure to be taken of an Unsteady Mind. There's no Quieting of Unsettled Affections; no satisfying of Unbounded Desires; no possibility in short, of either Fixing or Pleasing them. Let a Man but say What he would have, When, and how Much, or how Little, and the Moons Taylor may take Measure of him; but to be Longing for

for this thing to Day, and for that thing to Morrow; to change Likings for Loathings, and to stand Wishing and Hankering at a Venture, how is it possible for any Man to be at Rest in this Fluctuant Wandering Humour and Opinion? There's no fitting of a Gown to a Body that's of One Size when you take Measure of it, and of another when you come to put it on. 'Tis the very same Case with a Heart that is not True to it self. And upon the whole Matter, Men of this Levity are Condemn'd to the Misery of Living and Dying Uneasie.

FAB. CCCCXXVI.

A Young Fellow about to Marry.

Marrying and Hanging, they say, go by Destiny, and the Blade had this Thought in his Head perhaps, that Desir'd the Prayers of the Congregation, when he was upon the very Point of Matrimony. His Friends gave him no Answer it seems, which put him upon Reasoning the Matter with them. Why Gentlemen, (says he) if there had been but a *Snick-up* in the Cafe, you'd have cry'd the *Lord Bless ye Sir*; and there is more Danger in *Marrying* I hope, then there is in *Sneezing*.

The MORAL.

The Parson was much in the Right sure, that like the Hang-man, ask'd all People Forgiveness that he was to Marry, before he did Execution upon them.

REFLEXION.

MANY a Man runs a greater Risque in a Wife, then the World is aware of. The Whimical Freak of this Young Bantering Spark, would have made no Ill Ingredient into a Wife and Sober Man's *Litany*; and though it looks like a Jest, there is somewhat in't yet that may be worth a thinking Man's Earnest. But there will need no more then the Experience of those that have Try'd the Circumstances of this Blessed State, to Recommend the Morality of the Allusion, to the Thought of others, that are not yet Enter'd into the Matrimonial Noose.

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FAB. CCCCXXVII.

A Woman trusted with a Secret.

There was a Good Woman (in the Days when Good Women were in Fashion) that valu'd her self Wonderfully upon the Faculty of Retention, (or for the sake of Good Manners) upon the Admirable Gift she had in the keeping of a Secret. The Toy took her Husband in the Head once, to make Tryal of her Vertue that way; and so he told her One Morning upon Waking, in the greatest Confidence Imaginable, one of the Strangest Things perhaps that ever was heard of, which had that Night Befall'n him: But my Dear, says he, if you should Speak on't again, I'm utterly Ruin'd; and Women are generally so Leaky, that in the whole Course of my Life, I have hardly met with any one of the Sex that could not hold her Breath longer than she could keep a Secret. Ah, my Life (says she.) but your Woman I assure ye, is none of that Number? What? Betray my Husbands Secrets, I'd Dye a Thousand Deaths first. No my Heart, if ever I do, may----- Her Husband at that word, stop'd her Mouth, for fear of some Bloody Imprecation, and so told her. Come Wife, says he, *They that will Swear will Lye*, and so I'll rather tell you upon Honour. Look ye here what has befall'n me: I have laid an Egg to Night; and so he took the Egg from his Backside, and bad her Feel on't; but if this should ever come to Light now, People would say that I was Hen-Trod, and the Disgrace of it would make me a Scandal to Mankind. This Secret lay Burning in the Breast of the Poor Woman, and kept her Waking, till she had Day-light enough to Rise by; and then softly out of the Bed she steals, for fear of Waking her Husband, and so away Post-hast to a Gossiping Neighbour of her Acquaintance; Hurries her out of her Bed; Charms and Swears her to Privacy; and then out comes the Secret, That her Husband had laid Two Eggs that very Night. This Confident had another Confident; and there 'twas Three Eggs. The next made it Four; and so it went on (Encreasing still,) from one Gossip to another, till by Six a Clock in the Afternoon they had made it Forty Eggs.

The

The MORAL.

Three may Keep Counsel, when Two are away.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S no such way of Publishing or Proclaiming any thing, as by Enjoying a Woman under the Seal of Confession to keep it Secret. They that are Curious to *know* Forbidden Secrets, are as Frank of Telling them again, and of Enlarging them: So that whoever shews me a very Inquisitive Body, I'll shew him a Blab, and one that shall make a Privacy as Publick as a Proclamation. But if your Wife will have it so, and calls for a Categorical Answer, [*Will ye tell me, or will ye not?*] If you tell the Secret, 'tis odds but in Twelve Hours it shall be Town-Talk, and be made Thirteen times more then 'tis. If you Refuse to tell it, there's no enduring the Exclamations, for want of Trust and Confidence, and the Unaccountable Jealousies that Follow upon't. For there are a sort of People that never consider the many separate Privacies of Trust and Honour, that a Husband cannot honestly Communicate to a Wife, nor a Wife to a Husband: That is to say, where there's a Third Party or Matter concern'd, apart from any thing in the Question that is Conjugal betwixt them.

He that can doubt of the Reason and the Necessity of this Guard and Caution, must be much a Stranger to the History of the Great Rebellion under *Charles the First of Blessed Memory*; when so many State-Intrigues pass'd through the Hands of Women, who are without Dispute the best of Spies, and the most proper Instruments for Discovery and Intelligence: Especially if they be Women of Address, Wit, and Beauty; for the very Sex has certain Privileges upon the Point of a Cavalier Gallantry and Good Breeding; to cover them from the strictness of Search and Examination that other Agents are commonly Subjected to.

Now to Reconcile a seeming Contradiction here, in making Women at the same time to be both Fit and Unfit to be Trusted; this Fable does not strike so much at the Futility of Women in General, as at the Incontinent Levity of a Prying Inquisitive Humour; and it falls in over and above, by way of a Short and Pertinent Digression, to shew that State-Matters are Morally Excepted out of the Articles of Marriage.

FAB. CCCCXXVIII.

A Woman and Chubbies.

IN the Days of Yore, when Men and their Wives agreed like Dog and Cat in a House together, the Good Man had been a Shooting it seems, and brought his Dame Home a Dozen of *Black-Birds* with him. Come, *Sweet Heart*, says he, *Prithce let's have these Black-Birds to Supper.* Blackbirds? says she,

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she,

she, the Lord Bless us, why certainly the Man's a Changeling. Come, come, you shall have your Thrushes for Supper then. Well, says he, *but I tell you again, I'll have these Blackbirds to Supper.* That's well, quoth the VWoman, and I tell you Again and Again, that you shall have these Thrushes for Supper. *Prithee my Dear,* says the Man, *If I say they are Blackbirds, let 'em be Blackbirds: I'll allow you to think they may be Thrushes, but don't Contradict me.* Prithee my Dear, says she, if I have a Fool to my Husband, is my Husband's VVife bound to be a Fool for Company? *Hussy, don't Provoke me,* says the Man, *but let the Blackbirds be Dress'd, and do as I bid ye; Obey your Husband y'ad best.* Lifelikins, says she, I know no more Reason I have to Obey my Husband, then my Husband has to Obey me; and Sirrah in the Teeth of ye, since yare Huffing of me; no other VVoman would have the Patience to be Abus'd thus. From these *Family-Words* they fell to *Blows*, and there was the VVig in one Corner, and the *Head-Gear* in another, upon the Question whether they were *Blackbirds* or *Thrushes*. When the Bickering was over, they went very comfortably to Bed together, and so rubb'd on in a kind of *Catterwalling Life*, till just *that day Twelve Month*: And then came the History of the *Blackbirds* and the *Thrushes* upon the Carpet again. Ah ye Beast you, says the Woman, how did you beat your Poor Wife Sirrah, this day Twelve Month about those Damn'd Thrushes. *Blackbirds ye Jade,* says the *One*; *Thrushes ye Rogue,* says *t'other*: And so in One word, they Play'd the same *Farce* over again; infomuch, that for the time they Liv'd together, the Woman had an *Anniversary Beating*, as duly as the Day of the Month came about every Year after.

The MORAL.

----- Coelum licet & Mare Terris
Confundas, Homo sum. ----- *What must be must be.*

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Folly next to Madnes for Women to be trying Masteries with their Husbands; to say nothing of the Scandal they bring upon themselves and their Families, by such a Forfeiture of Honour, Discretion, Modesty and Good Manners. Nay, and 'tis well too, if from some Men, and upon some Provocations, they scape the Discipline of a good Drubbing into the Bargain.

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There are Divers Important Doctrins Couch'd under this Fable; First; the Insuperable Obstinacy of a Violent Woman. Secondly, The Scandal of the Example, as well as the Folly of the Competition. Thirdly, The Natural Issue of the Controversie, where the Weakest must expect to go to the Wall. The World, Heaven be thanked, does not want Instances to illustrate this Figure. So that there will be less need of Amplifying upon it. We are not here upon the Philofophy of the Freak, but upon the Shameful Lewdness of the Practice. *Sirrah,* (says a Woman to a Friend of mine, that took her off from Beating her Husband,) *I'm a Worcester-shire Woman, and I won't be Abus'd.* *Juvenal's Homo sum,* says all in Two Words. When the Devil of this Passion is rais'd, there's no Abiding the Storm, and there's no Laying on't. *One such Womans Tongue* (says the Poet) *is beyond all the Pens and Kettles in the Country, to bring the Moon out of an Eclipse.* Keep up the *Dialogue*, and the Kills you; let it fall, and you Kill her. This was the very Case of a Certain Divine that Chid a Woman for Striking and Reviling her Husband. She left her Husband immediately, and fell upon the Jacket of the Parson, who stood Gaping at her a full Hour and a Half together, without one word of Reply. The Passion put her at last into Fits, and the first word she said upon coming to her self again, was no more then this, *Ah Sir,* says she, *Ever while you live Answer a Woman.*

To come now to the Doctrin that's wrapt up in the Example. 'Tis Scandalous with a Respect to the Ordinances both of God and Man; 'tis a high Offence to Common Decency, in regard of the Sex, the Duty, and the Relation: And then 'tis most abominably Indiscreet, because if the Man be not a Coxcomb, the Woman is sure to be worsted; and if he be one, 'tis as good as a *Noverint Universi*, that there's a *Fool* and a *Shrew well met.* The word *Toak-Fellow*, goes a great way with a *Thrush-Woman*. And so, does the *Text*, that says, *They shall be both One Fleish.* From whence she infers an Equality at least, if not a Right of Dominion; for the Rib ought to have some Preference above the Clay.

This is not to be taken for a General Character of Women, but for a Reproof only of some Eager-Spirited *Gypsies* of the Sex; and for the Honour also of those Angelical Perfections, which render them both the Joy and the Blessing of Mankind, when they live Suitably in all Points to the Intent of their Creation.

FAB. CCCCXXXIX.

Two Soldiers go Halves.

THE Humour took Two Country Fellows in the Head once to turn Soldiers, and so away they went to try the Chance of War, upon an Agreement to go Halves in the Adventure. The One fell Sick upon the way; T'other went forward to the Army, where he got himself both Money and Credit. At his Return a while after, he found his Friend upon the Mending hand, and told him how and how, which he

was

was Extremely Glad to hear, because of the Snip that he himself Expected upon the *Dividend*. As they were Talking of this and that by the By; he took his time to put in a hint about Sharing the Booty according to their Agreement. That's all the Reason in the World says t'other; but then there are other things to be divided too, which I ha'n't told you of, and when we come to Reckon, we had e'en as good make one work on't, and count all together. This, says t'other to himself, must be something of Plate, Jewels or Precious Plunder; and so he came Bluntly to the Question, what it was that his *Camerade* had gotten besides? Why look ye, says the Soldier, (shewing him his Naked Body) Here are Bruises, Wounds, Maims and Scars, that are to be divided as well as the Money. Nay, says the other, you may e'en keep all y'ave got to your own use then; for I'll have no dividing upon those Terms.

THE MORAL.

Partners must go Half-Profit, Half-Loss, 'tis no Bargain else.

REFLEXION.

THIS Wisdom not to give more for a Thing than 'tis Worth; and in Common Equity, Partners should take the Good and the Bad one with another, or let both alone. People should not enter *Hand over Head* into Partnerships or Adventures, either in War or in Business; they should consider that the Blows and the Scars are to be divided, as well as the Pistoles and the Ducats, and the Loss as well as the Profit. The Two Parties are as good as Man and Wife, where the Bargain is for *Better for Worse*. Nay, there's Brawling as well as Kissing in the very State of Matrimony it self; and when People come to be Us'd to Both at Once, let them set one against the other, and then put the Gain in their Eyes. If Life be a Journey, Men must expect Foul Way as well as Fair, and content themselves to Travel in All Weathers, and through all Difficulties; which is no more than the same Mixture that we meet with in All our Undertakings: Wherefore let no Man Brag of his Bargain, till he has cast up his Account, and set the Scars against the Booty.

FAB. CCCCXXX.

A Lion and a Man.

AMONG other good Counsels that an Old Experienced Lion gave to his Whelp, this was One; That he should never Contend with a Man; for says he, *if ever you do, you'll*

be

be *Worsed*. The Little Lion gave his Father the Hearing, and kept the Advice in his Thought, but it never went near his Heart. When he came to be grown up afterward, and in the Flower of his Strength and Vigour, About and About he Ranges to look for a Man to Grapple with: In his Ramble he chances to Spy a *Yok of Oxen*; so up to 'em he goes presently; *Heark ye Friends, says he, are you MEN? They told him No; but their Master was a Man. Upon leaving the Oxen, he went to a Horse, that he saw Bridled, and Ty'd to a Tree, and ask'd him the same Question; No, says the Horse, I am no Man my Self, but he that Bridled and Saddled me, and ty'd me up here, He's a Man. He goes after this, to one that was Cleaving of Blocks. Dye hear, says the Lion, You seem to be a Man. And a Man I am, says the Fellow. That's well, quoth the Lion, and dare you Fight with Me? Yes, says the Man, I dare Fight with ye: Why I can Tear all these Blocks to Pieces ye see. Put your Feet now into this Gap, where you see an Iron Thing there, and try what you can do. The Lion presently put his Claws into the Gaping of the Wood, and with one Lusty Pluck, made it give way, and out drops the Wedge, the Wood immediately Closing upon't; and there was the Lion caught by the Toes. The Woodman presently upon this, Raises the Country; and the Lion finding what a Straight he was in, gave one Hearty Twitch, and got his Feet out of the Trap, but left his Claws Behind him. So away he goes back to his Father, all Lame and Bloody, with this Confession in his Mouth; *Alas, my Dear Father, says he, This had never been, if I had follow'd your Advice.**

THE MORAL.

Disobedience to Parents is against the Laws of Nature and of Nations, Common Justice, Prudence and Good Manners; and the Vengeance of Heaven, Sooner or Later, Treads upon the Heels on't.

REFLEXION.

PEOPLE are not to Reason upon Obedience to Parents, and Submission to Governors, provided there be nothing in the Command, or in the Impostion that is simply Evil. Reason in Man, does abundantly supply the Defect of other Faculties wherein we are Inferior to Beasts; and what we cannot compass by Force, we bring about by Stratagem. The Intent of this Fable, is to set forth the Excellency of Man above all Creatures upon the Earth; and to shew, that he is *Lord and Ruler over all the rest*; their Teeth, Claws, Stings, and other means of Offence, notwithstanding. The Young Lion himself is Charg'd by his Sire not to

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Contend with him ; so that consequently no Creature of less Force is upon any Terms to Encounter him. Not but that there are some special Instances to the contrary, in Exception to the General Rule. The *Moralist* makes the Event to confirm the Reason, and to support the Authority of the Lions Council. It may pass likewise in some sort, for a *Punishment* of Disobedience to a Parent ; but there's the Voice of Providence and Wisdom in't, as well as the Voice of a Father ; which is intimated in shewing us, that the Yoke of Oxen, and the Horse that stood Bridled and Sadled, had a *Man* still to their *Master*.

FAB. CCCCXXXI.

A Hare and a Sparrow.

A Sparrow happen'd to take a Bush just as an Eagle made a Stoop at a Hare ; and when she had got her in the Foot, Poor *Wat* cry'd out for Help. Well, (says the Sparrow) and why don't ye Run for't now ? I thought your Footmanship would have Sav'd Ye. In this very Moment comes a Hawk, and whips away the Sparrow ; which gave the Dying Hare this Consolation in her last Distress, that she saw her Insolent Enemy overtaken with a just Vengeance, and that the *Hard-Hearted Creature* that had no *Pity* for *Another*, could obtain none for her self neither, when she stood most in need on't.

THE MORAL.

'Tis with Men and Governments, as it is with Birds and Beasts. The Weaker are a Prey to the Stronger, and so one under another, through the whole Scale of the Creation. We ought therefore to have a Fellow-feeling of one anothers Afflictions ; for no Body knows whose Turn may be next.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S a Just Judgment upon Ill-Nature ; wherefore let no Man make Sport with the Miserable, that is in danger to be Miserable Himself, as Every Man may be ; and in Truth every Man deserves so to be, that has no Tenderness for his Neighbour. It is a High Degree of Inhumanity not to have a Fellow-feeling of the Misfortune of my Brother ; but to take Pleasure in my Neighbours Misery, and to make Merry with it, is not only a Brutal, but a Diabolical Barbarity and Folly.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCXXXII.

A Fox and a Cock.

A Hungry Fox that had got a Cock in his Eye, and could not tell how to come at him ; cast himself at his Length upon the Ground, and there he lay winking and pinking as if he had Sore Eyes. Ah, (says he to the Cock) I have gotten a Thorn here, with Creeping through a Hedge tother Day ; 'twould be the greatest Charity in the World, if you would but help me out with it. Why truly, says the Cock, I am no *Oculist*, and if I should go to Help One Eye, and put Out Tother with my *Spar*, we should have but an Untoward Business on't ; but if you are not in very great Hast, I can fly Home in a Trice, and bring ye One that shall certainly Cure ye. The Fox finding 'twas all but Banter : Well, (says he,) 'tis no Great Matter then ; for the more Physicians ; the more Danger, they say.

THE MORAL.

Shuffling and Fencing, is in many Cases both Allowable and Necessary : Especially where Craft is to be Encounter'd with Craft.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S no Trusting to a *Known Hypocrite* and an *Enemy Both in One*, and therefore the Cock was too Crafty for the Fox here, and kept himself upon his Guard. There is this Mischieff in *Falfe Dealing*, that it forces People to be *Hard Natur'd* and *Suspicious* in their own Defence ; for Credulity is Mortal. Not but that many Men are Impos'd upon to their Ruin by a *Mistaken Charity* and *Compassion*. It is a Nice Point however, for a Man to take upon him to Assign the Many and Various Cases that occur upon this Topick, and so as to allot them their Just and Proper Limits, with such a Regard to *Good Nature* and *Discretion*, as neither to be Wanting to *Our Selves*, nor to *Others* : But yet the *Possible Danger* of Relieving a *Miserable Person*, for fear he should be a *Counterfeit*, will not Excuse a Man from doing Acts of *Humanity*, notwithstanding that Pretence. But there is a Double Hazzard in't, for we may Miscarry either by too Little Caution One way, or by too Much Presumption the other. Now the Smelling out of a *Trick*, and the Defeating of it, does not come so Home, as Repaying of it in kind ; for the *Contempt* in the manner of doing it, gives a kind of Sting to the *Diappointment*. But the Fox however has the Grace of other *Bantering Buffoons* : That is to say, he is never to be put out of Countenance ; and when he finds himself *Pinch'd*, he shifts it off with a *Droll*.

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FAB.

FAB. CCCCXXXIII.

Joy and Sorrow are near A-kin.

There pass'd a great many Bitter Words once upon a time betwixt *Joy* and *Sorrow*; infomuch that they Mōvd the Court upon it by Consent, and made a Chancery Cause on't. Upon a *Fair* and a *Full Hearing*, the Judge found some colour of Equity on *Both Sides*, and would fain have made 'em *Friends* again. You should consider, says he, how near yare *a-kin*, and what a Scandal 'tis, to have these Heats and Squabbles among *Relations*: But all this went in at One Ear, and out at *Another*: So that when he saw there was no Good to be done, he pass'd this Sentence upon them, that since they would not go Hand in Hand Amicably of *Themselves*, they should be *Link'd* together in a *Chain*; and Each of them in his Turn should be perpetually Treading upon the *Heel* of the *Other*; and not a *Ein* Matter then which went *Foremost*.

THE MORAL.

No Man is to Presume in Prosperity, or to Despair in Adversity; for Good and Ill Fortune do as naturally succeed one another, as Day and Night.

REFLEXION.

It is the lot of Mankind to be Happy and Miserable by Turns. The Wisdom of *Nature* will have it so; and it is exceedingly for our Advantage that so it should be. There's nothing Pure under the Heavens; and the Rule holds in the Chances of *Life*, as well as in the *Elements*: Beside that, such an Abstracted Simplicity, (if any such thing there were,) would be neither Nourishing to us, nor Profitable. By the Meditation of this Mixture, we have the Comfort of *Hope* to support us in our Distresses, and the Apprehensions of a *Change*, to keep a *Check* upon us in the very Huff of our *Greatness* and *Glory*: So that by this Vicissitude of Good and Evil, we are kept steady in our *Philosophy*, and in our Religion. The One Minds us of *God's Omnipotence* and *Justice*; the Other of his *Goodness* and *Mercy*: The One tells us, that there's *No Trusting* to our own *Strength*; the Other Preaches *Faith* and *Resignation* in the Prospect of an *Over-ruling Providence* that takes Care of us. What is it but *Sickness* that gives us a Taste of *Exaltation*? *Bondage* the Relish of *Liberty*? And what but the Experience of *Want* that Enhances the Value of *Plenty*? That which we call *Ease* is only an *Indolency* or a Freedom from *Pain*; and there's no such thing as *Felicity* or *Misery*, but by the *Comparison*. 'Tis very true that *Hopes* and *Fears* are the *Snares* of *Life* in some Respects; but then they are the Relief of it in others. Now for fear of the worst however on either hand, every Man has it in his own Power by the Force

Force of Natural Reason, to Master the Temptation of falling either into Presumption or Despair.

FAB. CCCCXXXIV.

The Owl and the Sun.

There was a Pinking Owl once upon a very Bright and a Glorious Morning, that fate Sputtering at the *Sun*, and ask'd him what he meant to stand Staring her in the *Eyes* at that *Rate*. VVell, says the *Sun*, but if *your Eyes* will not bear the *Light*, what's your Quarrel to my *Beams* that *Shed* it? Do you think it a Reasonable Thing that the whole *World* should be Depriv'd of the Greatest Blessing in *Nature*, to Gratify the Folly, the Arrogance and the Infirmity of One *Sot*?

THE MORAL.

There is nothing so Excellent, or so Faultless, but Envy and Detraction will find somewhat to say against it.

REFLEXION.

It is no more in the Power of Calumny and Envy to Blast the Dignity of a Wife and of an Honest Man, then it was in the Power of the *Blair-By'd Owl* here, to cast a Scandal upon the Glory and Greatness of the *Sun*. The Principles of Good and Evil are as Firm, as the Foundations of the Earth, and never had any Man Living the Face yet to make an Open Profession of Wickedness in its own Name. Not but that Men of Vicious Lives and Conversations, have found out ways of Imposing their Corruptions and Infirmities upon the World for Virtues, under false Semblances and Colours. But there's no Man all this while, that sets up for a Knave or a Coxcomb in Direct Terms. Now the Mystery of the Cheat lies in the Artificial Disguising of One thing for Another, and in making Evil pass for Good, and Good for Evil: As every Virtue has its Bordering Vice, and every Vice its Bordering Virtue. So that the Pretence is Fair still, let the Practice be never so Foul, and Men will be trying to bring down the Rule to the Error, where they cannot Reconcile the Error to the Rule. When People have once Inverted the Measures of Moral Equity, and Natural Reason, and brought the Question of Right or Wrong, so far as in them lies, to a False Standard, there follows in course, an Envious Malevolence upon the Opposition. As for Example; A Fool Naturally Hates a Philosopher: A Debauchee does as Naturally Hate a Man of good Government and Moderation. A Man of Conscience and Religion is as much an Eye Sore to a Profligate Atheist: And a Mercenary *Knight of the Post* has just as much Kindness for a Man of Probity and Virtue. To Conclude the Moral, There are of these

Owls in Palaces and Assemblies, as well as in Barns and Groves; but a Man of Honour and Integrity Shines on, like the Sun in the Firmament, Unconcern'd, and continues his Course.

F A B. CCCCXXXV.

Jupiter and a Farmer.

Jupiter had a Farm a long time upon his hand, for want of a Tenant to come up to his Price, till a Bold Fellow at last was content to Take it, upon Condition that he Himself might have the Ordering of the Air and the Seasons, as he thought fit. So *Jupiter* Covenanted with him, that it should be Hot or Cold, Wet or Dry, Calm or Windy, as the Tenant should Direct. In Conclusion, this Man had effectually a Climate of his own, that his very next Neighbours felt nothing of: And it was well they did not; for when they had a Plentiful Harvest and Vintage, the Farmer himself had hardly any Corn or Grass upon his Ground. He took other Measures the Year following, which (as it fell out) prov'd the more Unkindly of the Two. He held on however, till he was upon the very Point of Breaking; and when it came to that once, he was e'nglad to Petition *Jupiter* to Release him of his Bargain; for he was now Convinc'd, that Providence knows Better what is good for us, then we know what is good for our Selves.

The MORAL.

We should do well to make it One Petition in our Litany, that in many Cases Heaven would be so Gracious to us, as not to hear our Prayers; for we are otherwise in Danger to be Undone by our own Wisbes.

R E F L E X I O N .

WHAT work would Malevolents and Malecontents make in the World, if they might but have the Governing of it; and if Heaven were not more Merciful to us, then to grant us our Wisbes? Wherefore there must be no Prescribing of Rules to the Divine Wisdom. What a Confusion would it bring upon Mankind, if all those People that are Unsatisfied with the Motions, Revolutions and Influences of the Cœlestial Orbs; the Course of the Seasons, and the Providential Distribution of Heats and Colds, Rain, Frosts and Sun-shine, might be Allow'd to take the Government into their own Hands? There needs nothing more to Convince us of the Vanity, the Malice and the Folly of these Intermeddlers with the Works and Orders of an Over-ruling Power; and yet

we

we must be making Articles and Conditions forsooth, in Matters where we have neither Authority nor Skill: And where, in spite of our Hearts, we must Submit, as in Duty and Reverence we are obliged to Resign, and to Obey.

F A B. CCCCXXXVI.

A Wolf turns Religious.

A Wolf that was past Labour, had the Wit in his Old Age, yet to make the best of a bad Game: He borrows a Habit, and so about he goes Begging a Charity from Door to Door under the Disguise of a Pilgrim: And for ought we know, this may be one of the Pilgrims that were to have Landed at *Melford Haven*, in the Year 1677. One of his Relations that had the Fortune to Meet him in this Holy Garb and Pretence, took him up Roundly, for stooping so much below the Dignity of his Family and Profession. *Why what would you have me do?* says the *Pilgrim Wolf*. *My Teeth and my Heels are gone, so, that I can neither Run, nor Worry, and I must either Cant, and turn Religious, or Starve.*

The MORAL.

When People can live no longer by Downright Rapine and Villany, for want of Strength, Means or Ability to go on at the Old Rate, 'tis a common thing for 'em to Drive on the Old Trade still under a Semblance of Religion and Virtue: So that Impotency goes a great way toward the Conversion of an Old Sinner.

R E F L E X I O N .

A *Profelyte-Wolf* is a very Saint yet to a *Profelyte-Christian*, that makes his Belly his God, and Renounces his Faith for Bread. Now over and above the Lively Image of the Practice of the World in this Wonderful Conversion, 'tis Pleasant enough to consider how Gravely the *New-Convert* is taken up by one of his *Fellow Wolves*, for bringing such a Disgrace upon his Character and Function, as to submit to the Picking up of a Livelyhood in that *Strolling* way of Canting and Begging; which in the Moral, gives us to Understand, that the Hypocrite is the Fouler and the Baser Beast of the Two. The Doctrin of this Fable, if the Matter were well Examin'd, would more or less run through the whole Race of Mankind; for Repentance and a New Life, is naturally the Discourse and Retreat of Old Sinners, when they find they can live by Barreac'd Wickedness no longer: What a Hideous Roll would it make, if the

Names

Names of all the People that are Pointed at under this Emblem of the Pilgrim-Wolf were written in their Foreheads!

FAB. CCCCXXXVII.

The Asses Skin.

A Miserable Ass that was ready to sink under Blows and Burdens, call'd upon Death to Deliver him from that Intolerable Oppression. Death was within Hearing it seems, and took him at his Word; but told him withal for his Comfort, that whereas other Creatures end their Misfortunes and their Lives together, You must not expect that it will be so with you; for (says Death,) they'l make Drums of your Skin, when your Carcass shall be Carrion, and never leave Drubbing of ye so long as one Piece will hold to another.

The MORAL.

Some People are Miserable beyond the Relief even of Death it self: That is to say, there are Men that lead Restless Lives in this World, under a Dreadful Apprehension at the same time, of being more Wretched in the next.

REFLEXION.

THIS Moral does not lye so square, as to bear any great weight upon't. 'Tis true, that our Fame and Memory shall outlive our Bodies; and that in that Sense a Man may be said to be Miserable after his Death; even in a Pagan way of Unnerstanding it, as well as with a Regard to the Immortality of the Soul in a Christian Application. It holds forth to us the Pertinacy of Ill Fortune, in Pursuing some People into their very Graves: But they that are born to a Fatality of Endless Misfortunes, must submit to go thorough with them.

FAB. CCCCXXXVIII.

A Fool and a Hot Iron.

A Smith threw down a Horse-Shoe in his Shop that was but just come out of the Fire: A Fool took it up; it burnt his Fingers, and he cast it dow again. Why ye Block-head you says the Workman, could not you have try'd whether

ther 'twas Hot or no before you Meddled with it? *How try?* says the Fool. Why a *Hot Iron* would have Hiss'd if you had but *Spit* upon't. The Fool carry'd this Philosophy away with him, and took an Occasion afterward to *Spit* in his *Porridge*, to try if theyd *Hiss*. They did not *Hiss* it seems, and so he Gutted 'em up, and Scalt his *Chops*. Well, says one that was by, and could not you have stay'd till they were Cold? VVhy I thought they had been Cold, says the Fool. You might have known they were Hot says 'tother by their Smoaking. The Fool carried this in his Mind too; and going a while after to a Spring-Head to quench his Thirst, he fancy'd that the Fountain Smoak'd too; and there he staid 'till he was almost Choak'd, for fear of Burning his Chops once again.

The MORAL.

This very Incident may serve to Teach Wise Men Caution, that they Examine Matters before they pass a Judgment upon them; for otherwise we live at a kind of Hap Hazard, and without any Insight into Causes and Effects.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Great Folly not to Distinguish betwixt things Exceedingly Differing in their Qualities and Nature; 'tis no wonder to find one's Simplicity of this Kind follow'd with more; for Weak Men will be still applying the last Rule to the next Case, for want of Reasoning and Connecting upon the whole. 'Tis an Odd thing now, that a *Mounseball* should get Reputation by the same Error that makes an *Idiot* yet more Ridiculous; that is to say, by Prescribing the same Remedy to all Diseases. There was just such another Innocent as this, in my Father's Family: He did the Course Work in the Kitchen, and was bid at his first Coming to take off the *Range*, and let down the *Cynders* before he went to Bed. The Poor Silly Wretch laid Hands of the Irons, when they were next to *Red Hot* yet, and they stuck to his Fingers, *A Vengeance on ye*, says he, *Tare as warm as Wool*; and so shook 'em off again. Now this *Innocent*, I dare Answer for him, had never read *Camertius*, so that he did not Burn his Fingers by that Copy.

FAB. CCCCXXXIX.

A Cock and Horses.

A Cock was got into a Stable, and there was he Nestling in the Straw among the Horses; and still as the Fit took 'em, they'd be Stamping and Flinging, and laying about 'em with their Heels. So the Cock very gravely Admonish'd them; Pray my Good Friends, let us have a Care, says he, that we don't Tread upon One Another.

The MORAL.

Unequal Conversations are Dangerous and Inconvenient to the Weaker Side in many Respects, whether it be in Regard of Quality, Fortune, or the like; where the weight of the One, sinks the Other: And no matter whether we Embark out of Vanity or Folly; for 'tis Hazardous both ways.

REFLEXION.

So says many a Vain Fool in the World, as this Cock does in the Like Case, and Exposeth himself to Scorn, as well as Destruction. 'Tis a necessary Point of Wisdom for People to sort themselves with fit Company, and to make a Right Judgment of their Conversation. I do not mean in the matter of Morals only, where Vicious and Ill Habits are Contagious; but there should a Regard be had to the very Size, Quality and Degree of the Men that we frequent: For where the Disproportion is very great, a Man may be Ruin'd without Malice, and Crush'd to Pieces by the Weight even of One that has a Kindness for him. Now where we Misjudge the Matter, a Miscarriage draws Pity after it, but when we are Transported by Pride and Vanity into so Dangerous an Affectation, our Ruin lies at our own Door.

FAB. CCCCXL.

A Gard'ner and a Mole.

A Gard'ner took a Mole in his Grounds, and the Question was, whether he should put her to Death or no. The Mole Pleaded that she was one of his Family, and Digg'd his Garden for Nothing: Nay, she Insisted upon't, what Pity 'twas to Destroy a Creature that had so smooth a Skin, and Twenty other Little Pretences. Come, come, says the Gard'ner,

Gard'ner, I am not to be Fool'd with a Parcel of Fair Words; You have Nothing for Digging 'tis True; but pray who set you at Work? Is it for any Service d'ye think, to have my Plants and my Herbs torn up by the Roots? And what's your business at last, but by doing all you can for the filling of your own Belly, to leave me nothing to Eat?

FAB. CCCCXLI.

A Man and a Weazle.

There was a Weazle taken in a Trapp, and whether she should Dye or not, was the Point: The Master of the House Charg'd her with heavy Misdemeanors, and the Poor Vermin stood much upon her Innocence and Merit. Why says she, I keep your House clear of Mice. Well, says the Man, but you do't for your Own sake, not for Mine. What work would they make in the Pantry and the Larder, (says she) if it were not for me? And in the mean time (says the Master of the House) You your Self devour the same things that they would have Eaten, Mice and All: But you would fain sham it upon me; that you do me a Service, when in Truth you do me an Injury; and therefore you deserve a double Death; First, For the Fault it self, and then for the Justification of it.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

'Tis according to the Course of those Kind Offices in the World, which we call Friendship, to do one another Good for our Own Sakes.

REFLEXION.

THERE'S nothing Commoner in this World then the Case of the Mole here and the Weazle: That is to say, the Case of the People that Value themselves mightily upon Merit; when in the mean time they do only their own Business. What Virtue is it for me to do another Man good by Chance; or where's the Obligation of doing it for my own Profit? 'Tis the Will of a Man that qualifies the Action. A Body may do me Good, and yet Deserve to be Punish'd for't. He may save my Life for the purpose, with an Intention to take it away. There is however some Regard to be had to the very Instrument that Providence makes use of for our Advantage. But this is out of a Respect to the Providence, not to the Man: And we are not yet come up to the Force of the

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Fable

Fable neither ; for many People have the Confidence to Plead Merit, when Effectually they do us Mischief.

FAB. CCCCXLII.

A Woman, Cat and Mice.

A Good Woman that was willing to keep her Cheefes from the Mice, thought to mend the matter by getting her a Cat. Now Puffs Answer'd the Womans Intent and Expectation, in keeping the Mice from Nibbling the Cheefes ; but she her self at the same time devour'd the Mice, Cheese and all.

The MORAL.

This has been our Case within the Memory of Man : There were a matter of Half a Dozen Little Roguy Political Mice lay Nibbling at our Liberties and Properties, and all Peoples Mouths Open'd for the Providing of some 500 Cats to Destroy them. The End on't was this, they Kill'd the Vermine ; but then they Gobbled up Priviledges and All : And was not the World well Amended?

REFLEXION.

THE Present State of Things is best, unless we may be very well Assur'd that the Danger of the Remedy is not Greater then that of the Disease : Nay it so falls out many times, that a Thing may be Good for the Distemper, and yet Mortal to the Patient : Wherefore Men should never Trouble their Heads about Innovations for slight Matters, without a strict Calculation, upon the Profit or Loss of the Exchange. The Fancy of the Cat and Mice, points very naturally at the Case of Monarchy and Episcopacy in the Days of King Charles the First. There were Grievances of all sorts Complain'd of, and Popular Disputes Rais'd about Prerogative and Arbitrary Power, in the pretended Favour of Liberty and Property. Every thing was amiss they cry'd, and nothing would serve the Turn but a General Reformation ; and what was the Issue at last, but the Cats that should have Kill'd the Mice, Eat up, as the Fable says, Mice, Cheese and All.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCXLIII.

A Man in Tears for the Loss of his Wife.

NEver had any Man such a Loss in a Woman certainly as I have had ! Cries a Widdower in the Flush of his Extravagancies for a Dead Wife : Never so dear a Creature ! Never so Miserable a Wretch ! And so he runs Raving on, how he should abhor the Sex it self now she is gone. As he was in the Transport of his Lamentations, and about half thorough the Farce, he started all on a sudden, and call'd out to the Woman about the Body, (who it seems, had gotten the best Piece of Linnen in the House for a Winding Sheet ;) Pray, says he, will you take another Cloth for the Present, and let this be laid by for my next Wife, if it should be the Lords will to have me Bury another. This set the Company a Laughing, for all their Sorrow, to see the Good Man so soon brought to his Wits again.

The MORAL.

Funeral Tears are but Matter of Form ; and it is a Distinguishing Mark of Hypocrise, to take upon us to be Kind as well as to be Righteous, beyond Measure. But Time and Nature will bolt out the Truth of Things, through all Disguises.

REFLEXION.

IT is Morally Impossible for an Hypocrite to keep himself long upon his Guard ; for the Force is Unnatural, and the least Slip or Surprise, either of Word, Look, or Action, Discovers the Cheat. 'Twas well enough put to a Fellow under the same Circumstances, by a Friend of his, when he saw nothing else would Comfort him : Come, says he, after all this Roaring and Tearing, what Boot at last betwixt my Warm Wife, and thy Cold one ? Which may serve for a Notable Moral of Consolation in some Cases ; Witness the Gentleman that try'd both Fortunes in one and the same Woman. His Wife was given over, and himself waiting in the next Room, with the Rage and Impatience of a Mad-man, for fear of ill News ; when at last, in comes one of the Nurses to him, with the Dismal Tydings, that my Poor Lady was Dead, and had been now Stone Cold for at least a Quarter of an Hour. My Dear Wife Dead ! says he. Nay we'll never part sure ; and so with a Thousand Frantick-Exclamations, he strips immediately, and to Bed to her he goes, takes her into his Arms, and there Treats her with all the Tender Passionate Things that a Well acted Love and Desperation could put into his Mouth : Winding up all in fine, with this Resolution, that he would never forsake her, but they must Live and Dye together. Let this Instance serve for a Caution to People how they

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they Play with Edge Tools; for this Fooling brought the Woman to Life again, and turn'd the Jest into Earnest. Nay, the Man Himself took it for a Warning too; for from that time to the Hour of her Death, which was near Seven Year after, he never came betwixt a pair of Sheets with her. But to conclude all in a Word; happy is the Man, (considering the Hazards of Conjugal Disagreements, Ungracious Children, None at all, or the Loss of them, and Twenty other Common Circumstances,) that in a Marry'd State, has the good Fortune to make a Saving Game on't.

FAB. CCCCXLIV.

A Rich Man that would be no Richer.

THere was a Huge Rich Man, that could neither Eat nor Sleep for fear of Losing his Money: The whole Entertainment of his Life was Vision and Phantome; Thieves, Earthquakes, Inundations; nothing in short came amiss to him, that was Possible, Dangerous, and Terrible. In this Torment of a Restless Imagination, he call'd a Begger to him, told him his Case; and now says he I must send you presently of an Errand to *Fortune*. Go your ways to her immediately, (you'll find her in *Japan*,) and desire her from me, that for the future she'll never Trouble her self further upon any Account of mine; for I am absolutely resolv'd never to touch Penny of her Money more. Be gone this very Moment, and I'll give you a Hundred Crowns for your Pains. Why truly Sir, says the Poor Fellow, 'tis a great way; but yet (after a little Humming and Hawing upon't,) he agreed to undertake the Jobb. Do so then, says the Rich Chuff, and you shall have your *Ninety* Crowns down upon the Nail. The poor Creature stuck a while upon the other Ten that he promis'd; but at last came to his Price, and for *Ninety* he was to go. Well then, says the Miserable Churl, *A Bargain's a Bargain*, and *Fourscore* Crowns you shall certainly have. At this Rate he went Chaffering on, till by Bating Ten and Ten still upon every New Demand, the Man was e'en fain to Content himself with Ten Crowns at last for the whole Journey. And so away he goes to *Fortune*; finds her out, and delivers his Errand: And says he, since that Rich Man will have no more, pray be so good as to give Me that am ready to Starve, what you would otherwise have given to a Man that does not want it. No; says *Fortune*, as for his Part, I am Resolv'd to Plague him with thrice as much more as he has already, in spite of his very

very Teeth; and then for your part, I'll e'en keep ye in a Starving Condition as I found ye, to the last Minute of your Life, and make good the Old Saying to ye; *That he that's Born under a Three-Penny Planet, shall never be worth a Groat.* 'Tis true, yave gotten Ten Crowns in Hand, and you should never have had that neither, if I had not been Fast Asleep when they were Deliver'd ye.

The MORAL.

Not One Man of a Thousand knows his own Mind. Some Men shall be Rich in spite of their Teeth. And then, All the Carking and Caring in the World, shall not keep Another Man above Water.

REFLEXION.

THE Covetous Man is never well (as we say) either Full or Fasting: Avarice has a great deal in't of the *Dog-Appetite*. It is Greedy, Ravenous and Insatiable; Raving Mad after what it has not, and Sick of what it has; for it Digests nothing, and the very Success of the Wickedness, is the Plague on't. Nay, and the Two Extremes of Want and Abundance are fo near a-kin too, that the Misery of both these Opposite States, takes its Rise in a great Measure from the same Root. Only Men are Sollicitous in the One Case how to Get, that which they are as Sollicitous in the other Case how to Keep; and the Pain of the Disappointment, whether in Missing or in Losing, is much the same. For what's the Difference betwixt having Nothing at all Originally, and after such or such an Acquisition, having Nothing at all Left? 'Tis but Nothing against Nothing both ways: And the Case has much in it of what we find in an Extream Drought, or a Nauseous Surfeit. Men are ready to Choak for want of Drink, and when they have Over charg'd themselves with more than Nature will bear, they are ready to Dye on that Hand too, till they have it up again. Now to carry on the Allusion, here's a Covetous Man Deliberating betwixt the Qualms of a Wambling Stomach, and an Unsettled Mind. Here is he Desying *Fortune* and all her Works; he'll have no more to do with her, he says, and so he Talks and Does on at the rate of Almost *Half a Christian*. But he does not yet know his own Mind it seems; for while he is Renouncing the World and the Devil on the One Hand, he strikes a League with them on the other, and in the same Breath Practises what he pretends to Disclaim, and Couzens the Labourer of his Hire. We are not therefore to value our Selves upon the Merit of Ejaculatory Repentances, that takes us by Fits and Starts, and look liker Confessions upon the Torture, then Acts of Piety and Conscience. 'Tis not for a Desultory Thought, to atone for a Lewd Course of Life; nor for any thing but the Super-inducing of a Virtuous Habit upon a Vicious One, to qualifie an Effectual Conversion. We are to Distinguish betwixt this Miser's being Weary of the Anxious Condition he was in, and his Repenting the Iniquity of his Oppression and Exortion: But *Fortune* will have him Richer and Richer still, in spite of his Heart: That is to say, for his Greater

Greater Condemnation and Punishment.' And the last Touch is to shew us, in the Churlishness of *Fortune*, what a Poor Honest Man has to Trust to in this World.

FAB. CCCCXLV.

An Eagle sets up for a Beauty.

IT was once put to the Question among the Birds, which of the whole Tribe or sort of 'em was the Greatest Beauty. The Eagle gave her Voice for her self, and Carry'd it. Yes, says a Peacock in a soft Voice by the by, You are a great Beauty indeed; but it lyes in your Beak, and in your Talons, that make it Death to Dispute it.

The MORAL.

The Veneration that is paid to Great and Powerful Men, is but from the Teeth outward, not from the Heart; and more out of Fear than Love.

REFLEXION.

THIS Beauty in the Fable, Extends in the Moral to all the Advantages in Human Nature that One Man can pretend to have over Another: Let it be matter of Honour, Title, Justice, Good Faith, Conscience, &c. for the *Longer Sword can do no Wrong*; and rather then fail, the Laws of God and Man shall take up Arms against themselves in defence of the most Extravagant of Conquests. Religion is a kind of Two Edged-Sword in the Hands of a Man of Might, that Cuts both ways alike; and it is either Right or Wrong, or Wrong or Right, as Occasion serves. Take it by One Light, 'tis an Angel; by Another, 'tis a Devil: And so 'tis *Pro & Con* at the same time. The whole World and the Business of it, is manag'd by Flattery and Paradox; the one sets up False Gods, and the other maintains them. Power in short, is Beauty, Wit, Courage, and all Good Things in One, where Slaves and Parasites are Judges.

FAB. CCCCXLVI.

An Image Expos'd to Sale.

A Certain Carver, that had a *Mercury* lay a great while upon his Hands, bethought himself at last of Billing it about in *Coffee-Houses*, that at such a place there was a God to be Sold, a Merry Penn'orth, and such a Deity as would make any Man Rich

Rich that Bought him. Well (says One) And why d'ye Sell him then? For he will make you Rich, if you Keep him, as well as he will make me Rich if I Buy him. You say very Right says t'other; but 'tis Ready Money that I want, and the Purchaser will have only an Estate in Reversion.

The MORAL.

Ready Money goes as far in Religion as in Trade: People are willing to Keep what they Have, and to get what they Can, without Launching out into Lives, and Uncertainties. They are well enough Content to deal in the Sale of Reversions, but they do not much care for Buying them.

REFLEXION.

THE Old Saying, *A Bird in the Hand is worth Two in the Bush*, holds with most People in Religious Matters, as well as in Civil. A Sum of Money down upon the Nail, goes further with them, then Heaven it self in the Reversion. Where we are in the Dark, we are but too apt to be Doubtful, and to reckon upon it in the common Acceptation of Flesh and Blood, as the Parting with a Certainty for an Uncertainty. Now the Moral of this Fable must be Understood to Tax the Vanity and Error of the Common Practice and Opinion of the World in this Matter. The Fiction methinks has somewhat in't of the *French Libertines* Conceit to a Severe Religious upon the Point of Mortification: Father (says he) What's the Meaning of all these Austerities of Hard Living, Hair Shirts, Warching, Fastings, and I know not what? Oh Brother (says the Holy Man) 'tis all for *Paradise*. Well (says the Licentious Droll again) but what if there should be no *Paradise* at last, are not you finely brought to Bed then? The Mockery of this Fable is somewhat a-kin to the Freak of this Story, and by no means to be Allow'd of but in Reprehension of fo Irreverend a Freedom.

FAB. CCCCXLVII.

Demetrius and Menander.

WHEN *Demetrius Phalarus* (a Tyrant and an Usurper,) took Possession of *Athens*, how he was Beset and Pursud with the *Huzzas* and *Acclamations* of the People! Nay, and the Leading Men of the City too, with Joy in their Looks, and Gall in their Hearts, striving who should be Foremost in the Solemnity, to cry *Vive Demetrius*, and Kiss the Hand that Enslav'd them. After them follow'd the Men of Ease, Luxury and Pleasure, for fear of being thought Wanting in point of Affection

Affection and Respect. *Menander* the Famous Comical Poet was one of the Number, but in so Loose a Garb and Dress, and with so Unmanly a kind of March and Motion, that *Demetrius* had his Eye upon him presently, and call'd Aloud to know how such an Effeminate Sot durst presume to Appear in his Presence. Somebody gave the Tyrant immediately a Whisper, and told him, Sir says he, This is the Poet *Menander* that you your self have been pleas'd to own so Great an Admiration and Esteem for. *Demetrius* recollects himself, and changes his Humour in the very instant; calls *Menander* to him, and Treats him with all the Instances imaginable of a singular Liking and Respect.

The MORAL.

This Fable sets forth the Slavish Humour and Practice of the World, upon all Violent Changes, let them be never so Impious and Unjust: And it shews us again, that no Tyrants Heart can be so Hard, but it may be Soften'd, and wrought upon by the Force of Wit and Good Letters.

REFLEXION.

'TIS no Wonder, where there's Power on the One Side, to find Flattery and Slavery on the Other: Nor is there any Inference to be drawn from the Outward Pomp of Popular Addresses and Applause, to an Inward Congruity of Affections in the Heart: For Blessings and Cursings come out of the same Mouth. These Noisy Acclamations are rather made of Mode and Ceremony, than of Zeal and good Will; and the *Huzzas* of the *Rabble* are the same to a *Bear* that they are to a *Prince*, and signify no more to the One, than they do to the Other. The Tyrants Reproof here of *Menander* for his *Meen* and *Garb*, and his Recollection then, upon being better Inform'd, are First to the Honour of his Character, in being so Generous, as upon so solemn an Occasion, to own his Mistake: And Secondly, instructive to us, that we are not to Judge of the Man by his Outfide.

FAB. CCCCXLVIII.

A Consultation about Securing a Town.

There was a Council of *Mechanicks* call'd to Advise about the Fortifying of a City; A *Bricklayer* was for Walling it with *Stone*; a *Carpenter* was of Opinion, that *Timber* would be worth Forty ont: And after them, up starts a *Currier*,
Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, says he, when y've said all that can be said, there's nothing in the World like *Leather*.

The MORAL.

Charity begins at Home, they say, and 'tis every Man's Bus'ness in the First Place to look to his own Mothers Child.

REFLEXION.

HERE was a Debate set afoot, but the Board came to no Resolution we see; and it could not be expected they should, where the Advisers were Every Man Interest'd for himself, and consequently both Parties and Judges. This is the Fate and the Issue of all Mix'd Councils, where the Members that are Intrusted with the Protection, the Care, and the Treasure of the Publick, lye under the Temptation of Voting Honourable Charges to themselves, and putting Money in their own Pockets. These Men in some Cafes are call'd Pensioners, in others Patriots; and in some again Committee Men, according to the Humour of the Age they Live in. Now where a Sharper is allow'd both to Shuffle and Cut, the Devil's in him if he does not deal himself a Good Game. The Disposers of other Peoples Fortunes seldom forget themselves; and all this is no more than the Common Liberty that every Cook has of Licking his own Fingers.

FAB. CCCCXLIX.

A Hedge Destroy'd for Bearing no fruit.

A Foolish Heir that was now come to the Possession of a Wife Man's Estate, caus'd all the Bushes and Hedges about his Vineyard to be Grubb'd up, because they brought him no Grapes. The Throwing down of this Hedge, laid his Ground open to Man and Beast, and all his Plants were presently Destroy'd. My Simple Young Master came now to be Convinc'd of his Folly, in taking away the Guard that Preserv'd his Vines, and in expecting Grapes from Brambles.

The MORAL.

There needs as much Care and Industry to the Preserving of things, as there does to the Acquiring of them, and the Centinel is as necessary to the common Safety, as he that Fights the Battle.

REFLEXION.

THIS Parable of the *Hedge* and the *Vineyard* may be aptly enough expounded of the Laws that secure a Civil Community. So long as the Enclosure is kept up, and maintain'd, the Peace and the Order of the Publick is Provided for; but if it be suffer'd by neglect, either to fall to Decay, or to be over-born by Violence, and all laid in common, the Beasts of the Forest break into't, and of a Vineyard it becomes a Wilderness. This Fable marks out to us also the double Folly of those that First Disappoint the Intent, Use and Benefit of Things, for want of Understanding the Reason of them. And Secondly, ground all this upon as grofs a Mistake of 'em: For what's his Quarrel to the *Hedge*, but that his *Thorns* and his *Brambles* did not bring forth *Raisins* rather than *Haws* and *Blackberries*?

FAB. CCCCL.

A Bull and a Gnat.

A Gnat that had Planted himself upon the Horn of a Bull, very Civilly begg'd the Bull's Pardon for his Importunity; but rather than Incommode ye, says he, I'll Remove. Oh never Trouble your Head for that, says the Bull; for 'tis all One to me whether you go or stay. I never felt ye when you fat down, and I shall take as Little Notice of ye when you Rise.

The MORAL.

The Vanity of this Fly, strikes at a Humour that we meet with every Day in the World, in a Hundred Trifling, Non-sensical People, that will be still making Themselves more Considerable then they are.

REFLEXION.

THERE are a Thousand Frivolous and Impertinent Pretensions of Civility that are struck at in this Fable; and they well deserve to be Corrected; for it is certainly one of the most Nauseous, Mawmish Mortifications under the Sun, for a Man of Sense and Bus'ness to have to do with a Punctual, Finical Pop, that's too too Mannerly, and does every thing forsooth by Rule and Compas: Especially where his Quality, Relation, or Authority Entitles him to a Respect.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLL

Rats that Eat Copper.

A Merchant that had gotten a Friend of his to lay up a considerable Quantity of *Copper* for him, comes afterward to have Occasion for't, and so desires he may have his *Copper* again. Alas, says his Friend; my House is so Pester'd with Rats, that they have gotten to your *Copper*, and Eat it all up. The First *Rats* of that Diet, says the Merchant, that ever I heard of. O Good Sir, says the Man, 'tis a common thing with 'em here in this Island. So away goes the Merchant, and the next Morning comes his Friend to him, Wringing his Hands, and Exclaiming, Oh what should he do! The *Kidnappers* had stoll'n away his only Child. Bless me, says the Master, this mind's me of a Raven I saw Yesterday Steeple-high, just over your House with a Child in's Foot: My Life for't, that was your Child. No, no, says t'other, a Raven Fly away with a Child, that's Impossible. Pardon me, says the Merchant, 'tis a common thing where Rats Eat Copper, for Ravens to Fly away with Children. The Man found himself Beaten at his own Play; and so Compounded with the Merchant to give him Satisfaction for his *Copper*, upon condition that he might have his Child again; for he had smelt it out by this time that the Merchant himself was the *Kidnapper*.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Dextrous Turn of Address, to Baffle One Banter with Another; And the Nearer the Resemblance of the Humour, the Hit is so much the Better.

REFLEXION.

ONE Nail must be driven out with Another. Bantering is only an old way of Fooling, under a new Name; but the License of the Age has perhaps given it more Credit in the World, in this Nation and Conjunction then ever it had. It is a turn of Wit next to *Slight of Hand*; and the Play of Jest or Earnest is as arrant a Jugglers Trick, as little *Hocus's Fuff* or *Loose*. It is a stroak of Wit Pleasant and Agreeable, enough, if it be kept within the Bounds of Sobriety, Candor and Respect: But when it comes to Lash out once at a venture, into matters Holy as well as Prophane; when it comes once I say, to be Intemperate, Ill Natur'd, Scoptical, Scandalous and Bitter, 'tis a way of Conversation for a *Merry Andrew* or a *Buffoon*, rather then for a Man of Honour, or of Common Sense.

Sense. It is not one jot better then Boys Play, when they cry, *I made 'em Believe so*; and that's the very Point at last that they drive at. *The Rats have Eat your Copper*, says the *Trustee* here to the Merchant. What was there more in this, then to try whether the Merchant was a Fool or not, and so to Couzen him if he had found him one? Nay, and to make him a Fool upon Record too by his own Confession, both in one. Now if he had but put a Damnee to the Truth on't, according to the Modish Humour of the Times, some Soft-headed, Conscientious Fop might have Swallow'd it perhaps; but the Merchant very Dextrously turn'd the Conceit upon him, and sav'd his Copper and his Credit both at once.

FAB. CCCCLII.

A Woman Beis'd with Beating.

There was an Untoward Perverse Piece of Womans Flesh that fell now and then under the Discipline of a little Family Correction; and she had got a trick of throwing her self down upon her Back, holding her Breath, and there lying at her Length for Stone-Dead. Her Husband it seems had been wonted to these Gamboles, and so in a Grave Serious way, as she lay in a Fit once, calls for a Knife. Come, says he, when the Beast is Dead, we must e'en make the best of his Skin, and so he fell to work, and began to slay her at the Heel. The Woman did not like that way of Fooling, but started up, and came to her self immediately.

The MORAL.

This in the Fable, is One of those Cases wherein People that are to be Believed in Nothing else, ought to be taken at their Words. My Heart's too Big to bear this, (says a Blustering Fellow,) By the Lord, I'll Destroy my self. Sir, says the Gentleman, here's a Dagger at your Service; and so the Humour went off.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S Fooling against Fooling, and one Counterfeit Answer'd with another. The Woman would needs persuade the Good Man that she was Dead; and the Husband in Requital, gives her to understand, that she must be Slay'd then; which was the only way the Poor Man had of making the best of a Bad Game. 'Twas a Sham both ways, and so they Compounded the Quarrel upon't; and the Good Woman never Dy'd after this, till she came to Dye for Good and all. There are some Peevish Cases that will bear no other way of Conviction.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLIII.

Two Friends and Fortune.

There goes a Story of Two Familiar Friends that were often together, and had a great many Words upon the Subject of that which we call *Fortune*. They were both well enough to pass, but of very Differing Humours; the one a Man of Project and Bussle in the World, the other altogether for Ease and Quiet. The one had a Roving, Rambling Head; the other was a Man of Privacy and Reserve. The one in Fine, was for making his Court to *Fortune*; the other for *Lying by*, till *Fortune* should make her Court to *Him*. (According to the Freak of the rest of the Sex.) Come, come, says the Ronger, we shall never make any thing on't at this rate of Living; here's neither Honour nor Mony to be got by staying where we are, and for my own part, I'm e'en for a Pilgrimage to the Temple of *Fortune*. Ay, but where's that? says t'other. Why says the Rambler, we must e'en beat it out the best we can. Praye, says his Companion. Advise well with your Pillow before you Embark in this Adventure. You are going you know not whither, to find out you know not what, or whom: A Phantome, that slips out of your Arms in the very Grasping at it; a common Prostitute to Fools and Footmen. You must be a Knave to be a Favourite, and abandon all the Substantial Comforts of Humane Nature for a Jilt, and a Shadow, in one word, if you'll needs be wandering, Praye, when we meet next, remember what I told ye: And in the mean time, I'll e'en lye down in Peace, and keep my Self just as I am, and where I am; and if ever you live to come back again, do but look for me where you left me, and there, if I'm Alive, you shall be sure to Find me.

Upon these Terms they parted, and away Posts the Cavalier in Quest of his new Mistress. His First Jaunt is to Court, where he Enquires for Madam *Fortunes* Lodgings: But she shift-ed so often, they told him, that there was no certainty of Finding her. He never fail'd to make one at the *Pointes Lever* and *Couche*, where he heard over and over, how she had been at this Place and at that Place, but never could get fight of her. They told him indeed, that at such or such a Time, he might be sure of her at this *Minions*, or at that *Buffoon*: Apartment; but

but she was still so Busy, and so Private, that there was no coming to the Speech of her. In fine, when he had Hunted and waited like a Dog, Early and Late; I know not how long, one told him for a certain, that she had newly taken Wing, and was gone a Progress to a Temple she had in *Terra Australis Incognita*. Upon this, he takes his leave of the Court, and away immediately to Sea, where he meets with Pyrates, Rocks and Shelves, and in short, so many Dreadful Encounters; as made him cast many a heavy Look and Thought upon the Quiet Cottage and Companion that he had left behind him: But he goes pressing forward still for all this, till in the conclusion, he was Fobb'd again with another Story: That *Fortune* 'tis true, had been there; but she was call'd away by an Express, not above Two Minutes before, to the *Norward*. These Phantastical Amusements and Miscarriages, brought him by little and little to his Wits again, and to a contempt of all the vain Promises and Pretences of Avarice and Ambition. With these Thoughts about him, he makes all the haste he can back again, to his poor Blessed Home; where he finds his old Friend and Acquaintance, without any Cares in his Head, Fast Asleep; and that very *Fortune* that had led him this *Wild-Goose Chase* over the whole World, waiting like a Spaniel at the Door, and *Begging* to be let in.

The MORAL.

It is with Fortune as it is with other Fantastical Mistresses; she makes sport with those that are ready to Dye for her, and throws her self at the Feet of others that Despise her.

REFLEXION.

'Tis Great Vertue and Happiness for a Man to set his Heart wholly upon that Lot and Station which Providence has Assigned him, and to Content himself with what he has, without Wand'ring after Imaginary Satisfaction in what he has not. Fancy and Curiosity have no Bounds. Their *Motto* may be, [*SOMEWHAT ELSE.*] And how should it be otherwise with People that are never Pleas'd with the Present? They want they know not what, and they look for't they know not where. We have had so many Occasions already to handle this Moral, that it would be Time lost to say any more upon't in this Place.

F A B.

F A B. CCCCLIV.

A Boy that would not learn his Book.

There was a Stomachful Boy put to School, and the whole World could not bring him to Pronounce the First Letter of his Alphabet. Open your Mouth says the Master, and cry [*A.*] The Boy Gapes, without so much as offering at the Vowel. When the Master could do no good upon him, his School-Fellows took him to Task among Themselves. Why 'tis not so hard a Thing methinks, says one of 'em to cry [*A.* :] No, says the Boy, 'tis not so hard neither; but if I should cry [*A*] once, they'd make me cry [*B*] too, and I'll never do that, I'm Resolv'd.

The MORAL.

There's no Contending with Obstinacy and Ill Nature; especially where there's a Perverseness of Affection that goes along with it.

REFLEXION.

THE Spaniards will have it, that *Apes* can speak if they would, but they are afraid they shall be put to Work then. The *Boys* Reason here, and the *Apes* are much at one; and 'tis the case of Counterfeit Cripples too, that pretend they cannot do this or that, when in truth, they are Lazy, and have no mind to be put to't. The same Humour Governs in a World of Cases, where a Pretext of Disability is made use of, either out of Crossness or Sloth. This Restive Stubbornness is never to be Excus'd, under any Pretence whatsoever; but where the thing to be done is that which we are Bound in Honour and in Duty to do, there's no Enduring of it. As in Cases of Law, Conscience, Church-Ceremonies, Civil or Natural Obedience to Princes, Parents, Husbands, Masters, &c. If I should do This, you'd make me do That, they cry; which is only a short Resolution that puts all the Functions and Offices of Order and Authority to a stand. He that says I cannot do this or that, where the Thing is Lawfully Impos'd and Requir'd, and not *Simply Evil*, might e'en as well have said I will not do't; for the Exception is not to the *Thing Commanded*, but to the *Commanding Power*. If I yield in one Point, says the *Boy*, they'll expect I should yield in more. Grant One Prerogative; and grant *All*, says the *Republican*. But then says the Sovereign on the Other Hand; Part with One Prerogative, and part with All: So that the Contest is not matter of *Scruple*, but who shall be *Uppermost*. In One Word, *Stubborn Boys*, and *Stubborn Subjects*, where they will not Comply upon *Fair Means*, must be whipp'd into their *Duties*.

F A B.

FAB. CCCCLV.

Hercules and Pluto.

WHEN Hercules was taken up to Heaven for his Glorious Actions, he made his Reverence in Courſe to all the Gods, 'till he came to Pluto, upon whom he turn'd his Back with Indignation and Contempt. Jupiter ask'd him what he meant by that Diſ-*reſpect*? Why, ſays Hercules, that Son of Fortune Corrupts the whole World with *Mony*, Encourages all manner of Wickedneſs, and is a common Enemy to all Good Men.

The MORAL.

This is only to ſhew the Oppoſition betwixt a Narrow, Sordid, Avaritious Humour, and the Publick Spirited Generoſity of a Man of Honour, Industry and Virtue.

R E F L E X I O N.

MONEY has its Uſe 'tis true; but generally ſpeaking, the Benefit does not Countervail the Cares that go along with it, and the Hazards of the Temptation to Abuſe it. It is the Patron, and the Price of all Wickedneſs: It Blinds all Eyes, and ſtops all Ears, from the Prince to the very Begger. It Corrupts Faith and Juſtice; and in one Word, 'tis the very Pick-Lock, that opens the way into all Cabinets and Councils. It Debauches Children againſt their Parents; it makes Subjects Rebel againſt their Governors; it turns Lawyers and Divines into Advocates for Sacrilege and Seditious; and it Transports the very Profeſſors of the Goſpel into a Spirit of Contradiſtion and Deſiance, to the Practices and Precepts of our Lord and Maſter. It is no wonder now that Hercules ſhould ſo Contemptuously turn his Back upon Pluto, or the God of Mony; when the One's Buſneſs is to Propagate and Encourage thoſe Monſters, which the other came into the World to Quell and to Subdue.

FAB. CCCCLVI.

A Lion, Boar and Vultures.

THere happen'd a Deſperate Quarrel betwixt a Lion and a Boar, they Fought upon't, and the Vultures came Hovering over the Combatants to make a Prey of him that ſhould be left upon the Spot: But it ſo fell out, that there was
no

no Death in the Caſe, and the Vultures were not a little Troubled at the Diſappointment.

The MORAL.

When Fools Fall Out, it ſhall go Hard but Knaves will be the Better for't.

R E F L E X I O N.

THERE are ſeveral ſorts of Men in the World that live upon the Sins and the Miſfortunes of other People. This Fable may be Moraliz'd in almoſt all the Controverſies of Humane Life whether Publick or Private. Plaintiff and Defendant finds Buſneſs for the Lawyers: Queſtions of Religion for the Divines: Diſputes about Privileges and Liberties, Cut out Work for the Soldiers. A General Peace, in fine, would be a General Diſappointment; for the wrangling of ſome, is the Livelihood of others; and wherever there are like to be Carcaſſes, there will never fail to be Vultures.

FAB. CCCCLVII.

A Man that would never Hear Ill News.

ONE came to a Country Grazier, and ask'd him if he ſhould tell him a piece of News. Is't Good or Bad? (ſays he.) Nay, ſays t'other, 'tis not very Good. Pray, ſays the Grazier keep it to your ſelf then; and ſo he went his way. The Grazier was telling the next day, that the Wolves had Kill'd one of his Bullocks: That's like enough ſays the ſame Man; for I ſaw him Wandring from the Herd, and I was afraid on't. I would you had told me this in time; ſays the Grazier. Why I came I know not how far Yeſterday a-purpoſe to tell you the Story, and you would not hear on't.

The MORAL.

The Man is too Delicate to be Happy, that makes it in his Bargain not to hear any thing that may give him a Preſent Trouble.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS way of Conſulting a Bodies Eaſe, makes a Man Acceſſory to his own Ruin. There's an Attempt deſign'd for the purpoſe, upon the Perſon of a Man; and he ſhuts his Ears againſt any Intelligence, or Notice of it, 'till the Dagger is at his Heart. He that will not hear the worſt
of

FABLES of several Authors.

of things Betimes, must expect afterward to feel the Effect of the Bad News that he would not Hear. First, he loses the Means of Preventing Mischiefs, by not suffering himself to be Inform'd whereabouts the Danger lies. Secondly, He lives in a continual Dread of all Accidents that may befall him in general, though of Nothing in particular, and leaves himself no Place for the Exercise of Prudence and Precaution. This sort of People jog on in the World, (for I cannot call it Living) without any Thought for to Morrow. Talk to them of Poverty, Persecutions, Torments, Slavery, Sickness, nay Death it self at a Distance, they'll put it off to the last Moment, and venture the Surprisal, when it comes indeed, rather than abide but so much as the Hearing on't Beforehand.

F.A.B. CCCCLVIII.

A ~~Sort~~ and Rotten Apples.

There was a Stingy Narrow-hearted Fellow, that had a great deal of Choice Fruit in his Ground, but had not the Heart to touch any of it till it began to be Rotten. This Man's Son would every foot, and anon be taking some of his Companions into the Orchard with him. Look ye says he; that's an Excellent Apple, and here's a Delicate sort of Plum, Gather and Eat what you will of these, provided you dont Meddle with any of the Rotten Ones: For my Father (you must know) keeps them for his own Eating.

The MORAL.

This is to set forth the Wicked and the Scandalous Wretchedness of Avarice, that rather than make use of the Bounties of Providence in their Season, suffers them to by and Perish.

R E F L E X I O N.

How Miserable are those Cormudgeons that spend their Lives in Carking and Pinching themselves for things they have not the Heart to make use of! And in this Humour of Gripping (which they call Saving) fall foul upon the very extream of Profusion another way. They either Lose or Spoil every thing by Keeping it, till 'tis fit only to be thrown away; and that's their way of Spending it. Their Mony lies as close in their Coffers, as ever it did in the Mine whence it was drawn. They'll rather venture the whole Stock, than be at one Penny Charge for the Saving of the rest. They pervert the very Intent, as well as they destroy the Bounties of Providence: Nay, they Envy the common Enjoyment of those Blessings that were intended for the Relief, Comfort and Satisfaction of Mankind.

F.A.B.

F.A.B. CCCCLIX.

The Devil Refus'd, to ~~Darry~~.

A Certain Devil had the hap to live for some time in a State of Wedlock, with a Spiteful, Vexatious Gipsy, that in truth was too hard for him. She Dy'd at last of the Pip, and the Breath was no sooner out of her Body, but he fell to blessing the Stars for his Deliverance; and so bound himself by a Desperate Vow, that he would never Marry again. It fell out some time after, that a Poor Man was Posses'd with this very Devil, and that when an Exorcist had Try'd all the ways of Charm, Prayer and Menace, to Remove him, and found him Proof against all manner of Exorcisms, he Bawl'd it out, once for all, *Either come forth, or Marry*. The Devil immediately cry'd out for Mercy, *I go Father*, says he; *Any Hell but that of a Second Wife*.

The MORAL.

Take this Droll by the Right Handle, and it gives to understand, that some Women may as well, Frighs the Devil out of a Man, as others Conjure him up into one.

R E F L E X I O N.

THIS Fable is only a High-Flown Hyperbole upon the Miseries of Marriage, under the Judgment of a Wayward, a Jealous, and a Brawling Wife: And the Moral of it is Directed to all the Poor Husbands, that are Condemn'd to that Purgatory.

F.A.B. CCCCLX.

A Countryman and Jupiter.

A Poor Plain Fellow was so Dazed and Transported with the Pomp, the Splendor, the Plenty, State and Luxury that Great Men live in; that it was the First Petition of his Daily Litany to Jupiter, to make him a Lord. Jupiter found he could not be Quiet for him, and bad Mercury carry him Two Curious Baskets with Honour and Mony in them: They were both cover'd, the one with Purple, the other with Gold, and

I i i 2

Mercury

Mercury was Order'd to let the Man Open and Examine them as strictly as he pleas'd, but to bid him have a care not to meddle with them Rafhly, for fear of the worst. The Country-man was so Charm'd with the Present at First Sight, that he took it away with him by *Content*, without Asking any Questions. But when he came afterward to consider at leisure the Cares, Anxieties, Fears, Doubts, and all manner of Troubles and Diseases that were Inseparably to go along with his Bags and Dignities; he found himself much more Uneasie now than he was before; and that he had Sacrific'd the Peace of his very Soul, to the Vanity of his Eye and Appetite.

THE MORAL.

'Tis not for a Wise Man to set his Heart upon Gay and Glittering Appearances. The Devil himself Baitts all his Hooks with Pomp, Lusts and Pleasures; and the very Glory of the Outside, makes the Contents the more Suspicious for't.

REFLEXION.

A Man may bear the want of Honours and Riches, before he has 'em, much better than the Loss of them when he has obtain'd them. And they are in short, the Plagues of an Inconsiderate Life. He that wishes them for the Common Good, and applies them when he has them, to that Generous End, makes a Right Use of the Divine Providence and Bounty: But he that seeks them for his own sake, and Converts them wholly to his own Profit, Defrauds the Publick. As if a Man should apply an Estate that was made over to him in Trust, to the wrong Uses.

FAB. CCCCLXI.

A Bee that went over to the Drones.

TO what End (says a Bee) should I Toyl and Moyl myself out of my Life for a Poor Subsistence, when the Drones that do nothing at all, Live in as much Plenty every jot as I do? Upon this Thought, the Bee Resolv'd after their Example to work no longer. The Master it seems call'd her to Account for't; the Bee took Pet upon't, and without any more to do, went over to the Drones Party, where she pass'd the Summer easily enough, and to her Satisfaction. But upon the Winters coming on, when the Drones were all Dispers'd into their several

several Holes, the Bee would fain have gone Home again; but the Cells of the Combs were all Clos'd, so that there was no Entrance, and the Poor Bee Starv'd to Death betwixt Cold and Hunger.

THE MORAL.

It is all the reason in the World, that every Man in what Station (soever, should Work in some sort or other for his Living. Nature her self is always at Work; and a Prince has no more Prerogative to be Idle, than a Beggar.

REFLEXION.

ACTION is a Reasonable Duty, how variously soever it may be Exercis'd, whether in the Functions of Power, or in the Offices of Subjection. A Reasonable Soul can no more stand still, than the Sun can stop its course. This Fable branches out into several Morals: First, It serves for a Proof of Sloth. Secondly, In the Bees being Corrupted by the Practice of the Drones, it shews us the Danger and the Force of Ill Example; especially where there's Ease and Sensuality to strengthen the Temptation, which must needs be wonderfully Powerful, where the Emblem of Industry on the one hand, comes to be wrought upon by the very Emblem of Laziness on the other. Thirdly, It leads us to a Consideration of the End of an Unactive and an Unprofitable Life. The Bees Summer-Friends Forake her; those of her own Family shut the Doors against her; and so she's Abandon'd to the Wide World, as an Object of Detestation and Scorn.

FAB. CCCCLXII.

A Crow and a Rabbit.

THE Ancients tell us, that the Crow was once *Minerva's* Favourite, and the *Raven Apollo's*; but the One of them was found to be so full of Tongue, so Over-officious and Inquisitive; and the Other so Desperately given to Croaking and Foreboding upon Evil things to come, that they fell both into Disgrace for't.

THE MORAL.

Great Talkers, Medlers, and Busy-Bodies, are the very Pest of Human Society.

REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

THERE is no Peace to be expected, either in a Government, or in a Family, where Tale-bearers, and the Spreaders of Ill and of False News, are Encourag'd. Now the Curiosity of Hearn'g after Privacies that do not concern us, and of Prying into Forbidden Secrets, does not arise so much from a Desire of knowing the Truth of Things simply for our own Satisfaction, as from an Itch of Screwing our selves into other Peoples Matters, that we may be Prating of them again. And than the Tale is very seldom or never without Calumny and Detraction at the End on't.

FAB. CCCCLXIII.

The Bitches Bed-maker.

YOU must needs make this Bitches Bed immediately, says the Master of the House to his Maid, for she's just ready to lye down. It was not done it seems, and the Man was very Angry with the Wench for not doing as she was bid. Alas, says the Poor Girl, I'de have made her Bed with all my Heart, if I could but have told which way she'd lye with her Head, and which with her Backside.

The MORAL.

There's no Pleasing those that cannot Please themselves.

REFLEXION.

A Steady Mind will admit Steady Methods and Councils; but there's no Measure to be taken of a Changeable Humour. Tell me where I may find ye, and I shall know where to fit ye: But otherwise, 'tis with us in the Levity of our Manners, and of our Humours, as it was with Clark, the Famous Posture-Master, and his Taylor. When the Workman took Measure of him, he was Crump-Shoulder'd, and the Right Side Higher then the Left; when he brought home his Suit, the Left was Higher then the Right; The Fellow was Mad at himself, and made him another Suit; and that would not do neither, for his Body was then as Straight as an Arrow.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLXIV.

A Trusty Dog and his Master.

THE Master of a Family that had, as he thought, a very good Condition'd Dog, coming home from his Bus'ness once, found a Cradle Overturn'd; the Dog's Mouth all Bloody, and his only Child missing. He draws his Sword immediately and Kills the Dog, upon a Presumption that he had Worryed the Child, without any regard to his Try'd Fidelity, and without Allowing himself One Moment of Time for a Second Thought. Upon a further Enquiry, he found the Truth of the Matter to be this: The Child being left alone in the Cradle, there was a Serpent Winding it self up the Side on't, to Destroy the Child. The Dog leaps upon the Serpent, and Tears it to Pieces; but in the Scuffle, the Cradle happen'd to be Overturn'd: Upon the taking up of the Cradle, the Master found the Child Alive under it, and the Serpent Dead, which, upon Reflexion, Convinc'd him of the Miserable Temerity of his Mistake.

The MORAL.

The Repentance of a whole Life, is not sufficient to Atone for the Miscarriage of One Rash Action.

REFLEXION.

ANGER without Consideration, is little better then a downright Mad-ness; it makes us take Benefits for Injuries, it Confounds Truth and Falshood; and we have but too many Instances of Outrages committed on the Persons of the best of our Friends, upon a False Perswasion of their being our Mortal Enemies. Charity bids us Hope and Believe the Best of Things. Prudence bids us Examine the Truth of Things: Religion and Common Equity Preach to us upon the Text of *Do as you would be done by*. So that it is Uncharitable, Unreasonable, Unchristian, and Inhuman, to pass a Peremptory Sentence of Condemnation upon a Try'd Friend, where there's any Room left for a more Favourable Judgment.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLXV.

A Fool and a Sieve.

AN Innocent found a Sieve, and presently fell to Stopping the Holes, which he call'd Mending it. When he had been Puzzling a good while about it, he threw't away in a Rage: I shall never make any thing on't, says he, for I don't know which I am to Stop, and which to leave Open.

The MORAL.

It fares with the Pragmatical sort of State-Menders, much as it did with this Sieve-Mender: they do not like things as they are, neither do they Understand how they should be. But they are for Change however at a Venture; and when they have once put Matters out of Order, there's no setting them to Rights again.

REFLEXION.

THERE are none so Forward as Fools to mend Things that are Well already; though they find upon Experiment that they Make and they Leave every thing Worse then they found it. They are at first for Stopping of Holes, and when that won't do, they are for Making of 'em again. We have abundance of Fools in the Moral to answer this Fool in the Fable; that is to say, People that take upon them to Correct what they do not Understand; and that when they have Embroil'd the Publick, leave the Main Chance to Fortune, to Shuffle the Cards Anew, and Play the Game over again. This is the Fate on't, when Pedants will be Medling with Politicks, and Butchers setting up for the Reformers of Providence.

FAB. CCCCLXVI.

A Fig-Tree and a Thorn.

A Fig-Tree and a Thorn were valuing themselves once upon the Advantage that the One had over the other. Well, says the Thorn, what would you give for such Flowers as These? Very Good, says the Fig-Tree, and what would you give for such Fruit as This? Why, says the other, 'twould be against Nature for a Thorn to bring forth Figs. Well (says 't'other again,) and 'twould be against Nature too, for a Fig-Tree to bring forth Flowers: Beside that, I have Fruit you see, that is much Better.

The

The MORAL.

Every Creature has a Share in the Common Blessings of Providence; and it is a Virtue as well as a Duty for every Creature to rest well satisfied with its Proportion in those Comforts; but when we come once to Boast of our selves, and to Derogate from others, 'tis no longer a Virtue but a Vanity; and especially when we Mistake the Value of things, and prefer the Advantages of Beauty, before those of Use and Service.

REFLEXION.

'Tis not Every Man that can distinguish betwixt the Excellencies of Beauty and of Virtue: And how in Truth should they Distinguish, when Every Man that has Eyes in his Head, sees the One, and not One Man of Forty Understands the Other? Nay, the very Ostentation of the Thorn, is a Weakness, and I might have said a Vice too; for the Vanity Unhollows the very Virtue, especially where it is Accompany'd with Detraction.

FAB. CCCCLXVII.

A Wolf and a Fox.

A Wolf had the Fortune to pass by, as the Thief-Leaders were Dragging a Proper Goodly Fox to the Place of Execution. The Wolf took such a kindness for him, that he Resolved to Employ his Interest with the Lion to save his Life; but by the way, says he, what's the Malefactor's Crime? So the Officers told him, that he had not only Robb'd several Hen-Roosts, but had the Impudence to Steal a Fat Goose, that was Reserv'd for his Majesties own Table. Say ye so? says the Wolf, why then the Case is Alter'd, quoth Plouden; and so he left him to take his Fortune.

The MORAL.

Interest is the very Test and Standard of Good and Evil. If I may gain by doing a Thing, 'tis Honest; if it be against my Profit, 'tis consequently against my Conscience. This is the Pro & Con of Common Practice; and 'tis but Casting some Grains of Allowance into the Scale, to Palliate the Foulest Iniquity.

K k k

REFLEXION

REFLEXION.

THIS Fable hits the Humour of the World to a Hair, and it holds from him that sits upon the Throne, to the poor Devil that has scarce a Tatter to his Breech. Men are easie to Pardon Offences committed against other People; but when they come to be Touch'd Once in their Own Copy-Hold, the *Lions Fat-Goose* weighs down all the *Cocks and Hens* in the Country: And in that Case the *Wolf* leaves his Brother *Fox* at the Gallows. The Rogue has Stoll'n a *Prerogative Goose*, says he, and the King will never Pardon him. This is according to Practice, how contrary soever to the true Measures of Generosity, Honour and Justice. *That's the veriest Villain in Nature*, cries one, *for I'll tell ye how he Us'd Me. As Worthy a Man*, says another, *as ever trod upon a Shoe of Leather; for really I have been much Beholden to him*. In short, there is such an Affinity betwixt our Prudentials and our Appetites, that they are like two *Unison Strings*, if you Touch the One, the Other Moves by Consent. There was a certain *Filacer* (an Officer of the Common Pleas,) that in *Oliver's* Days was mightily concern'd upon the Subject of the Government, and Dilating in a kind of Rhetorical *Climax* upon the Iniquity of the Times: Well (says he,) here's the Best Church upon the Face of the Earth Destroy'd; the Nobility and Gentry trampled under Foot, and Begger'd; the Commonalty Enslav'd; the Laws Overturn'd; the Constitution of Parliaments Dissolv'd; a most Pious, Gracious King Murder'd: And now to *Consummate the Villany*, they say they are putting down the *Filacers*. When it comes once to the *Filacers*, it Touches to the Quick.

FAB. CCCCLXVIII.

A Rich Man and a Poor.

AS a Poor Fellow was Beating the Hoof upon the Highway, and Trudging on Merrily in a Bitter Cold Morning, with never a Rag to his Tayl: A Spark that was Warm Clad, and Well Mounted, (but his Teeth Chattering in his Head yet,) call'd to this *Tatter-de-Mallion*, and ask'd him how he was able to endure this Terrible Weather? Why says t'other, how does your Face endure it? My Face is us'd to't; says the Cavalier. And so is my Body says the other; so that I am all Face. And then (says the Poor Cur) there's another thing yet besides; I have all the Cloaths I have in the World upon my Back, and that's enough to keep me Warm: Do but you put on all yours too, and you shall be Warm as well as I.

The

The MORAL.

By Custom, Practice and Patience, all Difficulties and Hardships, whether of Body or of Fortune, are made Easie to us. Mankind is all of a Make, and if we shrink in the Wetting, as we say, or in any Trial of Distress or Persecution, 'tis our own Fault; for we are Consulting our Skins, and our Affections, when we should rather be attending to the Motions of our Reason, which would give us better Council.

REFLEXION.

IF Men would but Inure themselves to do those things by Choice, which 'tis Fortye to One they shall be some time or other forc'd to do by Necessity, it would exceedingly Advance the Peace and Comfort of Human Life; for all those Miseries are only Visionary and Fantastical, so far as we Govern our selves by Opinion rather than by Reason. Our Bodies are not Naturally more Tender than our Faces; but by being less Expos'd to the Air, they become less able to endure it. Exercise makes things Easie to us, that would be otherwise very Hard; as in Labour, Watchings, Heats and Colds: And then there is something *Analogous* in the Exercise of the Mind, to that of the Body. 'Tis Folly and Infirmity that makes us Delicate and Froward. We are taught likewise in the Differing Tempers and Conditions of the *Rich Man* and the *Poor* here, that a Man may be Happy with a Little, and Miserable in Abundance.

FAB. CCCCLXIX.

A Wolf and a Hog.

A Wolf that had liv'd many Years upon the Spoil, came at last to be Troubled in Conscience for the Spilling of so much Innocent Blood, and so took up a Christian Resolution to keep a long Lent for't; and not to Eat One Bit of Flesh for a whole Twelve-Month: But Fasting it seems did not agree with his Constitution, for upon the sight of a Hog Wallowing in a Muddy Puddle, he ran presently to him, and ask'd him what he was? Why, says the Hog, I belong to a Neighbour here in the Village, and the Ancient Romans call me *Porcus*. In Good Time, says the Wolf; for I have read in *Littleton's Dictionary*, that *Porcus* is a Fish, that being Taken, Grunteth like a Hog; and so he made a Supper of the Hog, without breaking his Fast, and without any Offence to his Vow of Mortification.

Kkk z

The

The MORAL.

In a long Practice of Wickedness, now and then a Faint Vow or Promise of Amendment, goes for Nothing: And if a Body should have a Mind to break a Commandment under such an Obligation, it will be hard if he cannot bring himself off at last with some Salvo or Distinction, and be his own Confessor.

REFLEXION.

MEN that are Habitually Wicked, may now and then by Fits and Starts feel certain Motions of Reflexion that look toward Repentance; but those Dispositions are commonly short Liv'd, and the same Meat shall be Fish or Flesh as it may best serve their Turn. We find this Fable Moraliz'd in our Daily Practice, not only among our *False Converts*, upon the Matter of Truth, Steadiness and Justice, but among *Politicians, Lawyers and Divines*, that shall make the most Establish'd Principles of Law, Prudence and Religion, *Felons of themselves*, and by the help of a little *Sham and Paradox, Blow Hot and Cold*, with the *Man* and the *Satyr*, out of the same Mouth. This *Wolf* now was somewhat of the *Mans* Humour that was Charg'd by his *Confessarius*, for Eating Flesh in Lent: *Father*, says he, I have as *Catholick* a Faith as any *Man* in *Christendom*; but a most *Confounded* *Heterical* Stomach. So the *Wolves* Heart was *Right* all this while, and by turning *Hog* into *Porcus*, he kept his *Faith* in *Latin* still, though he broke it in *English*.

FAB. CCCCLXX.

A Farmer and his Servant.

A Country Farmer miss'd an Ox out of his Grounds, and sent his Man abroad one Day to look after him. The Simpleton went Hunting up and down, till at last he found him in a Wood; but upon Three Birds coming cross him, away goes he Scampering after them. He stay'd so long upon the Errand, that his Master Wonder'd what was become of him; and so Abroad he goes to look for his Man; and there was he in a Field hard by, running as hard as he could drive, and Staring up into the Air. Well, says the Master, what News? Why Master, says the Tony, I have found them. Ay, but says the Farmer again, where are they? And what have ye found? Why look ye: there they are, says the Fellow; I have found Three Birds here, and I'm trying if I can Catch 'em.

The

The MORAL.

We have this Fool Moraliz'd abundantly to us in Common Practice. We leave the main End and Business of Life Unregarded, to run after Butterflies.

REFLEXION.

A Man cannot look into himself without an Application of this Fable to his own Soul and Conscience. He was much in the Right, that call'd *Old Men*, only *Great Blockheaded* Boys with Beards, that Entertain themselves with *Bigger Play-shings*. There's an *Ox* lost, and this *Coxcomb* runs a Gadding after *Wild-Fowl*. Is it not our very Case now, that when our Souls, Good-Names, Bodies and Fortunes are at Stake, we must be running out at Check, after every *Crow, Buzzard, or Jack-daw* that comes in the way, and leave the main Chance at last at Six and Seven? Nay, and here's this more in't too, that the *Quarry* would not be worth the taking up neither, if we could Catch it; beside, that it flies away still before us, and is never to be Overtaken.

FAB. CCCCLXXI.

A Satyr and Fitz.

THE Poets tell us, that *Prometheus* stole some of *Jupiter's* Fire, and brought it down to us from Heaven, and that was our Original of it. A *Satyr* was so Transported with the Glory and the Splendor of this Spirit, that down on his Knees he falls, and would needs Kiss and Embrace it. Have a care of your Beard, says *Prometheus*; nay, and of your Chin-too; for 'twill both Singe and Burn ye. And why, says the *Satyr*, would you bring down so Glorious a Temptation then to Plague the World withal? VVhy, says *Prometheus*, there were no Living without it; only the *Mischief* lies in the Abuse. It Burns, tis true, but then consider the Heat and the Light that comes along with it, and you shall find it serves us to all manner of Profitable, Delightful and Necessary Purposes, provided only that we make a Right Use on't.

The MORAL.

There's not One Grain in the whole Composition of the Universe, either too Much, or too Little; Nothing to be Added, Nothing to be Spar'd; nor so much as any One Particle of it that Mankind may not be either the Better or the Worse for, according as 'tis Apply'd. The most Sovereign Antidotes

tidotes have Poison in them ; the most necessary Means of Life may be Corrupted or Perverted, and render'd the most Destructive to us : As an Infected Air, for the purpose, a Raging Sea, or a Consuming Fire : But let this Air continue as God made it ; the Waters be kept within their Bounds, and the Fire from breaking out into Conflagrations, and there's no Living without them under this Regulation.

REFLEXION.

THE Best things in the World may be Misapply'd ; and the greatest Blessings Abus'd, may become the Occasion to us of the most Judicial Maledictions. What's more necessary for the common Comfort and Benefit of Mankind, then Understanding and Power ; and nothing certainly is more Pernicious then those Illustrious Qualifications Perverted. We are not to Quarrel with the Heavens for Pestilential Influences, or Unkindly Seasons ; nor with the Earth for Poysonous Minerals and Exhalations ; nor with the Water for Inundations, and Shipwrecks ; nor with the Fire for Conflagrations. We must not take upon us to Dispute or to Correct the Wisdom of Providence, but sit down Contented and Thankful, and with this Reflexion upon the whole, that we are Indebted to the Divine Bounty for all the Good we Enjoy ; and that for the Evil we Suffer, we may thank our Selves.

FAB. CCCCLXXII.

A Generous Lion.

AS a Lion was Bestriding an Ox that he had newly Pluck'd down, a Robber passing by, Cry'd out to him, *Half-Shares*. You should go your Snip says the Lion, if you were not so forward to be your own Carver. The Thief had but just turn'd his Back, when up comes an Innocent Traveller, that so soon as ever he saw the Lion, was going off again. The Lion bad him Fear Nothing, but take part of the Prey with him in Reward of his Modesty: Whereupon the Lion went immediately into the Woods to make Way for the Traveller.

The MORAL.

If Great Men in the World would but follow the Example of the Lion in this Fable, Sharpers should not Ride in Triumph any longer, while Honest Men go out at the Elbows.

REFLEXION.

THIS is an Instance of a Great and a Laudable Example ; but People are forwarder to Commend such Presidents, then to Imitate them : for the

the Bold and Rich Thrive in the World, when the Poor and the Bashful go a Begging : But Virtue is never the less Venerable for being out of Fashion.

FAB. CCCCLXXIII.

A Brother and a Sister.

THEre was a Brother and a Sister that happen'd to look in a Glass both together : The Brother a very Lovely Youth, and the Sister as hard favour'd as a Girl could well be. Look ye (says the Boy,) and have not I a very Good Face now ? This the Lass took for a Reproach, as if hers were not so too. What does this Envious Tit, but away to her Father, with a Tale of her Brother, how Effeminately he Behav'd himself, and that a Petticoat would become him better then a Sword. The Good Man Kiss'd them both, and Reconciled the Controversie. My Dear Children, says he, I lay my Command upon ye Both to look often in a Glass ; You Son, to keep a Guard upon your Self, not to Dishonour the Advantages that Nature has given ye, with Ill Manners : And you Daughter, (says he) to Mind you of Supplying the Defects of an External and a Transitory Beauty, with the more substantial Ornaments of Piety and Virtue.

The MORAL.

There is not any Accident or Adventure in Nature, that does not yield Matter and Occasion for Good Counsel : And the Excellency of that necessary Office lies in the Address of Managing it Pertinently, and without Reproach.

REFLEXION.

THE Vanity of the Youth here in the Fable, is doubly to Blame ; First, he values himself upon a Trivial and an Uncertain Advantage. Secondly, 'Tis below the Dignity of the Sex, for a Man to Glory in, and to Usurp upon the proper Ornaments and Privileges of a Woman. The Sisters Envy may be better Reprov'd then Reform'd ; for to say that a Woman is not Handsom, is a Sin never to be Forgiven. The Father does excellently well Discharge the Part of a Wife Man, and of a Tender Parent both in One. And the Moral of his Part Resolves finally into this, That Virtue atones for Bodily Defects, and that Beauty is nothing worth, without a Mind Answerable to the Person.

FAB. CCCCLXXIV.

The Bees and the Drones.

There was a Controversie betwixt the *Bees* and the *Drones* about some *Hony-Combs* that were found in a Hollow Oak. They both laid Claim to 'em, and a *Wasp* was to be *Judge*, as one that well understood the Matter. Upon the Tryal of the Cause, they seem'd both to stand fair for't, as being of the same Size, Make and Colour. Now, says the *Wasp*, I am upon my Oath, and therefore let me see them work their Combs, and fill 'em here before me in the Court, and I shall be then the better able to Understand the Merits of the Cause. The *Drones* would not Agree to't, and so the Verdict went for the *Bees*.

The MORAL.

Pretences go a great way in the World with Men that will take Fair Words and Magisterial Looks for Current Payment: But the short and the certain way of bringing the Cause to a Fair Issue, is to put the Pretenders to the Test of Doing what they say.

REFLEXION.

ALL People that set up for a Reputation in the World upon the Credit of other Mens Labours, fall under the Reproof of this Fable; and the Judges in those Cases are not always so Tender, Circumspect and Conscientious as the *Wasp* was in this; for they let False and Frivolous Pretenders run away many times, not only with the Character, but with the Reward, both of Honester and Soberer Mens Virtues. There's no Proof like Matter of *Fact*, and putting the *Drones* to the Test of making *Wax* and *Hony*.

FAB. CCCCLXXV.

A Fox and a Dragon.

As a *Fox* was Earthing Himself, he Digg'd so Deep, 'till at last he came to a *Dragon's Den*, where he found a Prodigious Mass of Hidden Treasure. He made his Excuse for his Intrusion, and begg'd the *Dragon's* leave but to Ask him One Question. Pray (says he) where's the Pleasure or the Profit of Spending

Spending all your Days in a Hole thus, without either Light or Sleep? Why 'tis my *Fate*, says the *Dragon*, and there's no more to be said. Here's a Monstrous Hord, says the *Fox*, and I cannot find that you either give Give or Use One Penny out of all this Store. 'Tis a Misery, says the other, that I am Doom'd to, and there's no Avoiding it. Why then says the *Fox*, He that's Born under Your Stars is certainly the most Wretched of Creatures.

The MORAL.

We are apt to do Amis, and to Persevere in so Doing, and then to lay the Blame upon our Stars, or our Fortune as we call it, which in truth, is neither Better nor Worse than making Heaven the Author of Evil. The very sooth of it is, that an Ill Habit has the Force of that which we call an Ill Fate; and we Tye up our Selves, where Providence has left us at Liberty.

REFLEXION.

YOUR Covetous Churl is Undoubtedly the most Miserable of Beggars; the more he *Has*, the more he *Wants*; Beside that, he wants what he *Has* too; for 'tis lost to all Intents and Purposes, when neither he Himself nor any Body else is the Better for't. He Pines and Watches himself to Death, for fear of losing that which he only Fancies that he has; or which is the same thing, that which he has not the Heart to Use. All this, says the *Dragon*, I suffer, because I'm Doom'd to't, which tells us most *Emphatically*, that an Anxiety of Mind is a Just Judgment upon a Man for Delivering himself up to so Sordid an Appetite. We must not Understand the *Dragon* here to be Condemn'd to this Misery by the Fatality of any Inevitable Decree; but in these Cases, Custom and Corruption, superinduce upon us a kind of Necessity of going on as we begun.

FAB. CCCCLXXVI.

The Shipwreck of Simonides.

Simonides was a Learned Man, and an Excellent Poet, especially in the way of *Panegyrick*, or *Encomium*, to the Honour of the Great Men of his Age; insomuch that he made his Fortune by't. After some time spent abroad, and a great deal of Money got by his *Emcomia* upon the *Hero's* of those Times, he put Himself and his Treasure Aboard for his own Country again, in an Old Rotten Vessel. They fell into Foul Weather, and the Ship Miscarry'd. In the Hurry of the Shipwreck, while the Passengers were at their Wits end how to Save that which

they took to be of the most Value, *Simonides* was the only Man that appear'd Unconcern'd, notwithstanding that his whole Fortune was at Stake in the *Cargo*. One Ask'd him, why he did not look after his Goods. Why so I do, says he, for all the Goods that I pretend to, I have now About me. In this Extremity, some made a shift to Swim A-shore; the greater Part sunk under the weight of what they thought to Preserve; and in the mean time came in a Crew of Free-Booters, that Rifled and Stript those that Scap'd. The Men that were Paddling for their Lives, made a Port, where by great Providence there liv'd a Famous Philosopher that was a Passionate Admirer, and a Diligent Reader of *Simonides*, and his VVritings. This Philosopher upon the First Encounter, found out *Simonides* by his very Discourse; took him into his Houfe, Cloath'd him, Furnish'd him with Mony, Provided him Servants, and put him into a Condition in fine, to Live in Honour and Plenty. As *Simonides* was walking the Streets a while after, he saw several of his Shipwreck'd Companions begging their Bread from Door to Door, with a Certificate of their Misfortune. VVell, says *Simonides*, and d'ye not find it True now as I told ye, that a Man of Letters and of Integrity, carries all his Goods about him?

THE MORAL.

The Moral is no more then this, that Virtue shall never fail of a Reward in the Conclusion.

REFLEXION.

A Wife and a Good Man carries his Happiness in his own Breast; and that's a Happiness too, that the Uttermost Malice of Wicked Men, and of Cross Fortune can never take away. Let all Men of Honour apply the Moral of this History to their own Comfort and Support, and Assure themselves, that Providence either in the Blessing of a good Conscience, or in that of a Happy Deliverance, will never Forsake them.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLXXVII.

Two Men and a Halter.

A Poor Rogue that had got the Devil into his Pocket, and not One Cross in the World to drive him out again, found upon Mature Consideration, that he had no Choice before him, but either to Hang or Starve; for, says he, I have neither Cash, Credit, nor Friends, to keep Life and Soul together. He thought himself a while upon the Matter, and so Resolv'd rather of the Two to go to Heaven in a String. Upon this, he immediately provides himself a Halter; fits the Noose, and pitches upon the Place of Execution; but as he was driving a Hook into an Old Wall to Fasten the Cord to, Down comes a Great Stone that was Loose, and a Pot of Mony along with it. The Fellow presently throws away the Halter; Takes the Gold by Content, without either VVeighing or Counting it, and so away he Scours with the Purchase. He was no sooner gone, but in comes the Man that had hid the Mony, to give his Pot a Visite: He finds the Birds flown it seems, and *Marrying and Hanging*, they say, go by *Destiny*. The last Comer, in fine, succeeds to the Rope of his Predecessor, and very fairly Hangs himself with this Comfort in the Conclusion, That Providence had Sav'd him the Charge of a Halter.

THE MORAL.

Where there's Mony in the Case, 'tis Forty to One but some Body or other goes to the Devil for't.

REFLEXION.

POVERTY and Avarice are near A-kin, and the Rich Insatiable Miser that is still Carking after More and More, is every jot as Miserable as he that has just Northing at all. What's the Difference betwixt Gold in One Part of the Earth, and Gold in Another? Betwixt the Minted Gold that the Sordid Churl Buries in a Pot, and the Ore that Nature has Prepar'd and Tinctur'd in the Mine? They are Both equally lost to the common Use of Mankind; Only the One lies a little deeper then the Other. We may finish this Moral with a Consideration of the Folly of those People that Starve themselves to Enrich Others, and make their Own Lives Wretched for the Advantage perhaps of Thieves or Strangers. The Halter, in fine, serv'd both their Turns; as well His that had no Mony at first, as to others that Lost it.

LII 2

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLXXVIII.

A Mountebank and a Bear.

AS a Quack was Expofing his Bills and his Medicines upon a Stage, in the Quality both of a Doctor and a Jack-Pudding, Thousands and Thousands of People Gaping and Staring at him with as much Reverence and Attention, as if every Word that came out of his Mouth had dropt from the Lips of an Oracle: It happen'd juft in the Nick of this Interim, that an Officer of Paris-Garden was Leading one of his Majesties Bears, that way, with a Ring thorough the Noſe of him. The Rabble immediately upon the Novelty of this Adventure, quitted the Mountebank, and Gather'd in Multitudes about the Bear, Shouting and Huzzaing along with him, as if it had been a Proceſſion to a Pope-burning, or peradventure ſome more Pompous Spectacle. The Bear upon this Noiſe and Buſſle, (though none of the Quickeſt-VVitted Animals,) made a Speech to the Crowd after the beſt manner. Heark ye my Friends, ſays he, I'm Glad to ſee you ſo Merry at my being led like a Sor by the Noſe thus; but pray let's Laugh at one another by Turns, for you are every Jot as Ridiculous to Me, as I am to You; the Mobile are led by the Ears juſt as the Bears are led by the Noſes; and that's all the Difference in the Caſe betwixt us.

The MORAL.

The Mobile are altogether for Noiſe and Novelty, and One New Thing drives out another: Nay, we take Pleaſure in the very Spectacle that Effectually Abuſes us; as a Bear with a Ring in his Noſe, is no more then an Emblem of every Man of us, for we are led as much as He, ſome by the Ear or Eye; others by our Luſts and Affections: But in fine, every Soul of us ſome way or other.

REFLEXION.

No Man ſhould make Sport with, or Condemn any thing in another, without firſt Conſidering whether he be not Guilty of the very ſame thing Himſelf. The Bear is led after One Manner; the Multitude are led after Another Manner; and in ſome ſort or other we are all led; only the Bearward in this Fable leads but One Brute, and the Mountebank leads a Thouſand: And what's the whole Buſneſs at laſt, but Noiſe, Novelty and Example? And One Fool Staring and Hooting for Company after Another; We take more Care to do as Others do, then to do as we ought to do; or in truth to Underſtand the Sum and Subſtance of our Duties. The People
leaving

leaving the Mountebank for the Bear, Imports as great a Readineſs, even to leave Him too for what comes next, and ſhews us that there's no Truſting to the Mobile. It may ſerve alſo to Mind us, that the very Courſe of our Lives is little better then a Series of Miſtakes, and a Tranſition from One Weakneſs to Another. He that finds himſelf Uneaſie in One Unreaſonable Choice, has Recourſe naturally to Another, perchance as Unreaſonable: And let him be never ſo Sick of the Error, there's yet ſome Pleaſure in the Variety; though it be but in the Hope of Mending the Matter.

FAB. CCCCLXXIX.

A Skittish Poſt.

THere goes a Story of a Reſtiſſ, Skittish Jade, that had gotten ſuch a Trick of Riſing, Starting, and Flying out at his own Shadow, that he was not to be Endur'd; for the Diſcipline of the Spur and the Bit was wholly Loſt upon him. When his Rider found that there was no Reclaiming of him by the Ordinary Methods of Horſemanſhip, he took him to taſk upon the Philoſophy and Logick of the Buſneſs. 'Tis only a Shadow, ſays he, that you Boggle at: And what is that Shadow, but ſo much Air that the Light cannot come at? It has neither Teeth nor Claws, you ſee, nor any thing elſe to Hurt ye: 'Twill neither Break your Shins, nor Block up your Paſſage; and what are you afraid of then? Well ſays the Horſe, (who it ſeems had more Wit then his Maſter,) 'tis no new Thing in the World, even for the greateſt Heroes to ſhrink under the Impreſſion of Panick Terrors. What are all the Sprights, Ghoſts and Goblins that your your Selves Tremble at, but Phantomes and Chimera's, that are bred and ſhap'd in your own Brain?

The MORAL.

Nature and Reason have Fortify'd us, if we will but make uſe of our Strength, againſt all Difficulties that can Beſall us in this World. But if we will ſtand Boggling at Imaginary Evils, let us never Blame a Horſe, for ſtaring at a Shadow.

REFLEXION.

'Tis a Common Thing for People to Blame what they Practice, and to be ſpending their Centures upon others, when they ſhould be Examining Themſelves: Whereas in Juſtice, Charity and Prudence, we ſhould make no other Uſe of our Neighbours Faults, than we do of a Looking
Glaſs

Glaß to Mend our Own Manners by, and to set Matters right at Home. When we see a Horse start at a Shadow, what have we more to do then to Contemplate the Folly and Vanity of our own Surprizes and Mistakes in a Thousand Instances of the same Quality! For what are all the Vexatious Transports of our Hopes and Fears, Extravagant Wishes, and Vain Desires, but the Images of Things every jot as Whimsical, as the Vision of the Shadow here in the Fable? And we can never hope for Better, so long as we Govern our Selves by *Fancy*, without *Reason*. To say all in a Word, the whole Busines comes to no more then this; First, We form some *Nonsensical Idea* to our selves, and then fall down to an *Idol* of our *Own Making*.

FAB. CCCCLXXX.

No Laws against Flattery.

Flattery is Undoubtedly one of the most Unmanly, and Pernicious Vices under the Sun, either Publick or Private; and in One Word, the very Pest of all Common-wealths and Families, wherever it is Entertain'd; and yet, to the Scandal of Human Policy, even in the Best of Governments, the World was I know not how many Thousand Years Old, before ever any Provision was thought of for the Preventing or the Suppressing of this *Epidemical Corruption*. *Apollo* was the First, that (out of his Own Wisdom and Goodness) Erected a Court of Justice for the Tryal of *Parasites*; appointing the Sharpest Satyrists of the Age for their Judges; and Arming the Commissioners with full Power and Authority to Hear and Determine all Causes of that Quality: The Offender to stand Convict upon the Testimony of one single Witness; and immediately upon Conviction, to be carried away into the *Market-Place*, and there *Chain'd to a Stake*, and *Flay'd Alive*. It was Observ'd, that notwithstanding the Severity of this Inexorable Law, *Flattery* was still as Bold, Busy, and Barefac'd as Ever, from the very Palace to the Cottage; and yet in a matter of Six Months time, not One Complaint brought into the Court against it. Upon this Neglect, there were *Spies* and *Informers* set at work in all *Coffee-Houses*, and other Publick Places, to Watch the Company, and give Intelligence to the *Tribunal* of what was said or done there, that might be laid hold of. The very next day there was a Courtier taken up, and an Accusation Exhibited against him, for having given a Person of Eminent Quality, the Character of a Man of Honour, Brains, Good

Good Government, and Virtue, when the whole World knew him to be no better then an Ignorant Mercenary Sor, that without any regard to Honesty, Prudence, or Good Manners, Abandon'd himself Entirely to his Lusts and Pleasures. The Prisoner both Confess'd and Justifi'd the Fact at the same time, appealing to the Person most concern'd, whether he had wrong'd him or not; who not only Acquitted the Man, but Reflected most Desperately upon the Scandalous Practice of the Court it self, in making that to be *Flattery*, which upon the whole Matter, was no other then *Truth* and *Justice*. The Commission was hereupon Discharg'd, for they found it utterly Impracticable to punish a Fault that no Body would either Acknowledge or Complain of.

The MORAL.

'Tis nothing but Self-Love at Home, that Provokes and Invites Flattery from Abroad: And the Disposition of One Man to Receive it, Encourages Another to Give it.

REFLEXION.

This Fiction may serve to shew us, that what Influence soever Political Laws and Provisions may have upon the External Regulation of our Practices and Manners; it is a thing yet utterly Impossible for Human Wisdom to form such an Act of State, as shall reach the Wickedness of the Heart: So that in despite of all the Rules and Cautions of Government, the most Dangerous and Mortal of Vices will still come off, without so much as a Publick Censure. As who shall pretend to inflict any Punishment upon Flattery, Hypocrisy, and other Sins of the Heart, when there lies no Proof against them? One may be a very Honest Man in the Eye of the Law, and yet a most Abominable Wretch in the Sight of God, and of his Own Conscience. But still it is worth the while however, to consider how we may discountenance and prevent those Evils which the Law can take no Cognizance of. And to gain this Point, the Effect must be Obviated in the Cause. *Flattery* can never take Place upon any Man, (so as to Corrupt him) that did not Flatter Himself First; for it is a Vain Opinion of our Selves, that lays us Open to be Impos'd upon by Others.

FAB. CCCCLXXXI.

Three Dreaming Travellers.

Three Men were Travelling through a Wilderness; the Journey it seems was longer then they thought for, and their Provisions fell short; but there was enough left for any

any One of 'em yet, though too little for all; and how to Dispose of the Remainder, was the Question. Come (says One of the Three,) Let's e'en lye Down and Sleep, and he that has the Strangest Dream, shall have That that's Left. The Motion was Agreed to, and so they dispos'd themselves to their Rest. About Midnight, Two of them Wak'd, and told one another their Dreams. Lord, says one of 'em, *What a Fancy have I had! I was taken up methought into the Heavens, I know not how, and there set down just before Jupiter's Throne. And I says t'other, was Hurry'd away by a Whirlwind, methought to the very Pit of Hell. The Third all this while Slept Dog-Sleep, and heard every VVord they said. They fell then to Lugging and Pinching their Companion, to tell him the Story. Nay, pray be Quiet, says he, What are ye? Why we are your Fellow Travellers, they Cry'd. Are ye come back again then? says he. They told him they had never stirr'd from the Place where they were. Nay then, says t'other, 'twas but a Dream, for I Fancy'd that One of ye was Carry'd away with a Whirlwind to Jupiter, and t'other to Pluto: And then thought I to my Self, I shall never see these Poor People again; so I e'en fell on, and Eat up all the Victuals.*

The MORAL.

There is a Fooling sort of Wit that has Nothing more in't than the Trick- ing up of some Insipid Conceit to no manner of Purpose, but to Mortify Good Company, and Tire out an Ingenious Conversation. The Jest of these People are only to be Order'd as we do Cucumbers; Wash them, and Beat them, and then throw them out at the Window. That is to say, they are Flat and Insipid, without either Meaning or Morality to help them out.

REFLEXION.

WHERE Men will be Fooling and Bantering, a Trick for a Trick is but Common Reason and Justice; and it comes closer yet too, when the Trick is Encounter'd with Another of the same Kind; for it does not only spoil the Jest, but makes the Aggressor Himself Ridiculous; especially when the Design is Forelay'd and Concerted in Form, as here in the Fable. The Frolick of a Cleanly Banter, may do well enough off-hand, and without Affectation; but a Deliberated Foolery is most Abominably Fullsome.

F A B .

FAB. CCCCLXXXII.

Reason of State.

UPON the coming out of a Book Entitled *Reason of State*, there happen'd a warm Dispute in the Cabinet of a Great Prince, upon that Subject. Some would have it to be, *The Skill of Breeding, Defending and Enlarging a Common-Wealth.* Others were for changing the Title from *Reason of State* to *Reason of Policy.* And a Third Party was for Correcting the former Definition, and rather running it thus, [*Reason of State is a Rule Useful for Common-Wealths, how contrary soever to the Laws both of God and Man.*] There was great Exception taken to the Plain Dealing of this Latter Definition; but upon Consulting Presidents, it was found very Agreeable to the Practical Truth of the matter.

The MORAL.

Honesty may do well enough betwixt Man and Man, but the Measures of Government and Righteousness are quite Different Things. The Question in Reason of State is not Virtue, but Prudence.

REFLEXION.

Reason of State, in the Simplicity of the Notion, is only the Force of *Political Wisdom*, Abstracted from the Ordinary Rules and Methods of *Conscience and Religion.* It Consults only Civil Utility, and never Matters it, provided the Publick may be the better for't, though the Instruments and Managers go to the Devil. 'Tis somewhat with Statesmen and their Disciples, as it was with the Patient and his *Physician* that Advis'd him for his Healths sake to have the Use of a Woman. The Good Man Scrupled the Remedy. Well, says the Doctor, I Prescribe to your Body, not to your Soul, which are Two Distinct Provinces; and when I have done my Duty to the One, Let your *Confessor* look to the Other. It is most certain, that *Reason of State* is a very *Devillish Thing*, under a *Specious Name*, and a Cover for all Wickedness. What are Alliances and Ruptures, but Temporary Expedients? And the Ordinary Reasons of War and Peace are very little Better than Banter and Paradox. This is the very Truth of the Matter, and may be seen at large in the History of all the Governments in the World: But it is One of those Truths yet that is not at all times to be spoken; and 'tis the part of a Wife Man in these Cases, to *Hear, See, and Say Nothing.*

M m m

Fable

FAB. CCCCLXXXIII.

An Eagle and a Leveret.

AN Eagle that was Sharp set, and upon the Wing, looking about her for her Prey, spy'd out a Leveret, made a Stoop like Lightning, and Truſ'd it; and as she had it in the Foot, the Miserable Wretch Enter'd into an Idle Expoſtulation upon the Conſcience, and Juſtice of the Proceeding: With what Honesty, ſays the Hare, Can you Invaſe the Right of another Body? Why, ſays the Eagle, To whom do you belong then? I belong to him, (ſays the Other) whom Heaven has made the Maſter of all Living Creatures under the Sun, and from whom That Propriety cannot be taken without manifeſt Wrong and Uſurpation. Man is My Maſter, and I know no other. Well, ſays the Eagle again in Wrath, And what's the Title now, that he pretends to this Propriety? Why 'tis the Excellency of his Reaſon, ſays the Hare, that Entitles him to this Sovereignty; which is a Claim that from the Creation of the World, to this Day, was never Subjected to the Queſtion. In Truth, ſays the Eagle, You have advanc'd a very Pretty Invention here, in ſetting up Reaſon againſt Force, where the Cauſe is not to be Decided by Argument, but by Power: And to Convince ye now how much I am in the Right, You ſhall find, in deſpite of all other Pretenſions, ſince I have ye under my Government and Law, that you were not Born for Him, but for Me.

THE MORAL.

Laws with Penalties are made for the Government of the Simple, and the Weak, like Cobwebs to Catch Flies; but Power is the Law of Laws, and there's no Diſputing with it, but upon the Swords Point.

REFLEXION.

Tyranny and Oppreſſion never wanted either a Plea, or an Advocate for whatever they did; for the Majority of the Lawyers, the Divines, and All Queſtuary Professions, will be ſure to run over to the Stronger Side, where Will paſſes for Law, and Rapine for Providence. So that it is a Folly next to Madneſs, for a Friendleſs, and an Unarmed Innocence to Expoſtulate with an Invincible Power. The Caſe of the Hare and the Eagle is a Common Caſe in the World, where the Weaker is a Prey to the Stronger; where a Forcible Poſſeſſion gives a Title, and where the Juſtice of the Cauſe is Determin'd by the Succeſs. When the Hare comes once

to

to be in the gripe, 'tis too late to talk of Reaſon and Equity, when contrary to all the Rules of Moral Juſtice; the Conqueror is both Judge and Party.

FAB. CCCCLXXXIV.

A Dog and his Maſter.

THERE was an Excellent Houſe-Dog, that ſpent his whole Night ſtill in Bawling and Snarling at all People Indifferently that paſ'd within Hearing of him. His Maſter took him to Task once for Barking and Yelling ſo at every Body that came near him, without Diſtinction. Why what have you a Noſe for, ſays he, but to ſmell out a Thief from an Honest Man? I will not have ye ſo much as Open your Mouth, I tell ye, at a Venture thus. Sir, ſays the Maſtiff, 'tis out of the Zeal I have for your Service; and yet, when all is done too, I would I had no more to Answer for, then giving False Alarums, and Barking out of Season. You may fancy prehaps, that there are No other Thieves than thoſe that the Law Expoſes to the Pillory, or a Whipping Poſt; or to a Turn perchance at Tyburn the next Sessions. You'll find your ſelf Miſtaken Sir, if you'll take upon ye to Judge of theſe Blades by their Garbs, Looks, and outward Appearance: But if I get them in the Wind once, I'll tell ye which is which, to the very Hearts and Souls of 'em, without the Ceremony of either Bench, Witneſſes or Jury. Nay, ſays the Maſter, if you ſhould happen to Spy a Knight of the Poſt, a Catch-pole, a Jayler, a Pawn-Broker, a High-way-man, a Crop-Ear'd Scrivener, a Griping Uſurer, a Corrupt Judge, or any of theſe Vermin, pray Cry out Thief, and ſpare not: And I beſeech ye Sir, ſays the Dog, what if it ſhould be a Pettifogging Splitter of Cauſes, a Turncoat, Eccleſiaſtical, Military or Civil; a Trading Juſtice, a Mortal Enemy under the Mask of a Friend: A Glozing Hypocrite: Or in One word, let it be in any other Caſe or Encounter whatſoever; You will find it Twenty Thouſand to One upon the whole Matter, that I Bark Right.

THE MORAL.

The History of Cheats and Sharpers truly Written, would be no other then the History of Human Nature.

M m m 2

REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

'Tis an Unhappy thing both for Master and Servant, when the Love, Loyalty and Zeal of the One, shall be Ill Taken at the Hands of the Other; for he that will not Believe and Depend upon the Faith of a *Try'd Friend* and *Servant*, falls under the Judgment commonly of giving too much heed to a *Secret Enemy*: Beside, that it goes to the Heart of a Man of Honour and Address, when he has done his Uttermoſt for his Masters Service, to fall under the Scandalous Character of Officious, and Impertinent, for his Pains. The Master here was in another Mistake too, in supposing that all *House-Breakers* and *Shärpers* had *Thief* written in their Foreheads; whereas the most Dangerous sort of *Cheats*, are but *Maſqueraders*, under the Vizor of *Friends* and *Honest Men*. The Cardinal's Rule to one of his Laquayes that had lost his Coat, comes very well to our present Purpose. The Boy said that his Eminence told him they were all so Holy at Rome, that he thought there had been no *Thieves* there. We say the Cardinal, but hereafter, when ever you come into a strange Place, you may take every Man you see for a *Thief*, provided that you Call no Body so. The Dog went this way to work, and he did Wisely in't; for he that keeps himself upon this Guard, shall never be Couzen'd. The best will help it self, and therefore 'tis good to be wary for fear of the Wort.

FAB. CCCCLXXXV.

Two Doctors and a Sheep.

AS a Sheep was Grazing One Evening in a Pleasant Meadow, it had the hap to Overhear Two Doctors of the Schools, as they were taking a Walk there, Philosophizing upon the Advantages of Mankind above all other Creatures; and particularly, upon the Natural Disposition that Man has to live in *Union* and *Society*. The Sheep gave One of them a Gentle Touch by the Cloak, and told him, that under favour, he could not be of their Opinion. 'Tis true, says he, you have your Cities, Towns Incorporated, and Large Communities; but then you have your Magistrates too; your Laws, Oaths, and a Thousand Shackles upon ye; and all little enough to keep the Peace among ye. You Dispute, Wrangle, Fight, make a perpetual Bussle in the World, Break Friendships, Dissolve the very Tyes of Marriage, and Tear one Another to Pieces with all manner of Extravagant Conteſts. Now this would never be, sure, if there were in ye that same Implanted Inclination to *Unity* and *Agreement*, that you speak of. If you would come to a clear Resolution of this Question, you must first set your Selves at liberty from the Over-ruling Awe of Disgrace,

Disgrace, Shame, and Punishment; and by the Removal of that Force, leave your Selves to the full Scope of your Avarice and Ambition. You will then find by the Event, whether man be Naturally a *Protector* and *Preserver* of *Society*, or a *Destroyer* of it. No, no, my Learned Sirs, 'tis *We* that are the Sociable Creatures, We Troop together, Feed together, Live together, follow the same Leader too, without any Constraint upon us; either of Vows or Penalties; and the very Flies and Pismires upon this Topick, will Rise up in Judgment against Mankind.

THE MORAL.

The Philosophers will have Man in a Degree of Excellency to be a Sociable Creature; but these Philosophers are Men themselves then, and Judges in their Own Case: Now if we may Credit Matter of Fact and Experience, Men are the most Disunited Creatures under the Heavens: 'Tis their Delight, Study, Practice and Profession to be Cutting One Anothers Throats, and Destroying their own Kind: Inſomuch that Birds, Beasts and Insects, to the very Flies and Pismires, will rise up in Judgment against Mankind in this Point.

REFLEXION.

THE Sheep in this Fable was clearly too hard for the Two Doctors; and we find all those Reasonings to be true in the World, which the *Mutton* Alleges in the Fiction. For Man is certainly one of the most Perverſe Pieces of the Creation; and not only Croſs to his Rational Brethren, but betwixt his Will and his Understanding, he lives in a Perpetual Contradiction to Himself. His Practice is directly contrary to his Knowledge, and he shuts his very Eyes against the Light of his Nature. Now other Creatures that are only Guided by a Providential Impulse, have the Grace to follow the Voice of their Director, and to keep themselves within the Compass of their proper Bus'ness and Duty. Whereas Man, that over and above the same common Instinct, is endu'd with the Talent of Counsel and Knowledge, Improves those Advantages only to his Greater Condemnation, by Abandoning the Offices and Functions of his Reasonable Being. The Sum of the Moral, in fine, may be this, that it is not so much the Excellency of our Human Nature, that Distinguishes us from Brutes, as the due Exercise and Application of those Rational Faculties that Heaven has Bestow'd upon us: Which comes to the very case of the Sheep and the Doctors. Man knows what he Ought to do, but (to his Greater Condemnation,) he does not Act according to his Knowledge; whereas *Animals* that are Guided barely by *Instinct*, live in Obedience to the Voice of Heaven in that of Nature.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCLXXXVI.

Few Friends.

ONE that had a Great Honour for *Socrates*, took Notice of a Pitiful Little House that he was a Building: 'Tis a strange Thing (says he to the Philosopher,) that so Great a Man as you are should ever think of Living in so Wretched a Cabin. Well, says *Socrates*, And yet as Little as it is, he were a Happy Man that had but *True Friends* enough to Fill it.

The MORAL.

A Friend in the World, is quite Another Thing then a Friend in the Schools: And there's a Great Difference in the Speculation of a Friend, from what we find in the Practice.

REFLEXION.

Friendship is a Divine Excellency, wrapt up in a Common Name, and nothing less than the uttermost Perfection of Flesh and Blood, for Wisdom and Virtue, can Entitle a Man to the Character of a *True Friend*; though Custom, I know, has so far Prevail'd for a Promiscuous Application of the Word to Common Acquaintances and Relations, that it passes in the World, by a certain kind of Figure, for *Civility* and *Respect*. But *Socrates* all this while did very well Understand what he said, touching the Rarity and Paucity of Friends; and he might have added, that it is as hard a matter to Understand how to Be a Friend, as to know where to Find One.

FAB. CCCCLXXXVII.

An Ass Carrying an Image.

AS an Ass was Carrying an Image in Procession, the People fell every where down upon their Knees before him. This Silly Animal fancy'd that they Worship'd Him all this while; till One Rounded him in the Ear; and told him, *Friend*, says he, *You are the very same Ass with this Burden upon your Back, that you were before you took it up; and 'tis not the Brute they Bowe to, but the Image.*

The

The MORAL.

A Publick Character is never the less to be Reverenc'd, because a Coxcomb perhaps may Carry it; nor that Coxcomb one jot the more, save only for the sake of his Office.

REFLEXION.

THE Simple Vanity of this Ass is a very Pertinent Reproof to those Men that take the Honour and Respect that is done to the Character they Sustain, to be paid to the Person; as if Mr. Constable should Assume to his Visage, the Reverence that's paid to his Commission. There are that Interpret every Nod or Glance of Civility, in their own Favour, though it was neither Due to them, nor ever Intended them.

FAB. CCCCLXXXVIII.

A Dog and a Cat.

THERE was a Dog and a Cat brought up in the same House; from a *Whelp* and a *Kittling*, and never were Two Creatures better together; so Kind, so Gamefome and Diverting, that it was half the Entertainment of the Family to see the Gamboles and Love-Tricks that pass'd betwixt them. Only it was Observ'd, that still at *Meal-times* they would be Snarling and Spitting at One Another under the Table: And what was the whole Sum of the Controversie at last, but a *Dog-and-Cat-Wrangle* about the Picking of a Bone, or the Licking of a Trencher?

The MORAL.

Flesh and Blood does Naturally Consult its own Advantage; and when that comes to be the Question, There's the Bone that in some Degree or other sets all Mortals together by the Ears.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S a Perfect Emblem of the Practices and Friendships of the World; for Men have their Toying Seasons, and their Pleasant Humours, as well as *Dogs* and *Cats*. We Contract Little Likings; enter into Agreeable Conversations, and pass away the time so Merrily and Kindly together, (at least while that Fit of Dalliance and Diversion lasts,) that one would think it impossible for any thing under the Sun to

to Break the *Intrigue*; and yet upon the throwing in any Cross Interest among 'em; (which is all One with the Bone under the Table,) nay, upon a Jealous Thought, or a Mistaken Word or Look, all former Bonds are Cancell'd, the League Broken, and the Farce Concludes in Biting and Scratching one another's Eyes out. The same Figure will serv'e for Princes and States, Publick Persons and Private,, Marry'd and Single; People in fine of all Professions and Pretences.

FAB. CCCCLXXXIX.

Aristotle's Definition of a Tyrant.

There was so great Offence taken at the Definition of a Tyrant in *Aristotle's Politicks*, that all the Governors under the Cope of Heaven, found themselves Touch'd in the Reflexion: Inomuch that they all Met in a General Council, to take the Matter into Consideration. *Those Princes* (says *Aristotle*) are Tyrants, that intend their own Good, more then that of their Subjects. The Princes were so Nettled at the Scandal of this Affront, that every Man took it to Himself; for according to that Doctrin, all the Governors upon the Face of the Earth from *Adam* to this Day, have been no better then Downright Tyrants. The Council was once Thinking to put *Aristotle* to Extremities; but imputing it rather to the Natural Sawciness of a Pedant, (for there's no Grammar for *Politicks*,) then to any Malice Propense, they made him Eat his Words, and Expound Himself; that what he said of Tyrants, was only meant of a sort of Persecutors of Old Time, that have been now long since Extint.

The MORAL.

In all General Characters of Bad Men, whether Princes, Publick Ministers, or Private Persons, Care should be taken not to Involve the Good under the same Scandal and Condemnation. There are some Principles and Methods of Government, wherein the Best and the Worst of Princes may Agree; but then there are certain Perverse Notions of the Thing, and Corrupt Practices, that can hardly be Touch'd upon, without Engaging all Crown'd Heads in the Reproach: And 'tis Dangerous Skewing upon the Errors of the Age a Man lives in.

REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fancy gives us to Understand, that Secrets of State are not properly the Bus'ness of the Schools, and in truth it is a Topick too, that does as little become the Pulpit; for *Politicks* are matter of Practice rather then of Notion: Beside, that the Rules of Government and those of Religion, Abstractedly consider'd, have very little Affinity one with the other: For the Wisdom of this World, or that which we call *Civil Prudence*, does not at all concern it self in the Question of *Virtue* or of *Conscience*. From hence it may be Infer'd, that Ministers of State, Priests, and Philosophers, should do well to keep their Respective Professions, without Invading the Province one of another. Here's a Check put upon the Definition of a Tyrant; not so much for the False Doctrin of the Position, as for the Scandal of Exposing Majesty, by the *Innuendo* of so Irreverend a Truth; for the Character of a Crown'd Head ought to be kept Sacred, let the Person be what he will. Here is likewise another Hint of Caution to us, that in all Liberties of this Nature, we keep clear of the Present Times, and be still looking another way, whatever we mean.

As to the Definition of a Tyrant it self, let it be Candidly taken, and the Drift of it is this; the common Safety of King and People is wrapt up in the Well-being of each other. The Prince intends his Own Good in that of the People; and at the same time, the Good of the People in that of Himself; for they stand or Fall together: But then there's One Tenderness of Care and Duty, and another of Personal Inclination, or (if I may so Call it) Infirmary; and *That's* *Aristotle's Tyrant*, where a Ruler Indulges his Private Appetite, and Sacrifices his People to his Passions or his Pleasures.

FAB. CCCXC.

A Country-man and a Panther.

A Panther had the Fortune to drop into a Pit-fall. The People came Flocking about him; some Pelting and Battering him with Stones and Cudgels; others Pity'd him, and threw him somewhat to Eat. Toward Night, they went All Home again, taking for granted that they should find him Dead next Morning: But in that Interim he came to Himself again, and gave 'em the Slip: And upon getting Loose, he made such Havock both with Man and Beast, that the whole Country, Friend and Foe, were all in Dread of him. The Panther finding the Fright so General, call'd out ro 'em, and told them; So many of ye (says he) as were Kind to me in the Pit, set your Hearts at Rest, for I'll not Hurt a Creature of ye now I am at Liberty.

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I have not forgotten who they were that gave me Bread, and who threw Stones at me; and I'm an Enemy only to those that were Enemies to me.

THE MORAL.

There's no Creature so Wild and Savage, but it may be wrought upon and Reclaim'd by Good Offices and Benefits; to the Shame of that part of Mankind, that returns Evil for Good, and is yet to Learn Humanity from the Beasts of the Forests.

REFLEXION.

HERE'S a Reproof to the Practices of Ungrateful Men, under the Figure of a Grateful Beast: A Grateful, and I might have said a Generous Beast, in being kind to those in their Distress, that had been so to Him in His. How much Worse then Brutes are those Men then, that owe the Best Blood in their Veins to the Bounty of their Friends and Patrons, and yet after Raising them from the very Dunghil to Honours and Fortunes, are the forwardest to Insult upon their Supporters and Masters, when they see 'em in any Calamity; and to add Affliction to Affliction! Now to Pursue the Fable, Here's a Common Enemy, in Appearance, at the Mercy of the People about him; some Beat him, others take Pity of him: He comes afterward to make his Escape, and Distinguishes his Enemies from his Friends, by Destroying the One, and Sparring the Other. Shall we call the One a Judgment now, and the other a Providence; as if the Outrage had been a Fault, and the Pity a Meritorious Act of Good Nature? The Moral will hold good in both Respects; for let the Judgment or the Execution of Death be never so Just, it is yet Barbarous, Inhuman and Unwarrantable to Aggravate the Suffering with Insolence, Contumely, Malice and Reproach: And so for the Tenderness on the other hand, 'tis a softness Inseparable from the Genuine Impulse of a Reasonable Being: For the Compassion is a Laudable Benignity of Disposition, though Exercis'd upon a Beast.

FAB. CCCCXCI.

A Mastiff and an Ass.

There was a Huge Bear-Dog, and an Ass laden with Bread upon a Long Journey together: They were Both very Hungry, and while the Ass was Grazing upon Thistles by the Way-side, the Dog would fain have been Eating too for Company, and Begg'd a Bit of Bread of him. The Ass made him Answer, that if he were Hungry, he might e'en do as he did; for he had no Bread to spare. While this pass'd, up comes

a Wolf toward them. The Ass fell a Trembling, and told the Dog, he hop'd he would stand by him if the Wolf should set upon him. No, says the Dog, they that will Eat Alone, shall e'en Fight Alone too, for me: And so he left his Fellow-Traveller at the Mercy of the Wolf.

THE MORAL.

Common Defence and Preservation, is the Main End of Society, and the Great Benefit we receive by Joining in't: We Love One Another, because we are the better for One Another; and it is the Interest that Supports us in the Duty; when that Reciprocal Kindness fails, as we see here in the Dog and the Ass, the League drops to Pieces.

REFLEXION.

ONE Good Turn we say, requires Another; and it may be added, that one Shrewd Turn Deserves and Provokes Another. The Asses want of Charity in One Minute; cost him his Life in the next; and he was paid in his Own Kind too, in the return of One Scorn for Another. It was an Offence against the very Laws of Nature; and Society, and the Punishment consequently was Providential and Just. He that shews no Compassion, shall find None.

FAB. CCCCXCII.

A Laconique Try'd and Sentenc'd.

IT was the Ill hap of a Learned Laconique, to make use of Three Words, when Two would have done his Business: The Matter was so Foul, and the Fact so clearly Prov'd upon him, that being Cited before the Senate, he was Heard and Condemn'd to Read over Guicciardines War of Pisa from End to End, without either Eating or Drinking till he had gone through it. The Poor Man fell into so Desperate an Agony before he could get over One Single Leaf on't, that he threw himself upon his Face, Imploring the Mercy of the Court; though 'twere but to change his Punishment: They might send him to the Gallies, he said, or if it were to Flay him Alive, or Bury Him betwixt Four Walls, and he should ever acknowledge it as an Act of Clemency; but for a Man of Brains and Thought, to Trouble his Head with such a deal of Tedious

Traff and Pedantry, the Torment he said, of *Perillus's Brazen Bull*, was Nothing to't.

THE MORAL.

Time is Life, and Life is Precious: 'Tis short enough at Best; but the more we Contract our Talk and our Business, the more we have on't. Wherefore it is Great Wisdom to Conch all we have to do, in as Narrow a Compass as possible. The Killing of a Man with many Words, is only Another sort of Murder, out of the Reach of the Law.

REFLEXION.

THIS Emblem bids us Husband our Time, and bring the Business of Life into as Narrow a Compass as we can; for we have a great deal to do. 'Tis in effect, so much Life Lost, as we squander away in more Words than needs, and in the Exchange of Idle and Impertinent Discourses: Beside the Mortification of a Tedious Talker. The Figure is carry'd to the Height, in the Representation, both of the Crime and of the Punishment; over and above the Equity of Tormenting the Tormentor of Others in his own kind, as *Phalaris* Sentenc'd *Perillus* to be Burnt in his Own Bull.

FAB. CCCXCIII.

Matchiavel Condemn'd.

NO Man ever had a Worse Name in the World for a Promoter of Seditious and Atheistical Politicks, than *Nicholas Matchiavel the Florentine*: Inasmuch, that he was Banish'd, not only the Conversation, but the very Libraries of all Learned Men, upon pain of being Burnt for his Pestilent Doctrins, wherever he should be taken; and a Severe Punishment inflict'd over and above upon any Man that should presume to Comfort, Abet, or Receive him. It was his Fortune after this, to be found upon a Search, in the Corner of a Friends Study, and to be made a Prisoner; and then in course to Undergo a Sentence according to the Decree. But all these Formalities notwithstanding, he was yet by the Extraordinary Favour of his Judges, upon his Humble Petition for a Hearing, admitted to his Defence, which was to this following Effect. He made no Difficulty of Confessing the Fact, and of Acknowledging himself the Publisher of Pernicious and Execrable Positions; but withal, says he, no Mortal upon the Face of the Earth;

Earth, has a Greater Abhorrence for those Desperate Maxims than my self. As to the Inventing of those Tenets, he made Protestation, that he had no Hand in't at all, and that the Political Part of his Discourses, was only Copy'd out of the General Practices and Councils of Christian Princes; and that if they pleas'd, he was ready to Instance in the very Presidents. After this, he appeal'd to the Justice of the Bench, whether it were not very hard to make it Mortal; for One Man to write the Naked History of a thing done; and at the same time to allow the very Doing of it to be Praise-worthy in Another. This Plea had brought him off, but for a Fresh Accusation that was Immediately started against him; which was, that he was Taken in the Dark One Night among a Flock of Sheep, putting *Dogs Teeth* into their Mouths, which must inevitably be the Ruin of the Shepherds; for it could never be Expected that the whole Flock would ever submit to the Government of *One*, if it had either Teeth, Wit or Horns. Upon the Proof of this Charge, he was Deliver'd up immediately to Justice, and the Law Executed upon him.

THE MORAL.

The Secrets of Government ought not to be Touch'd with Unwash'd Hands, and Expos'd to the Multitude; for upon Granting the People a Priviledge of Debating the Prerogatives of Sovereign Power, they will Infer Naturally enough a Right, and a Title to the Controlling and the Over-ruling of it.

REFLEXION.

HE that Exposes the Arts of Government to the People, does in Effect Appeal to 'em, and give the Multitude some sort of Right to Judge of, and to Censure the Actions of their Superiors. For what is any thing Publish'd for, but to be Read, and to lye consequently at the Mercy of the Reader how to Understand it? As if the Author should say, Gentlemen, here's a *Scheme of Politicks* submitted to your Grave Consideration, pray'e what's your Opinion on't? Can any Body think, that in a Question of State Exhibited after this manner, the *Mobile* will not determine in their Own Favour, and Clap what *Bias* upon the Proposition they themselves please? So that let the Matter be Handled never so Tenderly, 'tis a main Point lost yet; the very Admittance of the Common People into the Council, and Allowing them to be of the *Quorum*. *Matchiavel* Excuses himself well enough, as to any thing of *Malice* in his Discourses, for (says he) these Maxims are none of My Invention, neither has any Man living a Greater Abhorrence for those Poysonous Doctrins than my Self; but my Writings are only Historical Notes and Abstracts drawn from the Life of an Universal Practice. Now the Hazzard and the Mischief

is this, that in all these Cafes, Men are apt to take Things by the wrong Handle, and raise Arguments for their Own Advantage. And that's the Moral of *Matchiavel's putting Dogs Teeth by Night into the Mouths of the Sheep*: That is to say, 'tis a Sly way of Irritating Subjects to fall foul upon their Rulers, which certainly is a Crime Unpardonable in any State.

FAB. CCCCXCIV.

A Dispute betwixt a Doctor, a Vint'ner, and a Botcher.

There was a Vint'ner and a Botcher Challeng'd a Doctor of Divinity to a Tryal of Skill in his own Trade. He Ask'd them by whom they'd be Try'd? They'd be Try'd by the Text they said. The Thing was Agreed, and the Time Set, and so they brought their *Geneva Bibles* along with them. The Doctor told them by way of Preface, that though St. Paul fought with Beasts at Ephesus, it was not the Fashion for his Followers to Fight with Beasts in England; and therefore if they could not prove themselves to be Men, he'd have nothing to do with them. They stood upon their Pantouffles, that Men they were, and that Men he should find 'em to be; and they were ready to cast the Cause upon that Issue. That's well, says the Doctor to One of 'em, and pray'e what are you for a Man in the First Place? I am a Vint'ner, says t'other. Very Good, quoth the Doctor, and do you ever put New Wine into Old Bottles? Yea, I do so, says the Vint'ner. Then, says the Doctor, You are no Man; for the Text says, that No Man putteth New Wine into Old Bottles. I shall now come to your Companion; Pray'e will you tell me Friend, what are you for a Man? I am says t'other, a Taylor. Alias a Botcher, I suppose quoth the Doctor. Put the Case now that my Doublet were out at the Elbows, and I have no more of the Old Cloth to Patch it up withal, could you Mend it d'ye think? Yea, quoth the Botcher, I could get New Cloth to Mend it. Why then, says the Doctor, You are no Man neither; for you shall find it in Another Text, that No Man putteth new Cloth into an Old Garment, so that you are both Beaten here at your own Weapons; for here are Two Texts to Prove that You Two are No Men; which is but according to your own Rule and Method of Interpreting Scripture.

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THE MORAL.

This Fable strikes at the Ridiculous License of Prophane Intermedlers in Holy Matters; that is to say, a sort of Illiterate Enthusiasts, and Mechanicks, that without either Authority or Skill, will be Correcting Magnificat, and setting up the Phantome of New Lights against the Doctrin of Christ and his Apostles.

REFLEXION.

THE Wisdom of the Law will not suffer any Man to Exercise a Trade that he has not serv'd his Time to; and a Body would think that the Reason of this Provision should hold as well in Divinity, as in Manual Crafts; for Revelations at this time of the Day, are as much out of Date as Miracles. This Comical Whimfie may serve in General for a Reproof to Bold and Ignorant Pretenders in matters that they do not Understand; and so to those also that Confidently Usurp upon other Mens Provinces, without any Right or Call to the Function. What are the Freaks in fine, of these Religionaries, but Fits of the Spleen, and the Fumes of a Dark Melancholy, Cover'd under the Name and Pretence of Divine Gifts and Graces? They'll Cap ye Texts, as School-Boys Cap Verses; and in Defiance of all the Extraordinary Cafes, the Figures, Types, Allegories, and Parables that are so frequent in Holy Writ, every thing must be Understood too, as the Doctor has Turn'd it here upon the Vint'ner and the Botcher, according to the Letter. They'll draw ye a Warrant for the Murdering of Kings, from the Example of Ahab and Benhadad. An Authority for Conzening their Neighbours, from the Israelites Robbing the Egyptians. In One Word, they shall Overturn all the Principles of Human Society, Morality, and Religion it self, and shew ye a Text for't: And upon the whole matter, what is the Conscience of these People more at last, then Fancy and Illusion? they Contend for they know not what, like the Two Fellows that went to Loggerheads about their Religion; the One was a Martinist he said; the other said that all Martinists were Hereticks, and for his part he was a Lutheran: Now the Poor Wretches were both of a Side, and Understood it not. As for the Bus'ness of Learning and Common Sense, they call it the Wisdom of this World, and effectually make it a Heavenly Grace to be an Egregious Coxcomb. There was an Honest Simple Trades-man, wonderfully Earnest with the Parson of the Parish to know what the Forbidden Fruit was; as if there had been no more in't, then whether 'twas a Kestrel or a Kirton Pippin. The Good Man told him, that it was an Apple, and that Adam's Eating of it, brought all his Posterity under a Sentence of Condemnation. T'other said it was so hard a Case, that in reverence to the Divine Mercy, he thought himself bound to question the whole Story. This Liberty of Retailing Divinity by the Letter, is the very Root of Infidelity and of all Heresies, nay of Atheism it self. For when People have been Bearing their Brains about a Difficulty, and find they can make Nothing of't, they are apt to think there's Nothing in't; for the Mystery's Loft to Him that stands Poring only upon the Letter.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCXCV.

There's no *To Morrow*.

A Fellow had got a Wench in a Corner; and very Earnest they were upon the Text of Encrease and Multiply; but the Gipsy stood upon her Points forsooth; *She'd not be Towz'd and Tumbled at that Rate, i'faith not She.* In fine, *No Penny, No Pater-Noster*; and there was no Good to be done unless he would Marry her. The Poor Devil was under a kind of *Duress*; and for brevity sake, promis'd her, with a Bloody Oath, that he would Marry her *to Morrow*. Upon this Assurance, they Sign'd and Seal'd. The next Day they met again, and the Next to that; and so *Every Next Day*, for a matter of a Fortnight after; and the Love went on to the Tune of *To Morrow*, and *To Morrow* still. But the Girl finding her Self Fool'd, and put off thus from *One to Morrow* to *Another*, fell in the Conclusion to Expostulating with him upon the *Mat-ter*. *Did not you Swear, Yesterday, says she, and Yesterday, and I know not how many Yesterdays, that you'd Marry me to Morrow?* Yes my Dear, says the Spark, I did Swear so; and I do now Swear it all over again too, and thou shalt find me as good as my Word. *Ay, but hark ye, says the Lass, is not to Day to Morrow?* No my Heart, says the Gallant again, that's thy Mistake; for there are *No to Morrows*; People are apt to Talk of 'em indeed, but they never come, for *Life it self is but the Time Present.*

THE MORAL.

The Sparks Cafe here in the Fable, of to Morrow and to Morrow, is Every Man's, and Every Days Cafe in the World; and we do the very same Thing with God Almighty, that this Blade does with his Mistress, we Promise, and Put-off, and Perform Nothing.

REFLEXION.

WHOEVER Reads and Considers this Emblem, will find it to be his own Cafe; we promise, and we put-off, and we sin, and we go on Sinning: But still as our Conscience Checks us for't, we take up Faint Purposes, and Half Resolutions to do so no more, and to lead a New Life for the future. Thus with the Young Fellow here, we Indulge our Selves in our Pleasures from Time to time; and when we have Whil'd away our Lives, Day after Day, from *One to Morrow* to *Another*, that same *to Morrow* never

never comes. This is the Sluggard's Plea and Practice; the Libertines; the Miser's; and in short, whose is it not? Now if Men would but Consider the Vanity and the Vexation of a Lewd Course of Life; the Impiety first of Entering into Vows, which they intend Before-hand not to Perform, and afterward of Breaking them; the Folly and the Presumption of Undertaking for any thing that is wholly out of our Power; the Necessity of Improving every Moment of our Lives; the Desperate and the Irreparable Hazzard of Losing Opportunities; People would not venture Body and Soul upon the necessity of a Procrastinated Repentance; and Postpone the most uncertain Duties of a Man, and of a Christian. For there's no *to Morrow*, nor any thing in truth, but the Present Instant that we can call our Own.

FAB. CCCCXCVI.

A Lady in Trouble for the Loss of a Set of Horses.

A Certain Lady, that was fall'n under Great Tribulation for the Loss of a very fine Set of Horses, went Raving up and down like a Mad Woman from Place to Place, and Every Body must be Tir'd with the History of her Misfortune, *Well, says She, they were the best Natur'd Poor Wretcher, they'd look at. Me so Kindly still, when I came to take Coach; to say Nothing of the Value of them, really I cannot think my self safe with other Horses.* And at this rate, she went on, Amplifying upon the Affliction, while her Friends and Relations on the other Hand, were not wanting to Ply her upon the Ordinary *Topiques* of the Transitory State of Mortals. But when they had proceeded as far with her as their Religion and Philosophy could Carry them, and found that she was not to be Comforted; *Why truly Madam, says One of her Confidants, this is a very great Tryal, but since they are gone, and that there's no Recalling of them, I hope your Ladyship does not think 'em too Good for Him that Has 'em.*

THE MORAL.

We are more Sollicitous for our Horses and our Dogs, then we are for our Souls, our Friends, or our Children; and therefore it was well enough turn'd upon the Lady here toward the bringing of her to her self again, to Mind her, that there was neither Heaven nor Hell in the Case of Losing a Set of Horses.

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REFLEXION.

REFLEXION.

THIS Fancy looks at First Blush, as if it Border'd a little upon *Prophaneness*; but if it be Taken by the Right Handle, it will bear the Moral of a most Christian, a Necessary, and a Seasonable Check to those People that deliver up themselves to the Transports of Extravagant Passions for Trifles: As it was the Case of a Lady that kept her Bed for the Loss of a Favourite-Puppy she had. Her Friends came to Console with her upon the Tydings of some Dismal Calamity that had Befall'n her, and ask'd her very tenderly what terrible Misfortune it might be, that she laid so heavily to Heart? Only, says she, the Greatest Affliction (I thank the Lord for't,) that ever besel Me since I was Born: *My Pretty Pearl is Dead.* Alas, Madam (says One of the Condolers,) Why you have lost a very Good Husband. *That's true,* says T'other, *but the Lord may send me such Another Husband; I shall never have such Another Puppy.* These Impetuous Violences, are no News to any Man that has Observ'd and Study'd the Infirmities of here and there One perhaps of that Fair and Frail Sex. But we must not Imagine at last, because the Moralist has made it a Woman's Case in the Story, that we our Selves are not Guilty Every Man of us, in some sort or other, and in a Thousand Instances, of the same Weaknesses and Mistakes, even in the Ordinary Course of Human Life; for what's the Doctrin of all this upon the main, but a Rebuke to those that set their Affections too much upon the things of this World, and consequently too little upon Matters of Greater Moment; with him that upon the Firing of his Houfe, was so Overjoy'd for the Saving of his Plate, Linnen, Paintings, Hangings, and other Rich Moveables, that he never so much as thought of his only Child all this while that was Burnt in the Cradle. Every Man has his *Feeble*, as they call it; One Man's Weak side is Ambition; Another's Avarice, Malice, Envy, Revenge, Pride, Vain-Glory; and some again are so wholly taken up with the Pleasures of Wine, Women, Jolly Company and Good Cheer, as if all the Faculties of their Reasonable Souls had been only given them to Subminister to their Appetites. The very World it self, in One Word, is but a *Moor-Fields Colledge* of People that run Mad for Common Disappointments.

FAB.

FAB. CCCCXCVII.

The Hypocrite.

THEre happen'd a Discourse in very Good Company, upon the Subject of *Religion* and *Hypocrisie*; and how hard a Matter it was, in the Case of an Artificial Disguise, to know the One from the other; though the Scripture Allows us, and in truth Obliges us, to Judge of the *Tree* by its *Fruits*. *Well,* says One to his Next Man, *Do you know such a Person? Oh very well,* says t'other; *he's one of the Holiest Men to Heavenward that ever you met with, but the Arrantest Rascal among his Neighbours in the whole Parish.*

THE MORAL.

'Tis not the Name, the Semblance, or the Ornament of Religion and Holiness that will Atone for the Abuse on't: In making God the Author, the Director and the Abettor of those Flagitious Villanies in Christians, that Pagans Themselves would have an Abhorrence for. But when All comes to All, a Knaave in his Practice, is a Knaave in his Heart too.

REFLEXION.

THE *Hypocrite* is but the Devil in the Shape of an *Angel of Light*; and as it is no easie Matter to Distinguish the One from the Other; so 'tis a thing of a most Desperate Consequence to Mistake them; and the Question will be this at last, How to Reconcile the Offices of *Charity* and *Prudence*. The One bids us believe and hope the *Best*; the Other bids us provide against the *Worst*. Now it is not for Nothing that the Holy Ghost it self has Denounced so many Woes against this sort of Impostors; and Inculcated over and over so many Cautions how we have any thing to do with them; which is no other then a Declaration of an *Abhorrence* of these People, and a plain Intimation of the Danger of being Deluded and Impos'd upon, under the Mask of *Religion* both in One. There's no Cruelty, no Fraud, no Violence, no Oppression, that is not acted under a Colour of Divine Authority, Impulse and Direction. Churches are Robb'd and Prophan'd; Princes Depos'd and Murder'd; Religion and Morality, with all the Principles of Virtue and Common Honesty, are Overturn'd; and the Name of God himself is made Use of, as a Principal and as a Witness to the Impiety, in a Defiance to all the Dictates of Heaven and Right Reason: And all this is but a Preachment upon the Text at last, of *Fear God and Keep his Commandments*. When a Kings Head is to be struck off by his own Rebellious Subjects, 'tis brought on commonly with the Prologue of a Fast, which in the Style of the *Holy Intridge*, is call'd a *Seeking of the Lord*.

Lord. This Work and Judgment of God (though it be Secret,) must be done with Great Gravity, (says James Melvil, by way of Preface to the Murder of Cardinal Beaton.) *Vive l'Evangile*, was the Word to several of the Massacres in France. 'Twas often in the Mouth of a Lady, Zealous in her way, with Deep Protestations, that *She had rather lye with Forty Men, then go to One Mass*: Nay, and I have heard of Tenants too, that Refus'd to pay their Landlord his Rent, unless he could shew a *Text* for't. Here's enough said to set forth the Character of an *Hypocrite*, so as to Answer the Morality that is Couch'd under this Figure; but the great Difficulty will be the Steering of a Middle Course, betwixt Believing too Much, and too Little: That is to say, betwixt taking a *Good Man* for an *Hypocrite*, and an *Hypocrite* for a *Good Man*. We are to have a Reverence for the very Appearances of Piety; but whenever we find the *Holy Man* to God-ward, to be no better than a *Juggling Knave* among his *Neighbours*, that's the very *Hypocrite* that we find Stigmatiz'd among the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* in the *Holy Gospel*.

F A B. CCCCXCVIII.

The Conscientious Thieves.

There was a Knot of Good Fellows that Borrow'd a small Sum of Money of a Gentleman upon the *King's High-way*: When they had taken All they could find; *Dam ye for a Dog*, says One of the Gang, *You have more Money about you Sirrah, some where or other*. Lord, Brother, says One of his Companions, can't ye take the Gentleman's Money Civilly, but you must Swear and call Names! As they were About to Part, Pray by your favour Gentlemen, says the Traveller, I have so many Miles to go, and not One Penny in my Pocket to bear my Charges; you seem to be Men of some Honour, and I hope you'll be so Good as only to let me have so much of my Money back again, as will carry me to my Journeys End. *Ay, Ay, the Lord forbid else*, they cry'd, and so they Open'd One of the Bags, and bad him Please Himself. He took them at their Word, and presently fetch'd out a Handful, as much as ever he could Gripe. *Why how now*, says One of the Blades, *Ye Confounded Son of a Whore, Ha' ye no Conscience?*

The MORAL.

'Tis a Notable Trade that many People drive in the World, of pretending to make a Conscience of One Sin, and taking out their Penn'orths in Another. Some there are that Commute Swearing for Whoring, as if the Forbearance

Forbearance of the One, were a Dispensation for the Committing of T'other. We have heard of Others too, that have been *Strict Observers* of the *Lords Day*, and yet made no Scruple at all of Robbing the *Lords Altars*. But a *Good Christian* and an *Honest Man*, must be All of a Piece; and these *Inequalities of Proceeding*, will never hold Water.

R E F L E X I O N.

'Tis just with Publick Thieves, as 'tis with Private: A Pretended *Necessity* sets them both at Work, and a Pretended *Religion* or *Conscience* brings them off when they have done. This is no more then what we our selves have found within the Memory of Man, to be Literally and Historically True; when that, which in those Days past for the *Law of the Land*, was in Effect no other then the *Law of the Road*; and the One had as Much and as Little to say for it self as the Other. There are *Political Bands of Robbers*, as well as the *Jacks* and the *Toms* that are Cry'd in *Gazettes*; and they fall both of them under the Regulation of the same Mystery and Trade. The Poor Man here that was Robb'd Himself, was Charg'd Effectually with Robbing the Thieves, upon a Suspicion, that he had Reserv'd some small Pittance of his own Money, to his own Use, which they accounted a Defrauding of the Publick. Now we have seen this to be the Sense and Discipline of the *State*, as well as of the *Pad*; and 'tis as Broad as 'tis Long at last, whether a Man be Undone by a *Cabal of Sharps* in *Committee of Safety*, or by a *Troup of Canary Birds* upon *Newmarket Heath*. Nay, and the Parallel runs upon All Four, a little further too; *Can't you take the Gentlemans Money Civilly?* says the Spark: That is to say, Cannot you play the *Rogue Demurely*, as if *Butter would not melt in your Mouth*, and pick an *Honest Gentlemans Pocket* with a *Pater-Noster* betwixt your Teeth? Cannot you Plunder, Sequester, Decimate, Draw, Hang and Quarter in the *Fear of the Lord*, but you must Blaspheme and Call Names? Is it not enough that you are Discharg'd by the very Privilege of your Profession, from the Bondage of Subjection and Obedience to Parents Natural or Civil? Is it not enough that you may Kill, Whore, Steal, Backbite, Covet, and make Bold in short, with all the Commands of the Second Table, but you must be Breaking in upon the Former? Thus goes the World; the *Little Thieves Hang for't*, while the *Great Ones Sit upon the Bench*; and there's a Cloak of Conscience still thrown over both Pretensions, to Cover, and to Consecrate the Cheat.

FAB. CCCCXCIX.

The Crepanning Wolf.

There's a Story of a Man of Quality in *Ireland*, that a little before the Troubles there, had Wall'd in a piece of ground for a Park, and left only One Passage into't by a Gate with a *Porticulis* tot. The Rebellion brake out, and put a stop to his Design. The Place was Horribly Pester'd with *Wolves*; and his People having taking one of 'em in a *Pit-Fall*, Chain'd him up to a Tree in the Enclosure; and then planted themselves in a Lodg over the Gate, to see what would come on't. The Wolf in a very short time fell a Howling, and was Answer'd by All his Brethren thereabouts, that were within Hearing of it; inſomuch that the *Hubbub* was Immediately put about from One Mountain to Another, till a whole Herd of 'em were gotten together upon the Outcry; and ſo Troup'd away into the Park. They were no ſooner in the Pound, but down goes the *Porticulis*, and away Scamper the *Wolves* to the Gate, upon the Noiſe of the Fall on't. When they ſaw that there was no getting out again, where they came in, and that upon Hunting the whole Field over, there was no Poſſibility of making an Escape, they fell by Conſent upon the Wolf that drew them In, and Tore him all to Pieces.

THE MORAL.

Any Man that has but Eyes in his Head, and looks well about him, will find this Exploit of the *Wolves*, to be no more then the common Practice of *Vindictive Fleſh and Blood*, on the One Hand, and the common Fate of *Publick Incendiaries* on the Other.

REFLEXION.

'Tis with *Men*, as 'tis with *Beaſts*, in the Caſe of this *Wolf*. We do naturally Hate the Inſtruments of our Ruin: And it matters not much neither, as to the Event of the thing, whether it be by *Chance* or by *Choice*; for it ſeldom ſucceeds better, where the Advice or the Intigation of One Man, draws on the Deſtruction of Many. There's a Great Difference 'tis true, betwixt the Works of Malice, and thoſe of Miſadventure, but the Miſchief is ſtill the ſame; for he that's Undone, is equally Undone, whether it be by a Spitefulneſs of Forethought, or by the Folly of Overſight, or Evil Council. The *Wolf* at the *Stake*, had no Deſign upon his Brethren in the *Woods*; and the *Wolves* in the *Wood* had as little Deſign upon their Brother at the *Stake*; but One was in Diſtreſs, and call'd out for Help, while the other Associated, and came in to his Relief. But after

after they were once In, they were all Involv'd in the ſame Common Fate: And when the Herd found themſelves Hamper'd, and that they could not gain their Ends, they came to a Reſolution, *One and All*, in a Generous Indignation to take their Revenge. The Freak of the *French Farce* comes as Pat as is poſſible to the Earneſt of this Moral: The Plot of it was a *Grammar-School*; the Maſter ſetting his Boys their Leſſons, and their Exerciſes, and a Loobly Country Fellow putting in for a part among the Scholars. Well, ſays the Maſter, I am juſt going out of Town for Four or Five Days, wherefore Pray'e be ſure ye be Good Boys, till I come back again; and ſo he took Horſe and away. He had no ſooner turn'd his Back, but there were they at it *Helter Skelter*, throwing Books at one anothers Heads, and playing ſuch Reaks, as if Hell were Broke Loofe among 'em. In this very *Interim*, the Maſter Bolts in upon them, and Surprizes them: In ſhort, he inquires into the Riot, and takes the whole School to Task One by One, about the Occaſion of this Uproar. *I'd have been Quiet*, ſays One, *if it had not been for Him*; and *I'd ha' been Quiet*, ſays T'other, *if he'd ha' let me Alone*. So that in fine, all (Pointing at the ſame Perſon,) the Poor Country Fellow was taken up and Laſh'd upon the Stage, and all the reſt forgiven.

FAB. CCCCC.

A Miller and a Rat.

A Miller took a huge Over-grown Rat in his *Meal Tub*; and there was He laying the Law to him about the Lewdneſs of his Life and Converſation, and the Abominable Sin of *Stealing*; but your Thieving ſays he, is now come Home to ye, and I ſhall e'en leave *Honeſt Puſſ* here to reckon with ye for all your Rogueries. Alas Sir, ſays the the Poor Rat, I make no Trade on't; and the Miſerable Pittance that I take, is only from Hand to Mouth, and out of Pure Neceſſity to keep Life and Soul together: As the Rat Pleaded *Hunger* on the One Hand, the Miller threw the Matter of *Conſcience* and *Honeſty* in his Teeth on the Other, and Preach'd to him upon the Topick of a *Political Convenience*, in making ſuch Pilfering Knave Examples for the *Publick Good*. Well, Sir, ſays the Rat once again, but pray will you Conſider for your own ſake, that this is your own Caſe; and that *You and I are both Corn Merchants, and of the ſame Fraternity*; *Nay, and that for One Grain that I take, you take a Thouſand*. This is not Language, cries the Miller, in a Rage, for an *Honeſt Man* to Bear; but the beſt on't is *Sirrah, Tour Tongue's no Slander*: So he turn'd the Cat Loofe upon him to do that which we call in the World an *Execution of Juſtice*.

The

The MORAL.

'Tis a piece of Market Policy, for People of a Trade to bear hard One upon another, when it comes once to the Question betwixt a Couple of Knaves, which is the Honestest Man of the Two.

REFLEXION.

THERE are no Greater *Atheists* under the Sun, then that sort of People that Distinguishes it self from other Men by the Name of the *Godly*, and the *Ungodly Party*: No Arranter *Hypocrites* in Hell, then those that told the Sons of *Levi* they took too much upon them, but that the Congregation was Holy Every Man of 'em, and the Lord was among them. Divine Vengeance cut them off we see, *Flagranti Crimine*, for the Earth Open'd her Mouth and Swallow'd them up, Them and their whole Party, and they went down Alive into the Pit. No People so Unmerciful to Poor Little Whores, and Thieves, as Rich Great Ones. The Gripping *Usurer* Inveighs against *Extortion*; *Church-Robbers* against *Sacrilege*; the most Insupportable of *Tyrants*, Exclaim against the Exercise of *Arbitrary Power*; and none so Fierce against the Sin of *Rebellion*, as the most Execrable of *Traitors Themselves*. Thus we find it in these Instances; and the same *Pharisaical Spirit* runs through the whole Roll of our *Daring Iniquities*. The *Miller* is brought in here Preaching against *Stealing*; and it is upon the whole Matter an Unaccountable Truth, that we do all Naturally pretend the Greatest Aversion to that Lewdness in Another, which we most Indulge in our Selves. This is it that we call *Crying Whore First*; as if the *Impudence of Out-facing* the Wickedness, were some sort of *Atonement* for the Scandal of it.

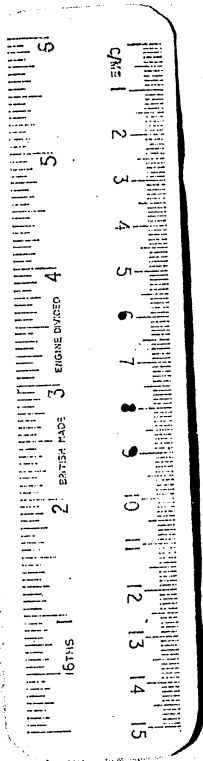
F I N I S.

Fables omitted in the Table.

Axe and Forrest, 46. *Dog and Wolf*, 68. *Lynets and a Fox*, 122. *Fox and a Divining Cock*, 424. *Man in Tears for his Wife*, 443. *Conscientious Thieves*, 498.

Errata's in the Table.

Fab. 13. for *Lyon* read *Raven*. Fab. 58. f. *Cock* r. *Cook*. f. 462. r. 162. Fab. 215. f. *Reed* r. *Willow*. f. 232. r. 282. f. 339. r. 336. f. 344. r. 349. f. 263. r. 363. Fab. 383. f. *Goat* r. *Gour*. Fab. 402. f. *Swan* r. *Swan*. f. 425. r. 426. f. 400. r. 444. Fab. 455. f. *Plato* r. *Pluto*. f. 170. r. 470. f. 89. r. 489. f. 191. r. 491.



FABLES

AND

STORIES

MORALIZED.

Being a

SECOND PART

OF THE

Fables of ÆSOP,

AND

Other Eminent Mythologists, &c.

By Sir Roger L'Estrange, Kt.

LONDON:

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MDCXGIX.

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

TH E Man that puts Pen to Paper on the Wrong side of *Fourscore*, might every jot with as good a Grace, set up for a *Beast*, as for an *Author*. But it is with some *Writers* and *Readers*, as it is with the *Indians*, and their *Idols*; the People *Worship* the *Devil*, they say, for fear he should hurt them. Under This Awe, I am now to tell the *Gentle Reader*, that a Phancy took me in the Head some years since, to write a kind of a *Paraphrase* upon *Aesop*; under the Title of [*Fables of Aesop, and Other Eminent Mythologists, with Morals, and Reflexions*.] which amounted to little more then the Turning of an *Old School-Book*, into a *New* one, by casting out some *Nauzeous*, and *Peasantish Fopperies*, that had been Foisted into it, and putting the Whole into somewhat a more *Estimable Air*, and *Dress*.

This I propounded to digest into a *Compendious Abstract of Instructive Precepts and Councils*, to be still ready at hand, for the Use and Edification of *Children*: which I look'd upon as a Work highly Necessary for a *Common Good*, and not more *Wanted* neither, then *Desir'd*. For as the *Foundations* of a *Virtuous* and a *Happy Life*, are all laid in the very Arms of our *Nurses*, 'tis but *Natural*, and *Reasonable*

To the Reader.

sonable, that our *Cares*, and *Applications* toward the Forming, and Cultivating of our *Manners*, should *Begin* There too. And in Order to Those Ends, I thought I could not do better, then to Advance That Service under the Veyle of *Emblem*, and *Figure*, after the *Practice*, and *Methods* of the *Antients*.

But it will be a Hard Matter however yet, for a *Sober Man* that undertakes this Province, to *Carry his Point*, and at the same time, to Preserve his *Credit*: For *Children* must be Ply'd with *Idle Tales*, and *Twittle-Twattles*; and betwixt *Jeast* and *Earneſt*, *Flatter'd*, and *Cajol'd*, into a *Sense*, and *Love* of their *Duty*. A *Childs Lesson*, must be fitted to a *Childs Talent* and *Humour*; and there are so many *Little Arts*, and *Mimical Fobleries*, that fall in by the way, toward the Discharging of *This Function*, that a *Man of Worth* and *Character*, will hardly come off a *Saver* by the *Office*: For he must *Act One Part* under the *Masque* of *Another*, to acquit himself. But I have spoken at Large to These Heads already elsewhere, and particularly in my *Preface* to the *Former Volume*; to which I refer my self.

Upon the turning of These Things over and over in my Thoughts, the Matter swell'd insensibly under my Hand, and instead of a *Pocket-Manual*, according to my *First Project*, it came in the end to a *Folio*, of *more then double That Bulk*. But *This misreckoning* was no Disappointment to my *Design*: nay, on the Contrary; it answer'd all the *Parts*, and *Pretences*, of the *Undertaking*, as well *Publike*, as *Private*: That is to say; It did the
Part

To the Reader.

Part of a *School-Book*, with a respect to the *Training up of Children*; and the *Office* of a *Political Discourse*; with a *Regard* to the *Government of Life*, Both in One. Now within the *Compass* of *This Division*, may be comprehended *all Practical Duties whatsoever*: whether the *Persons* concern'd be *Noble*, or *Ignoble*; *Men*, *Women*, or *Children*, it Matters not: for *Princes Themselves are made of the same Clay with Other Men*, and *Subjected*, by *Providence* to the *Ordinary Rules* and *Measures* of *Man-kind*.

I am now to tell the *Reader* once again, that, in pursuance of my *First Proposal*, I have here follow'd it with [*a Second Part*] of *Select Fables*, and *Stories*, to the very same Purpose and Intent with the *Other*. Let me be understood, as to the *Manner* of the *Operation* and the *Drift* of *Applying* it: wherein I have also consulted the *Best Authorities* I could meet withal, in the *Boyc* of the *Collection*, without *Streyning* any Thing all This while, beyond the *Stricest Equity* of a *Fair*, and an *Innocent Meaning*; or making a *Spiteful Use* of *Wire-drawn Inferences*, and *Intimations*, to the *Wrong*, or *Scandal* of my *Neighbour*, which would be much the same Thing with *Turning* one of the most *Useful Duties* of a *Sociable Life*, into the *Worst* of *Libells*. But there's a *Great Difference*, betwixt carrying the *Image* to the *Man*, and bringing the *Man* to the *Image*; Or I might as well have said, betwixt *Pointing* at the *Vice*, or at the *Person*.

Now as it has been my *Care* in the *First place* to suit my *Materials* to my *Business*: so have I really made

To the Reader.

made a *Scruple* of keeping close to my Text, without Lashing out into any *Extravagant Excesses*, of what sort soever, either *Personal*, or *Publick*. And as I have not taken upon me to *Amplify*, or *Expatriate* upon the Subject of any *Immoral Liberties* that fell in my Way, to the Prejudice of *Candor*, and *Good Faith*; so neither have I *Encourag'd* any, by Forcing the *Figure* beyond the Plain Sense and Reason of the *Thing*. But still, after the doing of a Common Justice to the Nature and Quality of the *Case*, and *Occasion*, I have a Word or Two yet more to say upon the *First Motive* that led me to *This Undertaking*: provided only, by way of Precaution, that the Reader is not to expect *Order* out of Confusion; or that such a *Rhapsody* as This is, of *Independent Tales*, and *Whimsies*; *Broken Thoughts*, and *Scatter'd Fragments*, should be all of a *Piece*: neither is it *Necessary*, or *Expedient* that they should be so, if in *This Diversity* of *Prospect*, every *Part* does but Agree with it *Self*. Wherefore let it Suffice, *Method*, and *Connexion* apart, that there is nothing wanting yet toward the Perfecting of the *Work*, according to the *Scheme* of the *First Model*: for there is not a *Case* perhaps in Nature, that does not some way or other fall within the Reach of *These Immuendos*, and serve to *Instruct* us abundantly, in all the Offices of *Piety*, and *Good Manners*, by drawing *Good* out of every *Thing*, even out of *Evil* it *Self*.

After the *Settling* of *This Provision*, and carrying That Point as far as it would go; the *Thing* was as yet but *half-done*, methought, without a Further Regulation, in Matter of *Speech*, for the purpose,

Orna-

To the Reader.

Ornament, and the like, as well as in *Manners*: by which Word, [MANNERS,] may be understood, the *Command* of our *Passions*, under the *Direction* of a *Consummated Virtue*. This *Consideration* brought me back again to my *First General Proposition*, toward the *Institution* of *Youth*: and *That Thought* Prompted me as naturally forward, to a *farther Enquiry*, by what Means I might best Advance my *Design*. Upon the *Agitation* of *This Question*, I came, in fine, to *This Result* within my *Self*; that *nothing spoils Young People*, like *Ill Example*; and that the very *Sufferance* of it, within the Reach of *Their Ken*, or *Imitation*, is but a more *Artificial* way of *Teaching* them to do *Amis*: So that there remains little more to be done upon *This Article*, then to keep a *Guard* upon my *Words*, and *Thoughts*, and to Distinguish *Good* from *Evil*; especially, where the *Doctrine*, indifferently speaking, may be either *Nourishment*, or *Poyson*. Now *This Medly*, (such as it is) of *Salutary Hints*, and *Councils*, being Dedicated to the *Use*, and *Benefit* of *Children*, the *Innocence* of it must be preserv'd *Sacred* too, without the least Mixture of any *Thing* that's *Prophane*, *Loose*, or *Scurrilous*, or but so much as *Bordering* That way. This is the *Caution* I have prescrib'd to my *Self*, as the *Rule* I am to *Walk* by: and I am in hope that the *Course* I have taken in the *Conduct* of *This Affair*, will stand the *Test*: or however, that the *Good* will may serve at worst, to *Atone* for the *Failings*; to lay nothing of a *Final Appeal* to the *Register* of the *Parish* where I was *Born*, which will bring me off at last.

Having

To the Reader.

Having now, spoken more, then enough, to the *Morality*, and *Usefulness* of *This Tract*, (if I have not spoild it in the *Making*;) I am once more to *tell the Reader*, before we part, that I have now *Consulted the Virtue*, and the *Conscience* of the *Office* I have here taken upon me, as I ought to do, *Oyer* and *above* that I have render'd the *Figures* as *Clear*, and *Instructive*, as I could; in *Easy Words*, and *Plain Honest English*. And, to wrap up all in a *Little*; I have so order'd it, that *Children*, I hope, will be the *Better* for't, and *Men* never the *Worse*: which will be but *Fair Quarter betwixt Man and Man*, to all *Intents and Purposes*.

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A General Alphabetical Table.

A.

1	A	Rchidamus Find for Marrying a Little Woman.	Page 1
3	A	Alexander to his Father.	2
14	An	Ape, and a Goat.	11
18	Augustus	Cæſar and Virgil.	15
21	Alexander	and Phryne.	19
22	Alexander	and Ariftobulus.	20
23	Alexander	to a Pirate.	20
30	Alexander	and Aneximenes.	26
32	Amafis	Conſults the Oracles.	28
38	The	Aſſes made Juſtices.	33
42	Two	Antiquaries.	38
57	St. Arrigo	and Martellino.	48
117	Amb	Ace.	110
138	An	Ape and Cupid.	128
139	The	Alchymiſt.	129
156	Agathocles	the Son of a Potter.	143
157	Amafis	an Egyptian Prince.	143
161	An	Ant and a Lyon.	147
162	An	Ant and a Mouſe.	147
164	The	Old Man's Almanack.	149
174	An	Aſs and a Little Boat.	134
179	An	Athenian and a Spartan.	167
198	Aſſes	to Jupiter.	184
215	P. Emilius	and a King of Perſia.	200
216	Alexander	and Xenocrates.	201
241	A	Wonderful Antipathy.	222

B.

142	A	Biſhop, and a General.	37
149	A	Boy, leading a Calf.	42
158	A	Butcher, and his Dog.	52
173	A	Burgher and a Pear-Tree.	171
174	A	Blind-Man would not be Cur'd.	172
176	A	Battle betwixt the Birds and Beaſts.	173

A General Alphabetical Table.

159	<i>The Treacherous Box-Tree.</i>	145
165	<i>One had a Mind to see Bedlam.</i>	152
191	<i>Books sold by the Foot.</i>	178
204	<i>Of Births and Burgals.</i>	191
252	<i>Two Brothers sent for a Doctor and a Midwife.</i>	231

13	A <i>Generous Instance of Continence in a Young Man.</i>	Page 8
24	<i>The Cock and the Cöbler.</i>	21
25	<i>A Note upon the Atherian Counsels.</i>	22
29	<i>The Churches are Full.</i>	26
34	<i>A Cavalier and a Court-Lady.</i>	30
37	<i>Coblers and Colomels.</i>	32
39	<i>An Old Sinner and a New Convert.</i>	33
43	<i>A Motion for a Commonwealth.</i>	37
50	<i>The Case is alter'd.</i>	42
54	<i>The Contented Cuckold.</i>	46
59	<i>A Plea for Cowardice.</i>	53
66	<i>The Love of Constance and Martuccio.</i>	58
81	<i>A Censorious Scribler.</i>	81
100	<i>The Chineses Immortality.</i>	99
101	<i>A Country-man to Jupiter.</i>	100
102	<i>A Courtier and a Flock of Sheep.</i>	101
108	<i>A Courtier to Simonides.</i>	108
109	<i>Cambyles and Praxalpes.</i>	108
110	<i>Columbus's Discovery.</i>	109
112	<i>A Countryman and Bees.</i>	111
117	<i>Two Chimæras.</i>	114
118	<i>A Cuckow and a Nightingale.</i>	115
119	<i>A Cock boasting of his Services.</i>	116
131	<i>A Wonderful Cure.</i>	123
132	<i>A Discourse upon Charity.</i>	124
148	<i>A Cuckold by the Courtesy of England.</i>	137
158	<i>Extreme Justice in Charonda.</i>	144
180	<i>A New Convert.</i>	168
188	<i>Crates's Will.</i>	175
208	<i>A Christian and a Jew.</i>	189
207	<i>A Cat and a Rat.</i>	194
238	<i>A Cöbler and a Parrot.</i>	220

A General Alphabetical Table

230	<i>A Crow and an Augur.</i>	235
257	<i>A Cavalier and an Ape.</i>	239

D.

16	T <i>Two Dogs and a Wolfe.</i>	13
44	<i>Demades a Coffin-maker.</i>	38
66	<i>A Dog that was afraid of Rain.</i>	53
69	<i>Dionysius and Philoxenus.</i>	57
99	<i>Two Old Dogs and Two Young.</i>	78
107	<i>Dionysius before a Temple.</i>	107
109	<i>A Dog Trepan'd.</i>	116
135	<i>A Dog and a Bishop.</i>	127
160	<i>Drünes and Bees.</i>	146
176	<i>Daphitas and the Oracle.</i>	164
182	<i>Democritus and Heraclitus.</i>	170
185	<i>A Dog and a Crocodile.</i>	175
190	<i>Contempt of Death.</i>	182
197	<i>The Church Complains of the Church Doors.</i>	183
229	<i>An Extravagant Dream.</i>	213
240	<i>A Doctor and a Quarant' Army.</i>	223

E.

151	A <i>N Eagle and a Baulcones.</i>	139
167	<i>An Embassy from the Wolves to the Sheep.</i>	153
206	<i>An Eagle and other Birds.</i>	193
208	<i>An Eagle and her Young.</i>	205
218	<i>An Eagle and young Ravens.</i>	227
254	<i>An Elephant and a Rhinoceros.</i>	233

F.

11	A <i>Hue-and-Cry after Fidelity.</i>	13
39	<i>Exces and Rabbits.</i>	16
35	<i>A Woman Hangs herself upon a Fig-Tree.</i>	31
139	<i>The Fig-Tree and the Olive.</i>	176
194	<i>A Fox and a Lion.</i>	181
204	<i>Fire and an Earthquake.</i>	199
210	<i>A Fig-Tree and a Thunder.</i>	203
228	<i>A Fox and a Mole.</i>	212

A General Alphabetical Table.

234	A Silly Fop.	237
240	The Fool makes the Musick.	238
249	A Fop makes a Tedious Visit to a Philosopher.	229
258	A Blessing that Frogs have no Teeth.	236

G.

61	A Gentleman and his Lawyer.	84
194	A Contest betwixt Gold and Iron.	193
195	A Deaf and Dumb Gardiner.	105
174	One quitted the World upon reading the Fifth of Genesis.	163
178	A Gardiner and his Dog.	166
244	An Honest Good-fellow.	285

H.

53	The Husband Confessor.	58
155	A Huntsman and a Stag.	110
177	A Huntsman and an Old Bitch.	185

I.

73	The force of Jealousy and Revenge.	69
75	The Punishment of Ingratitude.	74
106	Exemplary Justice in Cambyses.	106

27	A King and a Shepherd.	81
76	A Kite, a Rullet, and a Hawk.	77

L.

2	Lycurgus's Two Whelps.	1
8	Hero's Lamp.	6
23	A Lady and a Looking-Glass.	19
26	A Lyon and an Old Dog.	17
47	A Lyon in a Sheepskin.	38
57	Sumptuary Laws.	51
67	An Old Lyon and a Young.	63
71	The Lyon Crown'd.	66
78	An Order against Labels.	75

A General Alphabetical Table.

77	A Lyones and a Bear.	76
80	Love and Madnes.	79
91	A Lame Man and a Blind.	90
92	The Lyons Proclamation against Horned Beasts.	91
130	Love and Death.	123
173	A Lyon, an Ass, and a Wolfe.	162
185	A Lyon and an Ape.	173
219	A Lyon and a Bear.	204
222	Life is but a Mate at Chess.	207
243	Love stung with a Bee.	244
247	A Lamb and his Companions.	228
251	A Young Lobster and her Mother.	231
255	A Lyones and a Whelp.	234

M.

25	Socrates of Marrying.	3
6	A Fortuneteller about Marrying.	4
7	A New-marry'd Couple upon the Shift.	5
12	Conjugal Modesty.	10
46	Bocealini's Marquis.	39
51	Meum and Tuum spoils all.	43
68	Mahomet and his Mistress.	62
90	The Mad Men too many for the Saker.	90
122	No Misery like an Unsettled Mind.	118
123	No Meddlers in other Peoples Matters.	118
124	An Invitation for to Morrow.	119
125	A Hopeful Match.	119
126	No Match like a Deaf Man and a Blind Woman.	129
129	Mnemon's Grace.	121
150	The Modesty of the Persians.	139
163	A Man and his Wife parted.	148
172	A Mole and Spectacles.	162
195	The Moderation of Epaminondas.	182
203	A Miller and his Master.	191
205	A Milk-maid and a Milking Pail.	192
211	A Murder strangely discovered.	198
213	A Trimming Mechanique.	199
221	The Mountebanks Treat.	114
248	Members complaining.	229
250	A Maid and a Needle.	235

A General Alphabetical Table.

N.		
230	A Nonconforming Minister.	213
O.		
52	A N Oxe and a Crocodile.	44
62	The Omen of the Rats.	55
P.		
4	A Prince and a Philosopher.	3
31	Pyrrhus and Cineas.	27
36	Plaintiff, and Defendant draw Cutts.	31
40	Perillus's Brazen Bull.	34
64	A Musket-shot upon a Practice of Piety.	56
82	Papyrius and his Mother.	82
89	Partridges and a Setting-Dog.	89
93	A Publick Life and a Private.	92
94	A Pike and Little Fishes.	93
99	Pythes an Avaritious Prince.	97
121	A Penitent hard put to it.	117
128	A Sovereign Antidote to prevent the Pox.	121
134	Tame Pigeons and wild-Birds.	126
137	A Persian Law.	128
140	More Physicians then of any other Profession.	130
154	A Peynter and a Hare.	142
155	A Pyramid would change Top for Bottom.	142
168	A Peacock and a Swan.	134
175	A Penitent that gave his Confesson in Writing.	164
181	A Man phansy'd himself Dead.	169
208	The Phoenix chosen King.	185
209	Paradice, or Heaven-Gates open.	196
217	A Plague among the Beasts.	201
221	Promises are either broken or kept.	207
223	A Panther and a Lyon.	208
232	A Prince and his Valet de Chambre.	215
235	A Plot to make a Cow Calve.	237
R.		
88	A Talking young Fellow would needs learn Rhetorique.	88
103	Two Ramms Fighting.	102
136	Religion is for Gentlefolks.	127
		170 A

A General Alphabetical Table.

170	A Religious Intrigue.	156
171	The Love of Ricciardo and Catharina.	159
203	A Rat retires into a Holland Cheese.	180
201	Three Rings in Allusion to three Religions.	188
212	The Great Rogues hang up the Little ones.	198
235	A Tub of Rats.	217
233	Rome taken by a strange Accident.	232
260	A short Rule of Life.	237
S.		
9	Socrates and Calisto.	7
17	A Man Quarrelling with his Shadow.	14
41	A Shepherd, a Wolfe, and a Fox.	35
48	Shifing and Shuffing makes matters worse.	41
56	An Ignorant Statuary.	50
63	Slaves to be Lett.	55
83	A Soldier punish'd for Railing at Alexander.	83
84	Sounder Sleep in a Cottage then in a Palace.	84
85	Sea and Banks.	85
86	Morning and Evening Stars.	85
87	Four Sisters.	86
95	Semiramis's Monument.	94
102	A Spanish Gravity.	132
103	A Spaniard without a Shier.	133
105	Semiramis and Ninus.	135
132	A Swallow and a Duck.	140
133	A Spark would be a Starr.	141
166	The Sheep League against the Wolves.	153
169	Simonides preserv'd by Providence.	155
199	Sylla and his Generous Host.	185
190	A Seaman well provided for.	177
192	A Scorpion and a Spider.	179
225	A Sheep, a Goat, and a Pig.	210
227	A Notable Scruple.	211
233	A Sheep and a Shearer.	216
236	Socrates and Alcibiades.	217
237	A Sumpster-Horse and a Spanish Jennet.	218
239	Storkes and a Kite.	221
245	A Scolding Wife.	226

A General Alphabetical Table.

626	N othing to be done without a Text.	122
69	Apollo's Reverence for Truth.	64
70	Truth and Falshood.	65
74	Tofano and Cheta.	72
96	Boccalini's Way of thriving in the World.	95
129	Trade and Empire Inconsistent.	122
141	A Thief and a Hangman.	132
146	A Turtle and a Ring-Dove.	136
186	A Traveller alights to kill Grasshoppers.	174
224	Thyrsis and Amaranthe.	209
U		
28	A Great Saying of Vespasian's.	25
W		
733	W olves Banished England.	729
772	Three Wishes.	768
97	No Fence against the Wit and Will of a Woman.	95
98	A Poor Man's last Will and Testament.	96
147	The Inconsolable Widdower.	137
149	A Warm Wife for a Cold One.	138
183	Wine is an universal Medicin.	171
184	Water a greater God then Fire.	172
198	A Wolf and Hail-shot.	195
226	An Old-Woman and a Flagon.	221
X		
110	X enocrates and Phryne.	107
110	Xerxes's way of humbling the Babylonians.	107
Z		
113	A Memorable Exployt of Zopyrus.	115

Fables

FABLES AND STORIES

Fables and Stories

MORALIZED

The King of Persia, being in the choice of a Wife, was inclin'd to the very Young, and Grand, for the sake of the Beauty and Virtue; inasmuch that they put their King Archidamus into a Considerable Frenzy upon marrying a Little Woman, for fear of spoiling the Bride.

The Moral.

This gives usse to understand that we should be too much Care taken for the Establishment of Princes in the Love and Reverence of their People, than in their all Nature, and Circumstances, and the very of the Wife, who are generally to be seen in the Nation and Empire, as the King of Persia, who was so much inclin'd to the Little, that he was so much inclin'd to the Young, and Grand, that he was so much inclin'd to the Beauty and Virtue, that he was so much inclin'd to the Little, that he was so much inclin'd to the Young, and Grand, that he was so much inclin'd to the Beauty and Virtue.

B

The King of Persia, being in the choice of a Wife, was inclin'd to the very Young, and Grand, for the sake of the Beauty and Virtue; inasmuch that they put their King Archidamus into a Considerable Frenzy upon marrying a Little Woman, for fear of spoiling the Bride.

B

in the Sight of the Court; the One scowring away after the Hare, and the Other to the Platter: Now This Conceit was a Mystery to the *Lacedaemonians*, till *Lycurgus* expounded it.

The MORAL.

There is little more in This Moral, than to shew the Force of Education. Children have naturally the Faculty of Reason, but it is Experience that brings us by Degrees, to the Proof, and Practice of it; and then it must be Precept that Perfects it. A Prudent, and a Virtuous Institution, lays the Groundwork of our Well-being, Here, and Hereafter; as a Licentious, and a Perverse Way of Nurture, does the contrary. Children Talk, and Live, according to the Copy they see before them; and therefore we are to charge their Memories with nothing but what is Good in its kind, and Useful. This very Example, of an Agreeable, or an Uncouth Manner, or Fashion, of Speaking; or Doing, is more than a Lesson in a School; for Pedantique Doctors, and Twatling Nurses, do but create in a Child the Love of Vanity, and Folly. Instruction is like Seed to our Grounds; such as we Sow, such we may expect to Reap; Only let a Child be taught Early, what he is to Learn, what to Shun, and what to Practice. And This, in short, is the Province of Humane Life.

III.

Alexander to his Father.

Alexander the Great, brought into the World with him a singular Felicity of Constitution, both of Body, and Mind. His Genius led him to Feats of Arms, and to the Love of all Military, and Manly Exercises: inasmuch, that while he was yet a Boy, his Father would be at him several times to try a Course in the Olympiques, [With all my Heart Sir, says Alexander, if I may but have a King to run with me.] The Answer was Short, and Generous; and a Great deal said in a Little.

The MORAL.

It is a most Providential Mercy, and Blessing, when a Splendid Fortune falls under the Direction and Government of a Great Mind; that is to say, when Nature does the Office of Institution, and Discipline, and Prompts us to the doing of what we Ought to do. It was no want of Reverence in Alexander, to his Father, to intimate a Conditional Obedience, in a Point where his Honour, and Dignity, were both

at

at Stake; and where it was the Common Case of all Crowned Heads, over and above; for there is no surer Mark of a Mean Soul, than the Love, and Liking of Mean People: so that the keeping of This Guard, upon himself, was both Instructive, and Necessary. It is certainly True, according to the Old Saying, that Like will to Like, and that a Man is best known by his Company: that is to say, where Choice and Inclination go along with it.

IV.

A Prince and a Philosopher.

An Imperial Prince committed the Care of his only Son and Heir, to the Tuition of a Great Philosopher; where he was train'd up in a School-Course of Studies, and became an Excellent Disputant, though but a Sorry Governour. The Father laid the Blame upon the Tutor; but the Tutor turn'd it again upon the Father, for sending a Prince to learn Politicks of a School-man.

The MORAL.

CHILDREN are to be instructed in the Proper Business they are design'd for, as well as in their Duty; and the same Thing may happen to be well, to one Purpose, that's either Ill, or Idle, to Another. The Profession of Arms requires quite another Spirit, than That of Letters: beside that the Bias of Inclination, is to be consider'd over and above. There must a Particular Regard be had also, to the Station, and the Offices we are born to: as One Man was cut out for a Lawyer, Another for a Divine; but the Application of a Youth, in short, to the Province he was made for, is all in all. What has a Sovereign Prince to do in the Jurisdiction of a Church, or a Pedant's Government is a Post of Policy, not Syntax; so that according to Boccacini, Great Commanders, Wise Books, and Counsellors, are the only Competent Instructors, to qualify a Prince for the Exercise of an Imperial Character and Power.

V.

Socrates, of Marrying.

THE Question was put to Socrates by a Friend of his, Whether he should Marry, or not? The Philosopher, having a Shrew to his Wife, excus'd himself, as no Competent Judge in the Case. Well well! says to her, but tell

B 2

tell me however, as a *Wise Man*, and as a *Friend*, abstracted from the Prepossessions of an *Unfortunate Husband*, what would you advise me to do now? Why then, says *Socrates*, to deal freely with you, if you *Marry*, you'll *Repent*. Perhaps I may, says *other*, but what if I do not *Marry*? Why then, says *Socrates*, you'll *Repent That way too*.

The MORAL.

THIS was a Question well becoming one *Wife Man* and *Friend* to another, and it was likewise as *Pertinent* a Resolution; and not in the Point of *Marriage* alone, but indifferently in the *Common Occurrences* of Life. The *Moral* will be This, in short: We spend our *Days* in *Doing* and *Undoing*, betwixt *Vain Hopes*, and *Unprofitable Repentances*: which, upon the whole *Matter*, amounts to no more than a *Restless Quest* after, somewhat that is not to be had, in *This World*: And it strikes also at the *Uneasy State* of a Sort of People, that are *neither well as we say, Full, nor Fastig*. And the *True Reason* of it is This: they are perpetually in *Pain* for want of somewhat or other still, and they do not know at last yet, what it is they would be at.

VI.

A Fortune-Tellers Advice about Marrying.

A Fellow that had a *Wambling* towards *Matrimony*, consulted a *Man of Art* in *Moor-Fields*, whether he should *Marry* or not? The *Cunning-Man* put on his *Considering Cap*, and gave him This *Short Answer*. Pray have a *Care* how you *Marry*. *hand over head*, says he, as *People* too frequently do; for you are a *Loft Man* if you go *That way* to work. But if you can have the *Heart*, to forbear your *Spoufes Company*, for *Three Dayes* and *Nights well Told*, after you *Two* are *Man and Wife*; I will be bound to *Burn my Books* if you do not find the *Comfort* of it. The *Man* took the *Virgin* to his *Wedded Wife*, and kept his *Distance* accordingly: While the *Woman*, in the mean time, took *Pet*, and parted *Beds* upon't; and so the *Wizard* sav'd his *Credit*.

The

The MORAL.

THE bringing of *People* together, in the way of *Matrimony*, is so *Nice* a *Province*, that here's a *Philosopher*, and a *Conjurer*, Both at their *Wits end*, how to govern themselves upon the *Question*: and it is, effectually, so *Invidious* an *Office*, that over and above the *Odds* of a *Misfortune*, the *Mediator*, makes himself in some measure answerable for the *Ill Consequences* of the *Match*. As there was a *Famous Dealer* in *This Way*, that durst not so much as shew his *Head* in *London*, for fear of the *People* he had drawn into the *Noose*. These *Things* consider'd, it was pretty glad of an *Innocent Girl*, that was put to it by her *Sweet-heart*, to *Dispatch*, and *Marry*: *Alas!* says she, *we love one another well enough now, why should we Marry?* intimating that the *Worst time* is the *Blissful Season* for *Lovers*, and that *too much* of one *Thing* is good for *nothing*.

VII.

A New-marry'd Couple upon the Staff.

A *New-marry'd Couple* had, a *Toy* took them in their *Heads*, so soon as ever the *Office* was over, to *Shrift* one another before they came together, that they might know what they had to trust to: and so by *Consent* they put themselves to the *Scrutiny*, by *Turns*, and upon casting-up the *Account*, the *Woman*, it seems, had been *Five Times* to blame, and the *Man*, *Fifteen*. *Well my Dear!* says the *Husband*, *This is all gone and past, and we are now to begin the World again upon a New-score*. Nay my *Heart*, says the *Bride*, *That would be a little too hard. Pretbee let us be Even first*.

The MORAL.

THIS sort of *Curiosity* has somewhat in it of *Sir Francis Bacon's* *Conceit*, of a *Man* at the *Necessary House*, in the *Dark*: he feels (says he) for what he would be loath to find. And, for *That Reason*, *People* should have a *Care* of *Pressing* too narrowly upon *Conjugal Confessions*; for fear of *discovering* more than a *Body* would be willing to know.

VIII.

VIII.

Hero's Lamp.

EVERY Body has heard of *Hero* and *Leander*, and of That *Unfortunate Amour*. The *Woman* liv'd at *Sestos*, and the *Man* at *Abidos*, with the *Hellepont* (a small Arm of the Sea) betwixt them. The *History* says, that they were passionately in *Love*, and no coming together, but by *Leander's* swimming over to her in the *Night*, by the Benefit of a *Lamp* that his *Mistress* set-up for his *Guide*. This way of *Intercourse* serv'd them well enough for a while, but in the *Conclusion*, the *Wind* blew out the *Light*, and the *Poor Youth* was drown'd in the *Storm*. When *Hero* came next *Morning* to see the *Body* Hulling over to the *Other Shore*, she was too *Generous* to *Outlive* her *Gallant*, and so cast her self down from the *Turret* into the *Sea* to bear him *Company*.

The *Lamp*, upon This *Miscarriage*, was dedicated to *Anteros*, the *Patron* of *Injur'd Lovers*; and recommended to *Posterity* with This *Inscription* upon it:

[Let That *Happy Couple*, which upon *Seven Years Trial* of a *Marry'd State*, shall declare upon their *Consciences*, that they never repented their *Bargain*; Light-up This *Lamp* again.] This is a *Declaration* now of *Two Thousand Years* standing, and yet from That time to This, no *Mortal* ever so much as offer'd at the *Rekindling* of This *Lamp*.

The MORAL.

THIS Fable has somewhat in it of the *Drift* and *Humour* of the *Former*, in an *Allusion* to the *Intemperance* of an *Ungovern'd Appetite*; and the *Calamitys* that attend it: But the *main strefs* at last lyes upon This; that all *Marriages* whatsoever, are follow'd, at some time or other, with *Repentances*, more or less.

IX.

IX.

Socrates and Calisto.

THEre happen'd a *Dispute* betwixt *Socrates* and *Calisto*; the *One*, a *Famous Philosopher*, and the *Other*, as *Famous a Prostitute*. The *Question* was only This; which of the *Two Professions* had the *greater Influence* upon *Mankind*. *Calisto* appeals to *Matter of Fact*, and *Experiment*: for *Socrates*, says she, *I have Profelyted Ten times as many of Your People, as ever you did of Mine*. Right, says *Socrates*; for *Your Profelytes*, as you call them, follow their *Inclinations*, whereas *Mine* are forc'd to work against the *Grain*. Well well! says *Lais* (Another of the same *Trade*,) the *Doctors may talk their Pleasure*, of the *force of Virtue and Wisdom*; but *I never found any Difference yet, in all my Practice, betwixt the Flesh and Blood of a Fornicator, and That of a Philosopher; and the One Knocks at my Door every jot as often as the Other*.

The MORAL.

IF the *Greater Part* of *Mankind* were the *Better Part*, and the *Preference* to be determin'd by *more Voyces*, the *Wenches* would undoubtedly carry it from the *Sages*: but *Number* is not the *Measure*, either of *Honesty*, or of *Truth*; and it is a hard *Matter* to reconcile the *Motions of Virtue*, to Those of *Carthel Appetites*. 'Tis one *Thing*, what we *Are*, and another *Thing*, what we *Ought* to be: and there is a *Great Difference* again, betwixt the *Understanding* of our *Duty*, and the *Doing* of it. In one *Word*; the *Moral* terminates in This; that more *People* are Govern'd by *sensual Affections*, than by *Reason*: or in *fine*, that there are more *Men of Pleasure* in the *World*, than *Men of Morality*, and *Resignation*.

X.

Xenocrates and Phryne.

PEOPLE were talking of *Xenocrates*, one of *Plato's Disciples*, what a *Command* he had over his *Passions*; and of his *Invincible Virtue*. Well well! says *Phryne* (the *Celebrated Beauty* and *Mistress* of Those *Times*) you may talk of your *Gravity*, and your *Virtue*, till your *Hearts* ake: but for my

OWN

own Part, I never met with the Man since I was born yet, that was proof against the Charms of a Handsome Woman: and if I had but *Xenocrates*, to my self a little, I'd forfeit all I have in This World, if I did not make him as good Company as the rest of his Neighbours. The Dispute came in the end to a Trial of Skill, and a *Wager*: But when *Phryne* saw she could do no good but, she haught it off as well as she could, that the *Money* was laid upon a *Man*, and not upon a *Statue*.

The MORAL

THIS Instance of *Xenocrates*, may not serve as a General Rule. And then it may serve also at the same time, for a Precaution against the Snare of the Temptation, and likewise for an Encouragement to the Practice, and Imitation, of so Exemplary a Virtue. The Merit, as 'tis true, would have been more Glorious, if the Instance of the *Wager* had not made it look a little Mercenary: whereas the Confidence of well-doing is its own Reward.

XI: PART

A Generous Instance of Continence in a young Man.

There was one *Luckinus Virgilian*, that fell desperately in Love with a Lady of *Genoa*; a Woman well Born, and of a most Exquisite Beauty: but yet more illustrious still, for her Modesty, and *Virtue*. It is to tell out, that the Husband of This Lady was taken at Sea by *Pirates*; with his whole Fortune a-board, and carry'd away into Slavery; while the Poor Miserable Woman was left Helplest behind, with several small Children upon her Hands; and not one Penny to maintain them. In the Depth of This Dreadful Distress, she went privately to *Luckinus*, and casting her self at his Feet, she charg'd her very Soul to him in a Ruelful Lamentation to This Effect.

Luckinus, says she, *I was once in hope to have gone untainted to my Grave, Body and Soul; but my Cross Stars, I perceive, will have it otherwise: for I am brought into so Desperate a State, that (with what Horrour and Reluctancy so ever) I must either Sacrifice my Honour; or my Children: and the Tenderness of a Mother, I find,*

has overcome the Courage of the Mother. My Present Business with your self, is to let you know, that I am now ready to entertain the Conditions, you are oblig'd upon your own Terms; and Enquire, to doubtless, if you can think of any *Generosity*, and *Mercy*. This was answered with so Divine, and moving a Grace, that it made the Young Man forty Thousand times more a Lover with her, than ever he was. There appear'd also upon a young Man, that was not far from that; at the same time, a young woman of a Billion; and whilst in a Revolucion, a young man that was young, gave him for so Ineptness a Good-bye.

... with Tears in his Eyes, and all his Heart, was taken up in going forth into This Pious Ejaculation.

The Divine Father, says he, who says that ever I should be so great a Victim, as to be a Creature, by making, and being made, of such miserable Sinfulness, to be Overlasting Ruin; that, I should have any thing shall ever be said of me, and for that sake Part, Madam, whate'er I have firm'd, shall be for the Blessing of your Embrace, shall be now doubtless, that your Generosity, will be for your Virtue.

... he went to his Wife, and she, with a calm Countenance, but a sad Heart, in the Heart of her Children, she said, my dear Children, be Glad, when I shall be dead, that I have done this for you; and for my poor Children, that I have done this.

MORAL

HERE'S a Dangerous Temptation and a Hard Choice, and yet a Case that often occurs, between Conscience, and Flesh and Blood; between the Tenderness of a Mother, and the Honour of Honour and Virtue. She had no way to save her Children, but by Undoing her self, and untrusting her Honour, and she had a Proposition to a Good and a Gallant Man; as in Hopefulty he could not obtain, and as she, and her self he would not. There are a great many Niceties to be consider'd in the doing of a Good Thing; as a Right Motive; and a Right Way; and a Right Time; and without these, the best Intention, will not be Free, and without Constraint.

And now after all these Considerations, there is required also a Certain Grace in the doing of it, that crowns the Work. *Luckinus* acquitted himself here to all purposes, as a Christian, and a Father; and a Man of Sense; and when he had master'd all the Difficulties in view, he made

his Wife a Party to the Obligation, which was the Critical Point of the whole Case.

XII.

Confidential Secretary.

THE Ancient has suggest a Warning for *Modesty*, in a Married State, than *Confidential Secretary* had a Fine set upon his Head, only for bolting out a Warning Word in the hearing of his Wife. Now, we read of a Roman Senator, that was no less than *Confidential Secretary*, basely confessing his Wife in the Presence of his Daughter.

The MORAL.

THESE are many marry'd People, when they are once got Free of the Family of Love, with the Countenance of *Law* and *Custom* on their side, that take a Liberty to extend the Privileges of their Condition, beyond the Bounds of Sobriety, and Good Manners: Now This gives us to understand, that *Modesty* is the duty of a Wife, as well as of a *Virgin*; and that it is no longer a *Virtue*, than while it continues all of a Piece; in *Thought*, *Word*, and *Deed*. The *Stilian* Poet was undoubtedly to blame too, even toward his own Wife: for Loose Words lead naturally to Loose Actions, and the very Provocation to Lewdness is within the Degree of the Thing it self. And the same Reason holds good still, in the Case of the Senator's Killing his Wife before his Daughter: for who knows but she may have been the Cause of their *Profratris* Killing too?

XIII.

A Lady and a Looking-glass.

THEre was a Certain Hard-favour'd Lady, that Pickt a Quarrel with all sorts of *Looking-glasses*, from the very Bed-chamber to the Court: And there was no getting the Freak out of her Head, but that the whole Butcher-hood of the *Glass-makers* were in a Plot to make her Ridiculous. This Phancy made her so Sick of the World, that she utterly quit- ted it, and betook herself to the *Graves*, and the *Reverses* for Relief. But still so long as she carry'd the same Face about with her,

her, though it were but to the *Springs*, and the *Fountains*, she was sure to be still haunted by the same Image: which honestly convinc'd her, in the Conclusion, of what she would give no Credit to before.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing in This World that a *Hard-favour'd Old Woman* Dreads more than a *Plain-dealing Looking-Glass*, and the *Register* of the Parish where she was born. And what is it now that gives Countenance to This Unnatural Pretence of an *Everlasting Youth*, and *Beauty*; but *Pride*, and *Vanity*, on the one hand, and *Flattery*, on the other. In This Uncertainly, she makes her appeal, to the *Brooks*, and the *Rivers*; which gave her plenty of matter to find out what the Fault was in the Face, not in the *Mirrou*. This way of Reasoning brought her in the end to a Course of Sobriety, and *Virtue*: which was no more, upon the whole Matter, than the doing of the same Good Thing, upon *Differing Inducements*. Now This passes for *Vanity*, in some Cases, and for *Philosophy*, in Others: But it is the Intent that Qualifies the Action.

XIV.

An Ape and a Goat.

THEre pass'd a Dialogue one Day, betwixt an *Ape*, and a *Goat*. *Brother*, says the *Ape*, if you'd be rul'd by me, get you gone immediately to the *Barber*, with That *Beastly* Hide of yours; and get your self soundly *Scrubb'd*, and *Curry'd*: go your ways, I say, and *Wash*, *Powder*, and *Perfume* your self the First Thing you do; for you have gotten so *Nasty* a *Beard* there, and so *Abominable* a *Whiff*, that there's no enduring of you. As for my own Part, I was never brought up to the Trade of a *Barber*, but my Talent you know lies in *Imitation*, and if you have a mind to be *Sweet* and *Clean*, I could make a *Shift*, I phancy, to do you the *Good Office* my self. The *Goat* took the *Proffer* very kindly, but yet, says he, for the matter of parting with my *Beard*, Two Words to a *Bargain*. Upon This, away goes the *Goat* to Court for *Council*; to a Sort of *Animals*, that stile themselves *Reasonable*: and set-up for the only *Competent Judges* of the *Case*. And what should he find There, but *Beans* up and down in every Corner, with *Sciz-zars*, *Nasars*, *Pincers*, and other Little Instruments, to make themselves *Soft* and *Smooth*, and *Halter* Company for the *Ladys*.

The Authority of This Whimfy, for the Goat so desperately agog upon following That Example, that nothing would serve, but he himself must be dress'd up in the same Cut. To make short, the Goat puts himself in Posture for the Work, and no sooner was the Cloth about his Neck, the Balls, and the Trimming-Tew in Readyness; but, just when the Ape, with his Instrument in his Hand, was upon the very Point of doing Execution, up comes a Sour Supercilious Tróup of *Father's of the Church*, and *Doctors of the Faculties*, giving to understand, by their Long Bushy Beards, and no other Token in Nature, that they were People of Gravity, and Wisdom. This Diversity of Thoughts, and Faces, in Bodys of the same Make, and Kind, was so Surprizing a Spectacle, that the Goat presently started up, and cry'd out in a Transport to his Companion. *Hark ye, Camarade, says he, how comes This Creature, MAN, to Lord it over Us! A Wretch that's made up of Contradictions, without any certain Rule or Method of Conduct. Here's Long Hair set-up against No Hair at all; and Both Extremes pleading Reason, in the very State of the Opposition. Præteree tell me now, which of These Two is the Fool, and which the Philosopher: for the Pretence, either way, lies as fair for the one, as for the other. In troth, says the Ape, 'tis hard to say which is which. Why then, says the Goat again, what have we more to do then to quit These Blind Guides, and commit our selves to the Light and Direction of Nature, which we are sure will never deceive us? With that Word, the Goat tore the Trimming-Cloth in a Rage; threw the Balls one-way and the Razors another, Capt his Little Officer with his own Basin, and so departed.*

THE MORAL.

REASON is, effectually, little more than *Imagination employ'd*. So many Men, so many Minds, and That Diversity of Thought can never be reduced to an Agreement in one Point. That which is *Folly*, to One Man, is *Wisdom*, to Another; *Custom*, in one Place, passes in Another for *Caprice*: *Long Beards* are the Fashion in the Schools, and *no Beards* at all at Court: so that at This rate, *Phancy*, *Usage*, and *Opinion*, are made the Rule of *Reason*, and the Measure of *Good and Evil*. But to distinguish, and to Moderate upon the Matter, where the Question carries nothing along with it that is Evil in it self, it is a Point of *Honour*, and *Good Manners*, to do as the *Most* do, and to live in Conformity to *Common Practice*; without talking upon us to be *Wiser* than the rest of the World, and to *Prescribe* to Mankind.

XV. A

XV.

A Hue-and-Cry after Fidelity.

Boccalini tells a Story of a *Hue-and-Cry after Fidelity*, and Proclamations issued out, and dispatch'd through all the Camps, Courts and Governments, upon the Face of the Earth, to find her out. They met with *Imitators*, and *Counterfeits of Good Faith*, every where in Abundance, but not one Word of the Original, till after a Tedious search every where else, to no Manner of purpose, This Faithful Prince was found at last in a *Dog-Kennel*.

THE MORAL.

HUMANE Society is undoubtedly supported, upon the Foundations of *Common Faith*, and *Justice*; though it is not practically evident, that *Double-Dealing*, and *Self-Interest* Govern it. But under the Masque, all This while, of *Sincerity*, and *Truth*. *Caution* and *Simplicity* of Manners, pass only for want of *Wit*, and *Address*; and the Art of *Juggling*, and *Falls-Play*, is the only *Philosophy*, and *Virtue* in Vogue: Now in so general a Defection from the Dictates, and Principles, of Humanity, and Honour, what could this Divine Lady *Fidelity* do better, than to abandon the Treacherous Race of Mankind, and take up a Retreat among Creatures that are true to their Friends, and to their Masters?

XVI.

Two Dogs and a Wolf.

IN the Heat of the *Civil Wars* of Rome, the Neighbouring Nations were so intent upon That Opportunity of breaking in upon the *Romans*, that their Governours had the most to do in the world to keep them in order, and within the Bounds of their Duty. But when they found that nothing was to be done by *Fair Reasoning*, they had recourse to *Invention*, and *Emblems*, and the Phancy was This.

They took a Couple of *Hardy great Dogs*, and set them together by the Ears, as a *Spectacle* to the People; and then in the Height of their Rage, and Fury, while they were *Tearing*, and

and

and Worrying one another, they order'd a *Wolfe* to be turn'd loofe upon them; the *Two Dogs* were immediately reconcil'd, and by consent fell upon the *Common Enemy*.

The MORAL.

THIS is no more then daily Practice and Experience. Quarrels Abroad, keep People Quiet at Home: especially where Liberty, or Ambition, is the Question; so that a *Foreign War* many times diverts a *Civil*. This was effectually the Case of *Charles the First*, the King was made the *Common Enemy*, and all the Popular Factions united against him under That Notion; but so soon as ever the *Royal Party* was run down, up started *Another Common Enemy*, and the *Republican Confederates* fell to work one upon another.

When a Family is divided, in, and against it self, That's the Time for a Common Enemy to make their Advantage; and no such way to make them Friends again, as the Dread of That Opposition; but we are directed how to behave our selves, both by Policy, and by Nature; or I might have said, by Prudence and Necessity.

XVII.

A Man Quarrelling with his Shadow.

A Peevish Fellow, for want of other Matter to work upon, pickt a Quarrel with his Own Shadow, for dogging him up and down wherever he went. He Kick'd, Cuff'd, and Struck at it, and the Shadow Kick'd, Cuff'd, and Struck again. This Freak turn'd his Brain to such a Degree, that he durst not so much as sit abroad with the Sun on his Face, for fear of the Shadow, at the Back of him; which, in a kind of Mimical Mockery, did the same Thing too. This put the Man to his Wits end, and so they enter'd into an Expostulation upon the Business. *You and I*, says the Shadow *are Inseparable Companions; and Providence it self hath predetermined us to Live and Dye Together.*

The MORAL.

ALL the Wrangles and Controversies of This World, are but Morals of This Fable; whether it be Wealth, Dominion, or whatever else we contend for; and the Thing is not only Trivial but in a Great Measure Phantastical: that is to say; we Quarrel for somewhat that is not to be had; and we are displeas'd with Things that cannot be otherwise then

then they are. We are, in fine, for Parting Things Inseparable, and for Joyning Things Incompatible, and so unreasonably Cross, as if Nature her self were to go out of her Course to gratify our Humours.

XVIII.

Augustus and Virgil.

IT was an Odd Question, that Augustus Casar to Virgil. *Praye tell me truly, I have a great Opinion of my Father or no, do you think I for my self am a Prince, or a Baker?* Great Prince, says Virgil, you are a Prince, but to speak freely, I am much inclin'd to think you are the Son of a Baker: for I was never to hear of any Son of a Baker, that pleas'd you, but I have heard of a Baker's Son, says Augustus, but from whom? says Virgil, from a Prince, not a Baker.

A Pleasant Word is, that Augustus Casar, a Man's Fortune; but it must be Cleverly, and with a Punctual Regard to the Humour and Circumstances, and adapted to all the Circumstances of Time and Place. There goes a Story of a Certain Prince, that was a Lover of Liberty and Encouragement, to the Exercise of a People, though never so Rude, and Sawcy; and he had a Surety, that way himself too. This Prince pinch'd a little hard some of his *Quarr-Drolls*, and it was a kind of an Unlucky Hit. The *Quarr-Drolls* immediately turn'd the Frolicque upon his Master, with This Jest. *By my Soul*, says the Fellow, *He that made thee a King, spoild thy best Foot in Christendom.* The Conceit atton'd for the Affront, and the Man was prefer'd upon't: But This way of Fooling would never have pass'd upon *Tiberius*, if a Body may judge of him by a Story we have in *Pontanus*.

As they were carrying a Dead Body, says he, over the Market-place to be Bury'd, and a Huge Crowd of People got together to see the Funeral; one of the By-standers stept over to the Corps out of the Throng, and whisper'd somewhat in the Dead Man's Ear: and so came back again. At his Return, some body ask'd him what it was he whisper'd? *Why*, says he, *I bid the Man tell Augustus, in the other World, that the People had not receiv'd the Donatives, that were order'd them.* This Phancy was carry'd presently to *Tiberius*, who charged the Enformer to be gone immediately; and Cut the Man's Throat the first Thing he did; and then bid him be sure, says he, to deliver the Message himself.

That

That which we commonly call *Railery*, or *Banter*, is one of the Pivishest Provinces in the Course of an Easy, Sociable Life: It is not only Critical, but Hazardous; and a Man ventures his Neck it may be for his Conceit: for it falls out many Times, that one Man is *Advanc'd*, and Another *Gibbered* for the same Expression: beside the Difficulty of Distinguishing betwixt the one and the other.

THE *Foxes* and the *Rabbits* had been a long time at Variance, but coming at last to a better Disposition, they appointed Commissioners to advise upon some middle Expedient toward an Accommodation, that might please both Parties. They were several Proposals set a-foot, but they were still either too Large, or too Narrow, till at length they call'd a great Council of *Coyes* to manage the Debate. It was first mov'd by a Grave Member of That Body, that an Application might be made to the *Foxes*, to accept of some Reasonable Composition: it was but a matter of *Ten Rabbits a Quarter*, for his part, and the *Publique* was engag'd for the Performance of the same. The Project was highly approv'd, but when they came upon the Point of naming a Committee to draw up the Articles, up rises a Pert young Blade, and throws a Blunder in the way that spoil'd the Jest. Mr. *Chair-man*, says he, *I am very well pleas'd with This Motion; and provided the worthy Member that first started it, will make One of the Ten, himself, I'll make Another.* The Proposer had not one word more to say, and so the Question fell to the Ground.

The MORAL.

THIS Fable of the *Rabbits* and the *Foxes*, has much in it of That of the *Mice*, and the *Bell* that was to be ty'd about the *Car's Neck*. There was a Thing to be done, and no body at last to do it. This Phancy has some Affinity also with That of the *Ape's* drawing the *Cheffennuts* out of the Fire with the *Car's Foot*. But the World, generally speaking, is made up of *Fools* and *Knaves*, and the One works for the Other. *The Fool Burns his Fingers, and the Knave Eats the Nut*: the one runs the Hazzard, and the other reaps the Benefit.

XX. A

XX.

A Lyon and an Old Dog.

THERE was a *Lyon*, that, having gotten a great Reputation in the World, by the Prudence, Justice, and Clemency of his Government, was in time quite worn out with the Cares and Fatigues of his Office. This *Lyon*, I say, finding himself declining, both in his Understanding, and in his Health, made it his Business, in his own Life time, to provide for his Posterity; and accordingly he discours'd the Matter to his next Heir.

Son, says he, before I leave This World, I do here charge you upon my Blessing, and as you tender your own Life, and the Quiet of your States, that you treasure up Two Counsels I am now about to give you, and bear them constantly in your mind. Be sure, in the First place, that you never attempt any thing that is very Considerable, so long as your Mother lives, without her Advice. Secondly, I here adjure you over again, to stand firm to your Father's Old Friends and Servants; and Those especially, that have given Proof of their Affection, and Fidelity, thorough all Fortunes and Trials.

The Young *Lyon* had no sooner receiv'd This Lesson, but up comes immediately, a *Bear*, a *Tyger*, and a *Fox*, Three Mortal Enemies of an *Old Dog* he had, that guarded the Mouth of his Cave. Pray'e, by your Favour, says one of them, what are you the better for an *Old-Weather-beaten-Curr* here, for your Security, that has not Strength enough, either to deal with a Thief, or to Defend his Master? He has neither Heels, Teeth, nor Nose left him, and an Arrant Cripple over and above. He has not so much as one single Inch upon the whole Body of him; that is not Hackt, and mangled; and 'tis to be fear'd, This Livery was never given him for his Good Manners: beside that he is Mop'd, as well as Impotent; for you shall have him Wag his Tayle to a Rascal, and at the same time leap at the Throat of a Man of Honour, for want of Eyes, and Facultyes, to distinguish. So that it is not either for your Credit, or your Safety, to entertain such an Officer in your Service. The *Lyon* was not a little stagger'd at the Discourse, but insisted particularly upon the Old Servants Approv'd Loyalty to his Late Master. Nay Sir, quoth the *Fox*, as to his Faith and

D

Honesty,

Honesty, your Majesty may certainly depend upon him; but we speak of his Unfitness for such a Post, and with a Singular Regard to the Merits of his past Service. Heaven forbid, but he should be well Provided for, and with your Majesty's Leave, it shall be our Care to make him as Easy some other way. The young Prince was just upon the Point of recalling his Patent, but in That very Instant, his Conscience, and his Good Genius, minded him of the Oath he took, upon the last Blessing of his Dying Father, and so away he went, in That very Moment, to advise with his Mother, how to behave himself upon That Occasion.

Son, says she, whoever moves you to part with a True, and a Try'd Friend, has a Design, most certainly, to make way for a Treacherous Enemy, that will be your Ruine. Where your Old Dog Fawns, you may depend upon it that the Men are Honest, and whenever he Barks, or Growles at any Man, you may be assur'd of the Contrary. As for his Maims, and Scarrs, so far are they from being Marks of Reproche, that they are Evident Proofs, and Tokens of his Zeal; and Affection for his Master. None in fine, but a Bold and a Malicious Minister, will ever pretend to give you the Counsel you tell me of, and none but a Careless, a Weak, and an Easy Prince, will ever submit to take it.

This seasonable Application brought the Lyon to his Right Wits again, and to a Firm Resolution never to hearken any more to the Advice of Bears, Tygers, and Foxes, to the Prejudice of Antient, Watchful, and Trusty Servants.

THE MORAL.

WHAT better Lesson or Counsel could a Dying Father give to a Son, then to prescribe him Reverence, and Obedience to a Mother; Honour to the Memory of a Parent; and a steady Affection, to the Dutiful Friends and Servants of his Dead Father.

In the Bear, the Tyger, and the Fox, we may read the Common Practice of so many Court-Parasites, drawn as near the Life, as if they had set for the Picture. This is their way of Debauching Young Princes into a Neglect and Contempt of Duty, Common Faith, and Justice, in Contradiction to all the Rules and Lights of Reasonable Nature: and all This is brought about, by covering the Basest of Calumnies, under a Cloak of Good Will, and Respect.

The Lyon's wavering upon so Tender, and Artificial an Insinuation, shews us how hard a matter it is to stand our Ground against the Amulements of Paradox, and Fair Words. Now a Good, and a Provident Man, as well as a Brave Prince, will take Care, according to This

Copy,

Copy, as well for Posterity, as for the Present Age, both in one. This Lyon, in fine, holds forth a Doctrinal-Instruction to Princes, that they provide for their People, as well Dead, as Living. Nay when their Bodies are worn out, and their Understandings Broken, their Consciences are still at work.

We are told further, that Youth Needs Advice, and that it is many times too Capricious to Take it; wherefore here's a Charge given, upon a Father's Blessing, to hearken to the Voice and Counsel of a Parent; and not only to Obey, but in Cases of Moment, still to consult our Superiours.

Here is likewise Another Lesson, that settles the Establishing of a Throne upon the Foundations of Wisdom, Honour, and Justice. *Tour Father's Friends, says the Mother, will be yours too, and whoever goes about to Persuade you otherwise, is your Deadly Enemy.*

The Lyon was no Stranger neither, to the Arts of Flatterers, and Hangers on, but well understood that the Bare Sufferance of Calumny, is the Encouragement of it. We are taught in This Figure also, the Art, and Address, of supplanting, and that when downright Slander, and Reproche, will not do the work, it must be brought about with Buis and Innuendos: which is only a way by it self, of Cutting a Man's Throat under a Colour of Kindness.

XXI.

Alexander and Phryne.

IT was a Generous, and a spiteful kind of a Proposal, that was made by Phryne, a Common Prostitute, to Alexander the Great; and the Story was This.

Alexander had Ruin'd the City of Thebes, and Phryne offer'd to Rebuild it: upon Condition only, that she might have a Monument erected for a Memorial of the Exploit, with This inscription upon it: [Alexander Destroy'd the City of Thebes, and Phryne Repair'd it.]

THE MORAL.

HERE'S a Phantastical Case started, betwixt a Woman of Pleasure and an Imperial Prince; and not without a Spice of Vanity, and Ambition, on both hands. Alexander values himself upon his Violences, and Oppression, in the Undoing of the World; and Phryne sets up (so far as in her lyes ardent) for the Repairing of it; and in the same Action, atones, in some Measure, for the Sensualities of a Loose Life, over and above.

Now This is as much as to tell us, that there is nothing under the Sun, either so Brave, or so Mean, as not to admit some Mixture of the Contrary Extreme; and that at This rate, of confronting the one with

the Other, the *Strumpet* makes a better Figure in the Story, and appears more Illustrious than the *Congregant*.

XXII.

Alexander and Aristobulus.

AS Alexander was taking the Air once upon the *Hydaspes*, *Aristobulus* entertain'd him with a Relation he had writ-ten of his Victory over *Porus*. But it was so Nauseous a Piece of Flattery, that he snatch'd the Book out of his Hand as he was reading, and threw it into the River, and it was Ten to one, the Author himself had follow'd it. *What*, (*says Alexander*, in a Rage) *were you so hard put to it, that you could not find any Thing to commend me for that was True?*

The MORAL.

THERE'S nothing turns the Stomach of a Sober Man like a High-flown Panegyrick; and a Fullform, Dawbing Dedication; which is certainly the most Scandalous of Libels. It does not only call a Man Fool to his Face, but publishes him for a Coxcomb to the World too, and He himself signs and seals the *Certificate*, in the very Sufferance of it.

XXIII.

Alexander to a Pirate.

ALexander demanded of a *Corfaire* that he had taken Prisoner, how he durst presume to Scour the Seas at That Insolent rate? *Why truly*, says he, *I Scour the Seas for my Profit and my Pleasure, just as you Scour the World: only I am to be a Rogue for doing it with one Galley, and you must be a mighty Prince forsooth, for doing the same Thing with an Army.* Alexander was so pleas'd with the Bravery of the Man, that he immediately gave him his Liberty.

The

The MORAL.

POWER is no *Privilege* for *Violence*; it may create some sort of *Security* in the *Execution*; But it gives no manner of *Right* to the *Committing* of it; for *Oppression*, and *Injustice*, are the very same thing in an *Empire*, that they are in a *Pirate*: This was Bravely said of the *Corfaire*, and it was as Bravely done of *Alexander*; but whether it wrought upon the King's *Conscience*, or his *Honour*, may be a *Question*: that is to say, whether he was more mov'd with the *Reason* of the *Thing*, or with the *Courage* of the *Man*: but it looks well however either way, for *Alexander* not only forgave the *Affront* of being made the greater Thief of the Two, but gave the Poor Fellow his Freedom over and above. And we have likewise this Document left us for our *Instruction*; that in all *Fortunes*, and *Extremes*, a *Great Soul* will never want Matter to work upon.

XXIV.

The Cock and the Cockerel.

ACobler dreamt he was a *Great Prince*, and in the Full Exercise of his Royal State and Dignity; with his *Train*, and his *Guards*, and all the *Servile Ministers* of his *Lusts* and *Pleasures*, about him. In this Phantastical Instant, the *Cock Crows*, and wakes him; and in the same Moment deposes him from his *Imperial Pomp* and *Glory*.

The MORAL.

ALL the *Delights* and *Satisfactions* of This *World*, whether *Jest*, or *Earnest*, are in effect, little more than a *Dream*; that is to say, either a *Waking*, or a *Sleeping Dream*. For what's the *Difference*? Only we *See*, and *Feel* the *Vanity* in the one, and we do but *Phancy* it in the *Other*. As for Example, Which is the *Happier* of the Two, a *Prince* that dreams he is a *Beggar*; or a *Beggar* that dreams he is a *Prince*? There is no more, in *short*, then This in't. The *One* is a *Beggar* in his *Sleep*, and a *Prince* *Waking*; and the *Other* is a *Beggar* *Waking*, and a *Prince*, *Asleep*.

XXV.

XXV.

A Note upon the Athenian Counsels.

IT was a Sharp, and a severe Remark that *Misou* pleas'd upon the Athenian Counsels. [*Wise Men, says he, Propound, and Fools Determin.*]

The MORAL.

If it be true that there are more *Fools* in the World than *Wise Men*, and more *Knaves*, than *Honest Men*, one Majority will undoubtedly carry it for another of the same Stamp; where *Number* is the *Toss*; and chuse such as themselves are. So that in Popular Debates, the Question is not so much the *Reason*, or the *Justice* of the Matter, as the *Plurality* of Those that are For it, or Against it. Now the Greater Part, at this rate, being still the *Stronger*, it shall certainly give Laws to the rest. Thus it is, and thus it must be, so long as *Counsels* are govern'd by *Tale*, not by *Weight*.

XXVI.

Nothing to be done without a Text.

Monsieur has a World of Phantastical Stories of the French Huguenots that fell within his Walk; and particularly of a Party among them so nicely Scrupulous, that they made a Conscience of paying their Landlords their Rent, unless they could shew a Text for't.

The MORAL.

THAT which many People call *Conscience*, is little more in truth than a Fit of the Spleen; or in Other Terms, a kind of an *Enthusiastical Impulse*, without either *Sense*, or *Reason*. It is, in a Great Measure, mere Phancy, and Humour; and furnishes one short Answer to all Questions, that is to say, *This or That*, whatever it is, goes against *my Conscience*: which Conscience shall Rob a Church, to Build an Hospital, and keep the Decalogue it self upon the Behaviour, with a *Quam diu se bene gesserit*. It turns all Morality out of Doors, and leaves no such Thing in Nature as Liberty and Property, unless you can shew Chapter and Verse for't. [*Leave That to Providence, My Lord,*] says the Coachman to his Master, for crying Rub to his Bowle. This Pretence, in fine, that passes in the World too frequently for Conscience, makes no Difficulty of doing the Worst of Things, and yet at the same time *Scruples* the most Necessary Offices of a Christian Life.

XXVII.

XXVII.

A King and a Shepherd.

A Certain great Prince, that was quite tir'd out with Publique Cares and Business, took up a Resolution to give the World, and the Vanities of it, the Slip for a while; and so away he steals into the Country, *Incognito*; partly for Breath and Liberty, and partly to entertain himself with the Blessings of a Private Life. In the Course of This Adventure, nothing pleas'd him better than the Encounter of a Shepherd at the Head of his Flock, with his Dogs and his Guards about him; his Sheep in Excellent Case and Order, and not a Fox or a Wolfe to be heard of near That Quarter: over and above a yearly Income upon the main to a Considerable Value.

This Prince, ascribing all These Advantages to the Fidelity, the Diligence, and the Conduct of the Pastor. When he had stay'd as long upon This Innocent Diversion as the Pressing Necessities of his Government could well spare him; return'd to his Palace; where the First Thing he did, was to send for the Shepherd up to Court; and upon his Arrival, his Majesty very graciously bad him Wellcom, and spake to him as follows.

Friend, says he, you have discharg'd your Pastoral Care with so much Prudence, Faith, and Credit, that instead of a Governour of Beasts, you are from This Time forward, to be a Governour of Men, and your Patent is now a drawing to make you one of my Chief Justices. This unthought of Advance from the Sheep-hook to the Palace, must needs be a strange Surprize to a Man that had never seen more of the World than his Dogs and his Muttons, and a Little Hermit there in the Neighbourhood where he kept his Sheep. But the Thing however is done, and the Man must now enter upon his Commission. This News flew like Lightning, and brought the Hermit Himself out of his Cell, to reason the Matter with his Old Acquaintance the Shepherd, upon what he had heard.

Hark ye my good Friend, says the severe Religious, Is it a Dream, or is it really True, that you are now sent for up to be made a Great Man, and a Favourite? Why certainly you understand Kings

Kings and Courts better, then to venture your Life and Soul on so Slippery a Bottom; and to hazard the Purchase of a Late, and perhaps an Unprofitable Repentance, at so dear a rate. Remember what I tell you now beforehand; You will not stand your Ground long, and your Fall will make as much Noise in the World, as ever your Rise did. The Shepherd smil'd, but the Hermit went on still with his Forebodings, and he was not much out neither in the Conclusion.

The New Judge was scarce Warm in his Seat, but there were Factions presently at work to undermine him, giving it out in general Terms, that he had neither Law in him, nor *Honesty*: so that what with private Cabals; Subornations, Remonstrances, and Clamorous Petitions exhibited against him, for *Oppression*, and *Arbitrary Proceedings*, the King was at last wrought upon to deliver him up to Publick Justice: especially considering the Prodigious Treasure which he had hoarded-up, they laid, in Money and Jewels, and the Innumerable Bribes that were laid to his Charge. Upon This Importunity, he was taken into Custody; his House, Papers, and Accounts, strictly search'd, and examin'd; but nothing of Moment made out against him, till they came at last to a Huge Chest, with the Lord knows how many Locks and Bolts upon't, and *There it was*, they cry'd, *that he had deposited the Mass of his Inestimable Wealth.* Upon the Opening of this Trunk, what should they find there, but the *Shepherds Weeds* he was taken up in; an Old Tatter'd Frock or Two; several Bundles of Raggs, Odd Mittins, and Stockings; a Leathern Pouch, a Broken Bag-pipe, and Twenty little Things belonging to his Calling.

When they had now carry'd the Malice as far as it would go, to the confounding even of Calumny it self, his Accusers were ready to Burst with Rage and Envy at the Disappointment. But the Good Man, being now *Rectus in Curia* once again, had his Belly full by This time of Court-Commissions, and the whole Earth could not prevail upon him ever to embark again in That Bottom. The very Sight of his miserable Ragged Wardrobe, minded him of the Blessings both of Body and Soul, that he enjoy'd in the Simplicity of That Dress: so that he stript himself of his Court-Robes, put on his *Shepherds Clothes* again, and returned to his Old Charge.

The

The MORAL.

THIS Fable gives us to understand the *Cares and Anxieties* of a *Crown*, with the *Temptations*; the *Snares*, and the *Hazards* of a *Courts-Life*: the *Blessings*, and the *Security*, of a *Private State*; together with the *Danger* of depending upon *Great Men's Promises*, and *Favours*.

We are likewise to take Notice, that Innocence is no Protection against *Envy*, and *Defamation*; that is to say, when the Ears of Princes are open to *Pick-thanks*, and *Tale-bearers*: not but that *Honesty* and *Virtue*, at the long run, will stand all Tests; as the Shepherd here takes his Misfortune for a Warning, lays down his Commission, quits his Post of *Politicks*, and so to his Sheep again.

The Prince, in This Progress, and Disguise, meets with, not only a *Diverging*, but an *Edifying Variety*, under the *Embleme* of a well order'd Government, in a *Sheep-coat*: where he phancies to himself That Quiet in a *Hut*, which he could not find in a *Palace*. And here we have a *Shepherd* also, on the other hand, exchanging a Peaceable, orderly Command in a *Cottage* over his *Dogs*, and his *Sheep*, for the more Splendid Slavery of a *Court-Dependence*; but upon Second Thoughts he comes to his Wits again.

Now after all These Turns of State, and Humour, it is morally impossible for an *Ambitious Man* ever to be *Happy*. He that *Covets* more, is plainly *Sick* of what he has already, and consequently enjoys nothing at all: for so long as our *Hearts* are set upon what we have *Not*, we can never be satisfy'd with what we *Have*. So that the very Course of our *Life* is but a *Rettless Pursuit* of one Thing after another. We are *Sick of Poverty*, *Sick of Plenty*, *Sick of the Cares* of Government, and *Sick of the Toke* of it; *Sick of Solitude*, and *Sick of Company*. We are *Sick*, in fine, of every Thing we have try'd, and find no Relief in shifting neither, till, in the End, *Providence* and *Second Thoughts* brings all to rights.

XXVIII.

A Great Saying of Vespasian.

IT was a memorable Practice of *Vespasian*, throughout the Course of his whole Life. He call'd himself to an account every Night, for the Actions of the *Past Day*, and so often, as he found he had slept any one Day, without doing some Publick Good, he enter'd upon his *Diary* This Memorial. [*Diem perdidit*] I have lost a Day.

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The MORAL.

It is just so much Time *Lost*, as is *idly spent*; and That which we call [*Passing away our Time*] is a Profusion never to be recover'd. But we keep a better account of our *Money*, then we do of our *Hours*; and while we are over-sollicitous for the Improvement of the One, we are as Loose, and Careless, in Squandering away the Other: without ever considering, That we run the Extreme Hazzard of *Eternity it self*, for the Vain Pleasure of a *Moment*, while we put off the Main Business of our *Lives* to the very Article of *Death*.

XXIX.

The Churches are Full.

AS People were talking together of the Hardness of the Times, why truly, says one of the Company, *the Times are pretty Difficult, but, the Lord be praised for it, the Churches are Full still.* Now This Spark was a Common Pick-pocket, that, for Brevity-sake, said his Prayers, and follow'd his Trade, both under one.

The MORAL.

THERE is not That Roguery in Nature that has not a Mask of Honesty and Religion to Cover it: and the same Pretence holds good from the Prime Minister to the Mountebank; and from the Sharper here in the Gallery, to the more Notorious Pick-pockets that we have seen, in the very Pulpits Themselves. This is an Impious, and an Execrable Imposture, 'tis true, but it will do well to Qualify the Censure however, with a Great deal of Charitable Caution, for fear of taking the *Saints* for the *Hypocrite*, instead of the *Hypocrite* for the *Saint*; and so to *set the Saddle*, as we say, upon the Right Horse.

XXX.

Alexander and Anaximenes.

ANaximenes of Lampascus, was Alexander's Tutor, and highly in his Favour. This Anaximenes, having heard that Alexander had bound himself by a Desperate Vow, to destroy all the Lampascians, for joyning with Darius against him; he went

went his way immediately to find him out, and to try if he could divert him from that Deadly Resolution. Alexander, hearing that he was coming toward him, and not without some inkling of his Business, swore over again in the hearing of his Chief Officers, that whatever Anaximenes should desire of him, he would do the clear Contrary. The Word was no sooner out of his Mouth, but up comes Anaximenes. The King treated him after his usual Manner of Grace and Respect, and ask'd him, as by the By, what brought him thither? I am come, says he, with a Request to the most Invincible Alexander, to beg of him, that he would put Lampascus to Fire and Sword, and Raze it to the Ground, without sparing either Age, Sex, or Quality: nay not excepting the very Temples, Altars, and Holy Places Themselves. Alexander was exceedingly pleas'd, to find himself so artificially Discharg'd of so Rash and Bloody an Oath, and pardon'd both City and People.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE should have a Care of Rash and Inconsiderate Vows; such I mean, as cannot in Honour, Honesty, or Conscience, be either Made, Kept, or, in some sort, Broken. But no Man can lay himself under an Obligation, to do an Ill Thing. When Alexander had Hamper'd himself here in One Vow, his Tutor Anaximenes found a way to Disengage him by Another; and at the same time convinc'd his Pupil of his Error, by a Trick; wherein he acquitted himself to all Purposes, both as a Prudent Councillour, and as a Faithfull Friend.

XXXI.

Pyrrhus and Cineas.

WHEN Pyrrhus was preparing to make War against the Romans, Cineas the Philosopher took the Freedom to Reason the Matter with him, upon That Occasion. Put the Case, says Cineas, that you should beat the Romans now; what would you be the better for? Why, says Pyrrhus, it would make us Masters of all Italy. Right, says Cineas; and where will you be next then? Why for That, says Pyrrhus, we'll have a Blow at Sicily, that lyes hard by there you know. Well!

says *Cineas* again, and when you have got *Sicily*, there's an End of the War. Nay, soft you for That, says *Pyrrhus*, for This is only to open a way to more Glorious Adventures: as who knows but we may overcome *Lybia*, and *Carthage*? Like enough, says *Cineas*; and now, upon the Word of a Prince, and a Man of Honour, if you had the whole World at your Feet, where would you take up at last? *Pyrrhus* found by This time what it was the Philosopher pointed at, and with a kind of Conscientious Silence, gave him This Answer. If I were once Master, says he, of the Universe, we would e'en live Easily, and make Merry. And what binders you, says the Other, I beseech you, from living as easily, and as merrily now, as you could do then? Nothing in This World? but the Ravenous Appetite of an Insatiable Ambition.

The MORAL.

THE Ambitious Man does not so much as Know what he would be at; but presses forward at a venture, from one Thing to another, without any sort of Regard, either to Justice, Honour, or Conscience; till he finds himself more to seek at Last, than he was when he began. Now This is only for want of making a True Judgment of Things, upon a Right Estimate of the Proportion betwixt the Means, and the End. When I have gain'd This or That Point, where shall I be next? And when I shall have compass'd Twenty and Twenty Points more, it will be but the same Question in *Infinitum*, over and over again; and still the further I go, the more I am to seek.

XXXII.

Amasis consults the Oracles.

WE shall have occasion elsewhere to make Mention of *Amasis* the Egyptian, and of his being advanc'd from a Private State to Sovereign Power. The Story says further of him, that he was a Man of Liberty and Pleasure, to the Highest Degree; and one that minded nothing in the World, but Jolly Company, Wine, and Women; and how to get Money to answer his Expences. In short; when he had run himself out, both of Cash, and Credit, he made a shift yet to pick-up a Sorry Living upon the Rook; and not by *Sharpening* alone, but now and then by downright *Stealing*: and when-

ever

ever he happen'd to be charg'd with a *Pilfery*, his way was still to deny the Fact, and then appeal to the Oracle of the Place for his Justification. This was his Course; and one while they found him Guilty, other-whiles Innocent; there-after as it happen'd.

This was in his Private Condition; but upon his coming afterwards to the Administration of the Government, he carry'd it in his Mind, which Oracles had been For him, and which Against him; and accordingly set a Mark of Infamy upon Those that unjustly Absolv'd him; paying at the same time as great a Veneration to the Other. After This Note of Distinction upon their Worship, and their Temples, he pass'd a Law, over and above, for all People upon Pain of Death to give the Governour of every Province, an Account, once a year, how they liv'd. This Edict was so well approv'd, that it was translated afterwards by *Solon* to *Athens*.

The MORAL.

No such Cheats in Nature, as under the Vizard of Piety, and Religion. And what's the Difference at last, betwixt the Ancient Downright Pagan, and our Modern Christian Impostors, but, according to the Cant in Mode, the One Consults the Oracle, and the other seeks the Lord: so that Their Enthusiasts and Ours, are but the self-same Thing under several Appellations; and there is nothing so Execrable, and Flagitious, but it stands consecrated under This Cover.

We are to take Notice likewise, that Hypocrisy does not so Blind the Judgment, as either to confound the Notions of Good and Evil, or to stifle the Reluctances of a Scrupulous Conscience. For we have in us, at the same time, a Secret Abhorrence for the One, and as Tender a Reverence for the Other: and the first fair Opportunity of applying it to our Advantage, does in some Measure set us Right again. This holds, both in the Case of *Amasis*, and in the Ordinary Practice of the World: But yet we cannot call any good Office or Action a Consummated Virtue, that's wrought rather by an impulse of Interest, than out of a Sense of Duty.

XXXIII.

Wolves Banish'd England.

WHEN the Wolves were to be Banish'd England, they Petition'd, only for one Dog, and one Bitch, to be left behind: upon Good Security, never to stir out of the Woods

Woods and Mountains; and neither to Howle, nor Bite, nor to give any Sort of Offence either to Man or Beast. The Number was so Small, and the Condition so Reasonable, that a great many People were for a Toleration: but others objected, that though they were but Few at present, they would quickly Multiply; for all the Wolves in the World came Originally out of one Male and one Female: beside that an *Indulgence*, would be a Step to a *Petition of Right*; and when they were once In, it would be hard getting them Out again. Upon These Considerations the Project fell to the Ground.

THE MORAL.

SOME Opinions are no more to be trusted in a *Commonwealth*, than Wolves in a *Sheepfold*. *Antimagistratical Doctrines*, are a kind of *Specifick Poyson*; let but any One Part be Tainted, and the Malignity Diffuses it self insensibly thorough the Whole Body. *Innovations* are commonly usher'd in with *Scruples*; and so they Advance by Degrees, to *Expostulations*, *Complaints*, *Schisms*, *Associations*, and then to *Fire and Sword*, in the conclusion. And whence comes all This now, but from the want of distinguishing betwixt a Personal Softness, and a Publique Duty. There must be no Gratifying of Parties, or Passions, so as to Endanger the Whole. It was a Great Saying of one of the Antients, that *It is a hard Matter to be Tender and Wise*. Over-much easyness is the Weak side of a Prince; for nothing supports a Government like an Impartial, and an Inexorable Justice; in Proportion to the Reason of the Case, and the Quality of the Crime.

XXXIV.

A Cavalier and a Court-Lady.

A Cavalier, that had a very Fine Woman in his Eye, could not forbear telling her, that she was wonderful Pretty. Sir, says the Lady, *I thank you for your Good Opinion, and I wish with all my Heart I could say as much of you too*. Why so you might, Madam, says the Gentleman, if you made no more Conscience of a Lye then I do.

THE MORAL.

THERE'S nothing Seafons Conversation like a Ready Presence of Mind, and a Pleasant Turn of Wit; provided that there be no *Bitterness*, *Levity*, or *Affectation* in it; and that it be kept also within the Bounds

Bounds of Sobriety and Good Manners; and the Conversation made all of a Piece. Now the Skill of ordering This Province aright, is a Master-piece, and the Niceties that occur in the Exercise of it are innumerable: beside that there is somewhat so Particular, in the Quickness, and Liberty, of a Good-natur'd Gayety of Thought, that it is more obliging then the *stark-Love-and-Kindness* it self. It carries a Generous, and an Airy Frankness along with it, that sets-off the Freedom with a Better Grace.

XXXV.

A Woman Hang'd her self upon a fig-tree.

AN Honest, Good-natur'd Husband, was quite at his Wits End for the Loss of his Poor Wife, that had newly Hang'd her self upon a *Fig-Tree* in his Garden. A Conceited Neighbour of his, instead of *Condoling* with him for the Loss, made him a Solemn Visit to joy him of his *Deliverance*. The First Ceremony of the Greeting was no sooner over, but he made a Suit to the Widower for a *Graft* or *Two of the same Plant*: for *who knows*, says he, *but it may bear the same Fruit in my Garden, that it did in yours!*

THE MORAL.

IT is the Part of a Wise Man to make the Best of a Bad Game; but it is the Part of a Wiser Man, so to order his Affairs, as to have no Bad Game at all. Now This is to be the Work, only of Grace, and Wisdom: Not but that he that has a Shrew to his Wife, may be allow'd a little Sport for his Money.

It was much such another Conceit, That of a Man upon a *Grey Mare* with a *Woman* behind him. *This is the Fourth Wife*, says he, *that This Mara has brought me home to my House now*. Well! says a Merry Companion, at his Elbow, what would I give for a Foal of the same Breed. But This way of Fooling may go too far, if it be not managed with Discretion: for *every Thing is*, we say, *as 'tis taken*.

XXXVI.

Plaintiff and Defendant draw Cuts.

THERE happen'd so Intricate a Case once upon a Tryal at Barr, that the Court was at a Stand whether to give it for the *Plaintiff*, or for the *Defendent*. Some were for the Old

Old way of adjourning the Tryal for a Hundred Years : but in the Conclusion, the Judges order'd the Partyes to *draw Cuts* ; The Counfel oppos'd That way of Proceeding, as a Thing without a *President*. Well well ! says the Bench, *President* or *no President*, 'tis all a Case to Us, that stand up only for the Reason, and the Justice, of the Matter : beside that for One Sentence that is better grounded you shall find Twenty Worfe.

This Story minds me of a Certain *Quack-Philosopher*, that took upon him in his Bills to Cure all *Curable Diseases*, and Patients came flocking to him from all *Quarters*, far and near. Now his way was This. He had Receipts of all sorts roll'd up like *Valentines* ; all of a Size, and put promiscuously together in a Great Bag. As any Man came to him for a Remedy, he dipt at a venture, and said a Short Prayer for a Blessing upon the *Lot* : now that which came first to hand was his *Infallible Cure*.

The MORAL.

HERE'S *Chance-Law*, and *Chance-Physick*, and as fair-Play for *Life, Liberty*, and *Estate*, generally speaking, as Heart could wish : for here's *Providence*, on the one hand, in Favour of the *Right*, against the Hazards of *Fraud, Ignorance*, and *Corruption*, on the other.

XXXVII.

Coblers and Colonells.

IN Old Time, when the Corruption of a *Cobler* was the Generation of a *Colonell* ; a certain Officer that had serv'd the State in Both Capacities, had the Hap to be quarter'd in the House of a Woman of Quality in *Ireland*. It was bitterly Cold, and as the poor Lady was warming her Feet at the Fire, the Colonell took Notice that her Shoes were out at the Toes, and ask'd her why she went no better *Shod* ? Why truly, Sir says she, *the Coblers are all made Colonells, and I can get no body to Mend my Shoes*.

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The MORAL.

WHEN the Order of Government is once subvert'd, there follows naturally a Confusion of Qualities and Degrees. It is with a *Popular State*, as it is with a Game at *Puss*, where the *Deuses* and *Trayes* are the *Best Char'ds*. Now This Passage is, in truth, Matter of *Faith* ; but every jot yet as Edifying as a Labour'd Invention. It sets forth the Insolence of Mean Persons, when they are advanc'd to a Post of Honour and Preferment ; and it shews us likewise the Prudential Expedient of minding a *Court-Cobler*, or *Footman*, now and then of his *Original*.

XXXVIII.

The Asses made Justices.

A Doctor of Divinity, and a Justice of Peace, met upon the Road ; the Former excellently well mounted, and the other upon the Merry Pin it seems, and in Humour to make Sport with him. Doctor, says he ; *your great Master had the Humility to ride upon an Ass, and one would think that an Ass might have e'en contented you too*. Alas alas ! Sir says the Doctor ; the *Asses*, they say, are all made *Justices*, and there are none to be gotten.

The MORAL.

THIS Encounter happen'd upon a Great Change in the Bench, and the Justice here in the Story was a Commissioner of the Last Edition. The Justice, in short, would needs be meddling, and the Doctor was too Hard for him ; which may serve for a Caution to all People, not to lash out into Intemperances of *Scomme*, and *Banter*, without understanding their Men, and their Measures.

XXXIX.

An Old Sinner and a New Convert.

A Miserable Bedrid Wretch of an Old Woman, that had never a Tooth in her Head, and hardly an Eye to see withall, put-up a Bill in the *Parish-Church* for the Prayers of the Congregation, that Heaven would move the Hearts of all good Christian People, to extend their Charity toward

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the Relief of a New Convert, that had renounc'd the Sins of the Flesh.

This minds me of a Funeral Sermon upon a Lady that Dy'd upwards of Four-score. The Holder forth cry'd her up to the Heavens for her exemplary Chastity, especially, he said, toward her Latter End.

THE MORAL.

'Tis a Common Thing for an Old Sinner to set-up for a New-Convert, and for People to Renounce the Sins of their Youth, when they have lost the Relish of them. Not that a True Repentance can ever come out of Season, but This Dilatory way of performing so Necessary a Duty, is, without Dispute, the most Desperate of Hazzards.

This is much at the rate of what a Decrepit Old Fellow said to a Friend of his that gave him a Long Prayer to make use of. Lord! says he, is This a Lesson for a New-beginner? Nay there are those that take Delight in the very History of their Lewdness, when the Faculty of it is gone; as if they valu'd themselves upon supplying the want of Power, with Heart and Good Will. There is such an one, says the Story, has had his Extravagances, 'tis true; but he's mightily come off, since he lost the one Half of his Upper-Lip, and the Bridge of his Nose. This is no other, in fine, than the Common Case of Mankind: We are not so sorry for the Ill Things we have done, as we are that we can do them no longer.

XL.

Perillus's Brazen Bull.

WHEN Agrigentum was under the Government of a most Inhumane Tyrant, Perillus made the King a Present of a Brazen Bull; a Piece of Curiosity perfected to the highest Degree; with a Door on the one side, large enough to hold the Body of a Man, and the Cavity so contriv'd, that upon Encompassing the Figure with a Furious Fire, the Roaring of the Man was perfectly like the Bellowing of a Bull, and without any Resemblance of a Humane Voice. Perillus made no doubt of a Considerable Reward from the Tyrant for such a Present, and he was promis'd no less; but instead of a Gratification, he was the First Man him self that was put to the Tryal of his own Invention.

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THE MORAL.

OPPRESSING Princes shall never want Teizing, and Pragmatical Ministers to set them on; as Perillus values himself here upon an Invention of Cruelty, so Horrid, that it put Tyranny it self out of Countenance, to think of inflicting so Extravagant, and so Insupportable a Torture. But upon Second Thoughts, the Prince himself Relented, and Improv'd the Project of This Execrable Monster into an Act of Tenderness and Justice, by diverting the Destruction design'd for Honefter Men, upon the Head of the Author Himself. It would be a Happy World if all Publick Enemies, and Corrupt Ministers, were treated after This President.

XLI.

A Shepherd, a Wolfe, and a Fox.

AS a Shepherd was entertaining himself one Day with his Bag-Pipe, he discern'd somewhat a Huge way off, Frisking, and Dancing, to the Musick, but what it was he could not well distinguish. Some Two or Three Days after This, it was his hap to see the same Creature Jigging it again, upon the same Occasion; and while he was looking at it very earnestly, to learn what it might be, up comes a Jolly Fox to the Shepherd; quite overjoy'd, he said, to be the Messenger of the Good News he had to tell him. Tonder's Honest Ugrim, says he, has the greatest mind in the World to be the Instrument of a Happy Peace betwixt the Two Families of the Sheep and the Wolves: beside the infinite Delight he should take, over and above, in a Trip now and then to the Jog of your Incomparable Pipe. Now my Commission is only to beg the Favour of his being admitted to your Presence, upon my Security for his Good Behaviour. Verily, my Friend Reynard, says the Shepherd, I would do much for your sake, and therefore, if he has such a Phancy as you say he has, for the Alliance, or for the Musick, praye bid him come to me at any time and wellcome; provided only that he leave his Teeth, and his Nayles behind him: for they'll be of little use to him, you know, either in his Conversation, or in his Dancing. So soon as ever the Fox found whereabouts he was, he shew'd the Shepherd a Fair Pair of Heels, without so much as bidding him Farewell.

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The MORAL.

THERE'S no Trusting to Fair Words from a Known, and a Profest Enemy, without very good Security; especially when the Matter is managed by a Confederacy of Sharpers, and one Knave so forward to run on another Knave's Errand, and to stand Bound for the Honesty of his Fellow.

We cannot be too Wary how we enter into *Friendships*, and *Cabals*, or whom to Trust: for *Passion*, and *Interest*, are, effectually, the natural Biases of *Flesh and Blood*; or (which is all one) the *Weak side of Mankind*: inso much that there's scarce one of a Thousand of us that does not govern himself, more or less, by This Measure.

The Doctrine will be This now; that we are not to lay *Life*, *Fortune*, and *Reputation*, at the *Mercy* of any Man living at a venture: for if we *come-off*, the *Good Nature* will not excuse the *Indiscretion*; and if we *Miscarry*, the Blame lyes at *our own Door*, both for the *Damage*, and the *Raprotche*; so that a Wife Man will leave nothing to *Chance*, that may be secur'd by *Providence*, and *Council*. Not but that in some extraordinary Cases, there may be here and there a Singular Exception to a General Rule, and Instances of Men of *Honour*, and *Conscience*, that would sacrifice all Temporal Advantages to the Over-ruling Obligations of *Honesty* and *Justice*. But as These Instances are not many, so we are likewise to look upon them as abstracted from the Common Methods and Government of Humane Life; there being so very few, either Examples, or Occasions, for This Heroical Virtue. But as we are not to commit any Thing to *Hazard*, further then needs must, where our Bodies, Souls, Estates, or Good Names are in Question; so it will become us to keep a Guard upon our selves, even in That very *Caution*: for over-much Distrust, and Waryness, will look like want of Charity, Humanity, or Good Manners else; when yet in truth there may be no more in it at the Bottom, then the Reserve of a *Necessary Prudence*. The Heart of Man is Faithless, Variable, and Corrupt; so that it would be Madness to expect, even from the Nature of the Thing, that any Man should be True to Another that's False to Himself.

To bring it now to a Political Allusion; *Republicans* are the same Thing to *Crowned Heads*, that *Foxes* and *Wolves* are to *Shepherds*. There's no dealing with them, let them speak never so fair, without leaving their *Teeth*, and their *Claws*, that is to say, their *Principles* behind them; for they Profess and Declare themselves the Inconciliable Enemies of Kings, at the same time, that they value themselves upon their Pretences to Preserve them. The whole History of the Troubles of *Charles the First*, is but This Phancy in *Embleme*. When the *Wolves* come once to take Care of the *Sheep*, and the *Foxes* to set-up *Guarantees* for the Performance of *Articles*, 'tis high time for the Governours, both *Political*, and *Pastoral*, to look about them. There's no Trusting, in fine, to the Professions of a Perfidious, and a Cruel Enemy; especially when his Pretensions run manifestly against, both his Interest, and his Inclinations.

XLII. A

XLII.

A Bishop and a General.

AS a Bishop of *Cologne* was marching at the Head of a Brave Army, and in the Double Capacity, both of a *Soldier*, and a *Church-man*: Lord! says a Fleering Country-Fellow, 'tis a strange Thing, methinks, that your Reverences Master, *St. Peter*, should Dye so Poor himself, and leave his Followers so well to pass. Right, says the Bishop, but I am here in the Quality of a *General*, you must know, as well as of a *Prelat*. *By my Lord*, says the other, *but if the General should chance to go to the Devil, what will become of the Bishop, I beseech you?*

The MORAL.

This is only the Old way of playing Fast and Loose betwixt the *Person*, and the *Office*: that is to say, betwixt the *Prince* in his *Natural*, and in his *Political* Capacity. It looks as if the One were to Consecrate the Other, and the Sacredness of the *Bishop* to atone for the Sins of the *Sword-man*, but This Phancy has more of Quirk in it then of Substance, and it would not be worth the while to Refine upon it.

XLIII.

A Motion for a Commonwealth.

L'curgu was hard press'd by the *Lacedemonians* to erect a Popular State among them; and his Answer was This; that he that made the *Motion* for that Form of Government, should do well to begin with it at *Home*; and then try how he lik'd the Training up of *Servants* in his own *Family*, to Chop Logick with their *Masters*.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no Reasoning comes so close to a Man, as when he makes the Question his own Case: for Then he speaks sensibly, and Feels what he says. *To do as we would be done By*, is but agreeable to the Law and Dictate of Nature, and it holds as well also in the Rule of *Governing* as we would be Govern'd, and *Obeying* as we would be Obe'y'd. So that the Measures of *Polity* are the same in Proportion from Kingdoms to Families.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Demades a Coffin-maker.

PLutarch tells us of one Demades, a Coffin-maker, that was Banish'd Athens for grumbling that he had no better a Trade.

The MORAL.

HERE'S a Poor Coffin-maker Punish'd, for doing the self-same thing in Effect, with the whole World beside. They do not all Grumble, 'tis true, for Wares of Trade, but they are all Glad when they Have it, and forward enough to entertain it, with all Chances. 'Tis the Course of the World, for One Man to Rise by Another Man's Fall; and for the Making of One Man, to be the Undoing of Another. As in the Sexton's Case; some must Dye that some may Live, which looks like an Unnatural Hardness, when Beasts themselves make some sort of Scruple to prey upon their own Kind. How many ill natur'd Dealers are there, that raise their Fortunes out of Tempests, Wracks, Fires, Inundations, &c! As Shipwrights, Carpenters, Bricklayers, and the like! Do not Soldiers of Fortune Pray for Warrs? Men of the Long Robe for Law-suits? Surgeons and Physicians for Broken Bones and Distempers? But it is one Thing for a Man to Live upon the Calamity of his Neighbour and Another Thing to Joy in it, or to Wish for't.

XLV.

Two Antiquaries.

THere happen'd a Dispute betwixt Two Cavaliers about the Spelling of their Names, the one of them a Profest Antiquary; and the Other a kind of a Second-Rate Gentleman. The Controversy came in the end to a Wager, and upon hearing the Merits of the Cause, the Country Squire yielded his Adversary to be in the Right: for I find, says he, in the Records of *Bridewell*, that his Grandfather was Whipt there by That Name.

XLVI.

XLVI.

Boccalini's Barquits.

A Certain Marquis, that stood mightily upon his Points, for the Antiquity of his Family, came to an Agreement with a Famous Herald, for a Draught of his Pedigree; but let him have a care then to trace it up to the Original. The Herald carry'd it on as far as it would go, and This was the Case.

The First of the House that could ever pretend to an Estate, was a Captain. This Captain was the Son of a Physician, and That Physician, the Son of an Oylman: which Oylman was the Son of a Sergeant, that ended his Dayes in the Hands of the Common Hangman. That Sergeant was the Son of a Gentleman of Savoy, that suffer'd as a Traytor. This Gentleman again, was the Son of a Count, and That Count the Son of a Courtier, who was the Son of a Jew ----- and there he stop't, for he could it run it no further.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE seldom come off better, when they will be valuing themselves upon Things beside their Bus'ness, and raking into Pedigrees: where they must of necessity lay open the Nakedness of their Forefathers, which in many Cases will not bear the Ripping up. This is the True Meaning of the Two Foregoing Fables. But what do we talk of Precedences upon Extraction; when we are all of the same Family, and the Children of One Common Father: as the Country Fellow said that was taken-up for talking sawcily of a Gentleman of a Noble Family, as they call'd it ----- Never tell me of a Noble Family, says the Bumpkin, for I have as good Blood in my Veins as the best of them all; but that we have lost our Writings.

XLVII.

A Lyon in a Sheep-skin.

THere was a Wolfe, that, by Bribery and Corruption, had made such an Interest about the Person of the Lyon, that let him do what he would, he was sure to be brought off. As This Wolfe was worrying Lambs one Day in the Absence

fence of the Shepherd, a *Sheep* slipt away to the *Lyon*, with Tears, and Supplications for Protection, and Justice, a *Tyger*, and a *Leopard* that were of the *Wolves Cabal*, Banter'd the *Sheep* out of Countenance, and so it went off for a Jest. Soon after This, came the Shepherd's Dog Limping to the *Lyon*, with Another Complaint, that the same *Wolfe* had Bitten him too. *A Likely Matter, in truth, says the Tyger, that the Wolfe should begin the Quarrel. Why That Dog is the Churlishest Cur that ever look'd out of a Head, and the Wolfe as Easy a Poor Fool, as a Body would wish.* The *Lyon* swallow'd it whole, and in a Violent Heat, told the *Dog* he was a Contentious, Malapert Rascal, and, says he, if you do not mend your Manners, I'll Hang you up at your own Door. Thus was the *Lyon* misled with Evil Council, and the Poor *Dog* turn'd away without any Hope of Redress. But it fell out, some short time after, that as the *Lyon* was taking a *Tour* in the Forrest, he heard a *Doe*, a *Fox*, and a *Deer* spending their Opinion upon the Character of This *Wolfe*, and the *Tyger's* being of the Cabal; which made him a little Sensible of the Hazzard of taking Storyes upon Trust: so that he be-thought himself what to do, and the Project he had in his Head was This; to dress himself up in a *Sheep-Skin*, and to go Sauntering toward the *Wolfe's* Haunt, like a Sorry Creature that was Bewilder'd, and wanted some body to shew it the way home again. This Succeeded so well, and the Voice was so nicely Dissembled, that the *Wolfe* came out presently upon the First Bleating, to offer his Service; blessing the *Mutton* at the same time for the Providence of falling into so good Hands. With These Words, he gave a Leap at the Throat of the *Sheep-Skin*, and no sooner had he the Prey betwixt his Teeth, but the *Lyon* cast off the Disguise, and discover'd Himself. *Ah thou Traytor! says he; is This thy Boasted Friendship then? But I shall make you know, Sirrah, that you have now to do with a Lyon, not with a Mutton; and so he Tore him one Bit from Another, for an Example to all Glozing Hypocrites.*

THE MORAL.

THE *Wolfe*, the *Tyger*, and the *Leopard*, are the Perfect Image of Three Court-Parasites, that have gotten the Ear of an Easy Prince. The Poor *Sheep* carries the first Intelligence of the Outrage, and instead of a Redress,

Redress, was Laught at for his Pains. The *Dog* seconds the First Intelligence with a Sensible Evidence in Confirmation of the Truth of it: while the *Lyon* Himself joyns with his Enemys against his Friends, and without any Regard, either to the Innocency of the One, or the Fidelity of the Other. But the *Lyon*, at last, when he found his own Life and Estate in Danger, came to a just Sense of his Mistake, Confounded that Glozing Treacherous Cabal, and brought the *Wolfe* to Justice upon the very Spot: So that This Story may serve for a President to Posterity upon all such Occasions.

XLVIII.

Shifting and Shuffling makes Matters worse.

There was a Knot of Good Companions that enter'd into a Club, under certain Rules and Orders for the Government of the Society: and One Article among the rest, that whoever should enroll himself a Member of That Brotherhood, with any Corporal Maim, or Blemish about him, should forfeit a Crown to the Bord; and for so many Defects, so many Crowns. It so fell out, that One Man in the Company was oblig'd to go a little Limping, and so they call'd upon him for his Forfeit. The Man put himself upon the Test, and was found upon the Search, to have, not only one Leg longer then the other, but a Rank Leprous Scurfe all over his Body. Upon This Discovery, they demanded Another Crown, and then Another after That; for a Glass-Eye he had. They press'd him in the End so hard for the Money, that it came to Boxing; and upon That Struggle, they found a Rupture he had got over and above; so that the further they went, the Matter was still worse and worse.

THE MORAL.

All Men have their Failings, only Those that lye out of Sight go for little or nothing; so that it is the Best of Every Man's Game, not so much to stand upon his Justification, as to carry his Defects Private. There's no such Thing in Nature as Perfection, either in Particulars, or in Societies: but it is well however to encourage the Emulation of Virtue, though we cannot arrive at the Excellency of it. Wherefore This Phancy here in the Fable, is highly to be commended, both for the Constitution, and for the Example, in making the Faultlessness of the Members, to be the Condition of the Corporation. Now he that has Fewest Faults, has constructively none at all: because it is a Common Case,

Case, wherein all People stand indifferently upon the same Bottom. But no Man has so many Faults, on the Other Hand, as he that takes upon him to have None at all.

XLIX.

A Boy Leading a Calfe.

AS a Boy was leading a Calfe, with both Hands, a Nobleman happening to pass by upon the High-way, the Boy it seems minded the Calfe more than the Lord, and went drudging on still, without moving his Hat. *Why Sirrah,* says the Man of Dignity; *have you no more Manners then to stand staring me in the Face with your Cap on?* Alas! says the Boy, I'll put off my Hat with all my Heart, if your Lordship will but Light, and hold my Calfe in the mean time.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing well done that is done out of Season; and there is a Time for the doing of all Things: neither is there any Duty so binding upon us, as not to give way to a Superior Obligation: inasmuch that the Best, and the Thing most necessary to be done, in one Case, falls out many times to be the Worst in Another: Provided always, that nothing that is Evil in it self, be admitted, in any Case whatsoever. Nay we are bound to leave our very Prayers, to save the Life of a Good Man in the same Instant. *Business*, in fine, must give Place to *Devotion*, *Ceremony* to *Business*; and so it runs on in a Gradual Subordination of one Thing to Another, throughout the whole Series of our Lives.

L.

The Case is alter'd.

A Country-fellow went to a Judge about a little Business he had with his Lordship. *My Lord,* says he, *there's an ill-condition'd Bull of mine has Got'd one of your Lordships Cows; and I am come to offer you what Satisfaction you please.* Why then, says the Judge, you must either pay me for my Cow, or forfeit your Bull. Ay but my Lord, says t'Other, I am mistaken in the Story: 'Tis your Lordships Bull that has kill'd one of My Cows. *Oh I cry you Mercy Friend,* says the Judge, That alters the Case. The

The MORAL.

IT is the Great Lesson of Morality to do as we would be done by, and to love our Neighbours as our Selves: but it is, at the same time, the Common Practice of Fleth and Blood, to manage by other Measures, upon a Mistaken Principle, that every Man is to look to One: and that *Clearly begins as Homer's* This is to show us, in Few Words, how Partial we are, to our selves, and that it is against Natural Justice for the same Person to be both Party, and Judge. As for Example. The Equity of the Matter in Question here, betwixt the Great Man and his Client, was quite another Thing when the Tables came to be turn'd once; and the Magistrate to pass Sentence in his own Case. Nay David himself labour'd under the same Infirmity. How Zealous was he against Oppression, in the Parable of the Rich Man, and the Poor Eva Lamb; and how intolerable at the same time, of the Violence that he himself exercised in the Moral? This was to see what the Case of a Trimming Clergyman, in the Days of the Solemn League and Covenant. The Oath went against his Conscience, he said; but yet if he did not swear, some Vassal or other would Swear, and get into his Living. Now the Oath is the same in Both; but the Case is alter'd; whether the one swears or the other.

LI.

Mum and Tuum spoils all.

IT was often in the Mouth of a Great Man, how Equally and Impartially, Providence had divided and distributed all the Parts of the Creation. The Water was given in common to all Fishes, the Air to all Birds, and the Earth to all Beasts: but then comes Man, that Cramps and Limits the Divine Bounty, with the Confounded Usurpation of *Mum* and *Tuum*.

The MORAL.

IT is the Great Question in the World, whether *This* or *That* shall be *Yours* or *Mine*; and it is Force at last, upon That Competition, that determines the Right: whether it be by Law, or by Conscience, 'tis much a Case for the One naturally introduces the Other, and Dominion is only the Effect of that Power which all Mortals contend for.

LII.

An Oxe and a Crocodile.

TIs no New Thing, for Men, first to Make their own Gods, and Then to Worship them when they have done: as the Egyptians, for Example, that dedicated Temples and Altars indifferently to all sorts of Creatures. There happen'd a Dispute once betwixt Two of their Gods, an Oxe, and a Crocodile, whether should have the Preference. The Oxe valu'd himself upon the Antiquity of his Title, the Probity of his Life and Manners, the Merit of his Publique Services, and the Reputation he had in the World, for the Symbol of Patience, and Power, over and above the Credit of Jupiter's transforming himself into the Figure of a Bull. But with what Face, says the Oxe, can any Creature pretend to the making of a God out of a Crocodile & a Mungrel, bred out of Putrefaction; a Bloudy, a Ravenous, and an Insatiable Monster? Shall Men, says he, set up for their Patron, and Protector, the Common Enemy of Mankind? The Crocodile staring the Oxe in the Face at These Words; *Thou dull Fool,* says he, *not to understand, that Gods, and Kings, must make themselves Terrible, to be Great; and that Virtue is not a Match for Power. Men are not Honest, for Honesty's sake, but Force, and Fear, do the Work of Loyalty, and Conscience. Nay when you have said your Worst, 'tis all short of the Truth, and still the more Dreadful, the more Venerable. Wherefore, as you love your self, let there be no further Dispute betwixt your Divinity and mine, for fear I should convince you of your Mistake, by Breaking your Bones, and making a Breakfast of you.*

The MORAL.

HE that said, *it was Fear that first made Gods,* said a great deal in a few Words, toward the Moralizing of This Fable, though upon a False Foundation. The Dutch have an Unlucky Adage [*God Helps the Strongest*] giving to understand, that Force Governs the World, and Success consecrates the Cause, whatever it is: for, to comprise all in a word; *He that gets Uppermost, gives Laws to all the rest.*

L.III.

LIII.

The Husband-Confessor.

A Man of Honour, that had spent some Considerable Time Abroad in the Service of his Prince and Country, and made his Fortune by his Sword; This Cavalier had the Opportunity of making a Tripp, for a Month or Two, from the Camp to his own House, to see how Squares went at Home. And there did he find such Roaring, Revelling, and Omboling; such a Garig of Fuddling, Finical Foppes, and his Wife one of the Crew too, that the Man of Warr began to lay Things and Things together, and to compute upon Profit and Loiss, what he got by being made a Knight in the Field, and a Cornuto at Home. This Freak gave him a Grumbling, but says he to himself, *Few Words among Friends,* and I must try if I can fish-out the Mystery some other way.

The Soldier, upon This, put himself into the Habit of a Priest; took up a Confessionary; and who but his own Wife, the First Person that offer'd her self to the Shrift? She Began with Qualms, and Scruples, and so from Peccadillos, she went higher and higher, by degrees, till she came at last to Sins of the First Magnitude.

I do Confess, says she, *that I have taken to my Bed, a Gentleman, a Knight, and a Priest: As she was going further, her Husband in a Rage discover'd himself; the Poor Woman had been quite Undone else. Art Thou Traytres!* says he; little dost thou think who is thy Ghostly Father now. Yes yes, says she, I speak to my own Husband; and You your self are all These Three in One. Were not you a Gentleman Born, and has not the King made you a Knight? And have not you made your self now a Priest? Well! 'tis a Strange Thing that a Man of your Sense should not understand all This without a Key to't. 'Tis very Right says the Husband, and if I had not been as Blind as a Beetle, I must needs have seen thorough it. But Heaven be prais'd that it is as it is; and I bless my Stars with all my Heart that it is no worse.

The

The Moral.

WHEN Folks will be Peeping, they must take what follows, and This along with it; that *Listeners seldom hear any Good of themselves*. But This is so Peevish a Case, that it may be a Question at last, whether the Bare Jealousy, of the Certain Truth of Things of This Nature, be the Greater Plague, of the Two, beside that it falls out in many Cases to be the Crime, and the Punishment, both in one. What the Husband could not discover upon the Square, must be gotten out by a Trick, and the Question of his Wives Honesty juggled into a Case of Conscience, betwixt the Soldier, and the Priest. But Religion serves for a Countenance to all manner of Wickedness: And therefore a plausible Come-off, what would a Body desire more, than to see all Parties pleas'd in the winding-up of the Story, as it runs in This Novel.

LIV.

The Contented Cuckold.

Boccace, in his Decameron, tells us of a Man of Quality that fell directly in Love with a Woman he had never set Eye on, and purely upon the Fame of her Worth and Beauty. This *Amour* was no sooner in his Head, but he took up a False Name, and steer'd his Course immediately to the Place of her Abode, where he found her at her Window, much beyond what he had ever heard, or imagin'd.

His next Business was to gain Access to her, and no better way for That, he Thought, then to put in some how or other for a Domestick in the Family. Upon This Project, he discharg'd himself, for the Present, of his Train and Equipage, and dealt artificially with the Master of the House where he lodg'd, to try if he could help him to the Service of some Honourable Person where he might live Cheap and Easy. This Phancy succeeded to his Wish, for whither should mine Host carry him, but to the Husband of his Beloved Lady, who received him with a singular Respect!

The Master of the House was a Lover of Field-Sports, and while he was abroad one Day at his Game, the Lady, in her Husband's Absence, play'd a Mate at Chess with her New Servant. This Encourager brake the Ice of the *Amour*: infomuch, that, by one Thing after another, it gave Light to a Discovery of the whole *Intrigue*: that is to say, who he

him-

himself was; the End of his Disguise, and finally, the Reason of This Adventure. The Affair was by This time no longer a Riddle: so that after some Necessary Precautions of Honour, and Secrecy, and the Exchange of a Parting-Kiss, the Lady made no Difficulty of promising him a more effectual Proof of her Kindness, betwixt That and the Next Morning; only, says she, do you come softly to my side of the Bed about Midnight, and take me by the Hand so as to Wake me; and with That he departed.

It was now toward Evening, and the Husband coming Home weary from his Sport, slept sooner then usual, and so to Bed. At the Set-time comes the Gallant according to his Direction, and taking the Lady by the Hand, She at the same time turn'd her self toward her Husband. My Dear says she, there's a Thing comes into my Head, and I have the greatest Mind in the World to ask thee One Question. Which is the Man of all thy Servants thou hast the Best Opinion of? Why without all Dispute says he, it is the Young Man that came last: but how comes This Whimsy into thy Head, I prethee? Nay my Dear Heart, says she, I'll tell thee immediately, and make thee the Judge of the whole Matter: I had the same Opinion of This Fellow that thou thy self hast, till this very Afternoon, when thou wert abroad a Hawking: and Then had he the Impudence, to tempt me to Lewdness; and truly very little short of offering to Force me to it. But for fear of the worst, I put him off with an Assignment to meet him betwixt Twel've and One This Night under the Pine-Tree, in the Garden; and if you have a Mind to lay him open in his Villany, put-on my Gown and Head-Dress, and go your way according to the Appointment. The Poor Man was so Ravish'd with the Quaintness of the Contrivance, that up he starts, and without any more to do betakes himself to his Post.

The Lovers were now left to Themselves, and the next Thing to be done was to give the Cavalier His Lesson too. Take you, says she, a Swinging Cudgell, and away into the Garden about your Business, and if my Coat should happen to fall in your way, Thrash it soundly for me, and spare neither my Ribbs nor my Reputation. Call me all the Treacherous Jades in Nature. No, Hussy, say; I did call This but so try if you could be false to the Best Husband, the Best Master, the Best Friend, and perchance the Best Man too, upon the Face of the Earth. That was my End,

thou

thou Beast of a Woman! But as I am a True Man, my Master shall have the whole Story This very Morning. Raile at This Rate, says she, and lay it on upon the Shoulders of him, till you see him Home again. Who knows but This Drubbing may make him keep his Bed another time!

The Young Man play'd his Part incomparably, and never gave off till he saw Man and Wife together again. No sooner had the Husband set Foot in the Chamber, but his Wife call'd out to him to know, if he had seen the Villain or no? Yes yes, sweetheart, says he, and Felt him too: and so he told her the Story, with a Thousand Acknowledgments for the Blessing of That Nights Providence. *Well well! my Dear, dear Life!* says he, *I am certainly the Happiest Man under the Cope of Heaven, in a Dutyfull Wife, and a Faithful Servant* ----- *make me thankful for't.*

The MORAL.

Love-Adventures, are, in Truth, little more then *Romance*; 'tis all Visionary; and Men of That Freak are apt to dote upon they know not what, as well as they know not whom: and when These unruly Passions are once in Motion, there's no thought of Bounding them: for it is now come to a Tryal of Skill who shall out-wit the Other, and carry the Point: So that what was only *Whimsical*, at first, turns to a Nicety of Honour in the Pursuit.

We may gather from hence, the Force of Imagination and Industry, especially when the Design is carry'd on with Art and Vigour. The Cavalier's First Work was to form an *Idea* of his Mistress, and in the next place to find out a Woman to answer That *Idea*: and then the Woman her self to be made a Party to the Project, with a Conjunction of Craft, Wit, and Intrigue, not to be resisted.

There was nothing now wanting to the Crowning of the Invention, but to make the Husband himself a Mediator betwixt the Two Lovers, which was done here so effectually, that he was Cuckolded, and Cudgell'd, and Thankfull for't: but there's no contending with Fate and Ill Luck.

LV.

St. Arriguo and Martellino.

Boccace has a Pleasant Phancy of one *Arriguo*, a German, and a Poor Innocent Wretch that dy'd in *Thebes*. There went a Rumour, that the Bells rung out of themselves upon the Moment of his Departure, which was cry'd up for a *Miracle*,

racle, and the Man consequently for a *Saint*; inso much, that the Body was deposited in the Church, and several Cripples and Sick People came thronging to it to be Cur'd. There were Three Persons particularly, that had a Great Curiosity to see the Sight; that is to say, *Stecchio*, *Martellino*, and *Marquiso*; but the Place was so crowded and guarded, there was no coming at it. Well well! says *Martellino*, I have a Crotchet in my Head that will do the Job, only leave it to me to act the Part of a *Lame Man*, and you Two shall be my supporters, to lead me up into the Church for my Cure. Do as I say, and my Life for yours. This Devise shall bring us all up to the *Saint*. *Martellino* puts himself presently in Posture, and, with the help of his Two Crutches, gets in good Time to his Journey's end, crying out all the way they went, for the Lord's Love good Christian People, make way for a Poor Lame Man.

When *Martellino* had rested himself a while upon the Body of the *Saint*, he came by Degrees to the use of his Fingers, his Hands, and his Arms, and all his Limbs again. The Miracle of This Recovery was celebrated with a Peal of Acclamations, to the Honour of *St. Arriguo*, All crying out with one Voice, A MIRACLE, A MIRACLE! *Yes yes; a Doubtful Miracle no Question is,* says a Florentine that was there Present, *to Cure a Conscience Rogue, that never ail'd any Thing at all; a Fellow that to my certain Knowledge was as Straight and Sound as any Man in This Company.* This brought the Rabble, at such a rate upon *Martellino*, with Fists, Stones, and Cudgels, that they would undoubtedly have Murder'd him, if *Marquiso* had not immediately charg'd him before a Justice for a *Pick-Pocket*. Upon This Acculation, the Officers took him out of the Hands of the Multitude; and, as it happen'd, treated him worse themselves. But his Two Friends got him off however in the Conclusion, with a *Passe*, and a *Viaticum*, to carry him Home again, and a Piece of Good Counsel over and above; never to play the Fool again with an Impetuous, and a Superstitious Rabble.

The MORAL.

'Tis no wonder to find *Counterfeit Miracles*, where there are *Counterfeit Cripples*, and *Counterfeit Suits* to Advance and Support them. But This concludes nothing, either to the Scandal, or the Credit of any Religion, unless People will make an *Article of Faith*, of an *Imposture*. The Multitude we see, are equally Violent in Both the Extremes, of either *Crying up*, or *Explooding* these Dark and Wonderful Operations, whether True or False. The Best way will be to Think Reverently on the One hand, and to Act with Caution, and Sobriety, on the Other: without running into the Captious Question, *whether Miracles be cas'd or not?* They may be found as Necessary, for ought we know, for the Maintenance of the *Christian Faith*, as they were for the *Introducing* of it: But in One Word, *the whole World's a Cheat, and all that's in't; and there's no drawing of Inferences from Impostures.*

LVI.

An Ignorant Statuary.

A Young Novice of a *Carver*, that was just setting-up for himself, got the Best *Marble Block* he could lay his Hand on, to begin withall. This Man was the Greatest Master of his Art upon the Face of the Earth, in his own Opinion, and the worst that ever was or was to be, in every Body's else. His Father indeed was a *Carver* Man in That Way, and working in the same House with his Son, he was still at hand to set him Right when he did amiss, and to head him to his Proportions: for without *Symmetry* he told him, all the rest was but *Flap-dash*. But let the Father say what he would, the Son did what him list'd, and ply'd his Chizzele; without either Fear or Wit. In short, when he had proceeded almost to the Finishing of his Project, out came a Horrid Figure, that the very Spectacle transported him to discharge his Cholier upon the Marble.

Oh Thou Ungrateful Wretch, says he, *is This the Fruit of a Six-Month's Labour? Is it for Thee, that I have renounc'd the World and all that's Pleasant in't, to be paid at last with a Phantom, instead of a Man? Why what a Hawk's Nose have we got here! and what a Sparrow-Mouth! How is This Forehead Pinch'd! And here's a Hand again, twice too Long for the Arm. What a Bursten Belly's here! and a Pair of Mis-shapen, Crook-*

ed

ed Shanks to support it. Well well! says the Wide-mouth'd *Statue*, and who's to Blame, I beseech you, that I am no Handfomer? You had Matter enough to work upon, but you spoil'd it in the Making. Now if you had taken Direction and Good Advice, when it was offer'd you, the mending only of Two Faults would have done the Work: that is to say, you took away *too Much*, in some Places, and *too Little*, in others.

The MORAL.

WHEN a Conceited Noddy, that can do nothing considerable of himself, will neither take Warning from what he does amiss, nor Counsel how to do better, such an Undertaker must needs run into a Thousand Errors: when he has neither Rule nor Judgment to walk by; but with the *Statuary* here in the *Fable*, let the Matter be never so Fair, he'll be sure to spoil all in the Manage. And whence comes all This now, but either from *Under-doing* or from *Over-doing*, and for want of Hitting the True *Medium*, betwixt *too Much*, and *too Little*. This is the Case, in One word, not only of our *Statuary*, but of every Man living, in all the Mis-carriages and the Extravagances of Humane Life.

LVII.

Sumptuary Laws.

THE Common way of Restraining Luxurious Excesses, by *Sumptuary Laws*, has been still found either too Loose, or too Rigorous. But the *Syracusans* and the *Lacedaemonians*, had the good Luck to hit upon a more Effectual, and Prudential Mean betwixt Both: which was in truth, rather an Allowance of them, upon such and such certain Conditions, than a Point-blank Prohibition; As for Example. There was a Law enacted among them, that no Women but *common Whores* should presume to wear either *Gold* or *Purple*. And *Selencus* went the same way to work too, among the *Libyans*; by a Decree that no Woman should dare to walk the Streets with more than *One Maid-Servant* to attend her, unless she were *Drunk*; nor to wear any *Jewels*, unless she were a *Profeß Prostitute*.

This was much the Case of the *Milesian Virgin's* too, that in a Fit of the Spleen, took up a Humour of laying Violent Hands

Hands upon themselves; and the Senate could not find any way of reclaiming them, but by Publishing an Order, that what Woman soever should be found guilty of her own Death, her *Body* should be drawn stark Naked thorough the *Market-place*.

The MORAL.

AN *Imaginary Honour* works more upon some People, then a Sence of *Conscience* and *Duty*. It makes Men *Brave*, in some Cafes; *Just*, in Others, and keeps many a Woman *Honest*, in Despite of all Charms, and Temptations: so that *Pride*, and *Shame* do the Office of *Virtue*; which is a *Good Effect*, even of a *Bad Cause*. Laws of This Nature cannot be said yet to Cure the Intemperance of a Luxurious Mind: but rather to Stifle and Smother, or at least to Disguise it! The Foullest of Criminals make it a Point of Honour, at the very Gibbet, to be True to one another; and how False forever to the Publick; not to be Rogues yet among themselves.

LVIII.

A Butcher and his Dog.

AS a Butcher was playing his Dog at a Bull, the Bull, first Toss'd the Dog, and then the Master, who fell Stone-Dead upon the Place. They try'd all Manner of *Bear-Garden-Cordials* to bring him to himself again: but when they saw nothing would do: Well! says one of the *Heroes* of the Pit, *there's the Best Back-sword-Man in the Field gone.* **PLAT ANOTHER DOG.**

The MORAL.

WHAT is the whole World now, at This rate of Proceeding, but a *Larger Bear-Garden*? And it is much the same Thing in Camps, Courts of Justice, and great Councils, as we find it here in This Encounter. 'Tis all but *Fending and Proving*, as we say: *Flouring and Tawling* and *Tearing* one another to Pieces, till the End of One Dispute is made the Beginning of Another. As in effect, what's the *Playing of another Dog*, but the *Calling of another Cause*; and carrying of the Sport all This while, into a *Reflefs*, Endless Contention.

LIX.

LIX.

A Plea for Cowardice.

HERE was a Soldier try'd by a Council of Warr for *Cowardice*, and pleaded for himself, that he did not run away for fear of the Enemy: but only to try how long a *Poultry Carcass* might last a Man with Good looking to.

The MORAL.

THIS Reproche was as pleasantly Fool'd-off as the Subject would well bear: but the Jest, upon the Uphor, did more Hurt then Good, as it became a Memorial of the Disgrace; for so long as the Conceit is remember'd, the Scandal shall never be Forgotten. Wherefore the Soldier should rather have kept the Phancy to himself, then to have stamp't it with so Remarkable a *Memorandum*, into a *Record* of the Infamy.

It was much such another Turn of a *Put-off*, the Poor-fellow's Excuse that he had a *Privy Main* about him, and was not in Condition to bear Arms. Now the *Privy Main* he spake of, was a *Faint Heart*. He found there was no Room for an Argument, and so turn'd it off with a Conceit.

LX.

A Dog that was afraid of Rain.

IT was observ'd in a Family with all Sorts of Dogs in't, that one Curt among the rest would never be gotten out of the House in Rainy Weather. His Fellows took Notice of it; and would never let him be quiet till he told them the Meaning on't: which, in short was This: I was terribly scald once, a great while ago, and I have been afraid of Water since, ever since. His Companions told him he talk'd like a Fool, for *Rain-Water* was Cold, and there could be no danger in it. Well! says he, let it be Hot, or let it be Cold, the Water shall, and how shall I know whether it be the one or the other, till I feel it? and by That time, it will be too late to prevent the Mischief.

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THE MORAL.

THIS Dog's Caution, is as good as a Lecture of Humane Prudence to Mankind: for we are so far many times from avoiding Resemblances of Evil, that we repeat the very Evil it self; and in Desiance of Confidence, and Experience, run into the same Snare over and over again. The Dog does well to Deliberate, but fails for want of Distinguishing. A *Cordial*, and a *Poisonous Potion*, may look like one another, but the Mistake is never the less Mortal, for the Innocent Resemblance. The Taking of one Thing for another may be Fatal in some Cases, and so may the very Doubt, and Distrust, in others.

'Tis the Common Misfortune of Humane Frailty to take Good for Evil, and Evil for Good, and we are at a loss many Times to make a Right Judgment of Things, and to determine which is which: that is to say, we are blinded by Prepossessions, against the Lights of Truth; and Partial in Favour of what we wish for and Desire. 'Tis good, in short to be *Cautious*, but it is nevertheless Dangerous, not to be *Sure*: 'Tis Folly to Fear without a Cause, but a Direct Madness, not to be Wary where there is a Reasonable Ground for it.

LXI.

A Gentleman and his Lawyer.

A Gentleman that had a Suit in *Chancery*, was call'd upon by his Counsel to put in his *Answer*, for fear of incurring a *Contempt*. Well! says the Cavalier, and why is not my Answer put in then? How should I draw your Answer, says the Lawyer, without knowing what you can Swear. Pox of your *Scruples*! says the Client again, praye do you the Part of a Lawyer, and Draw me a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and Swear it.

THE MORAL.

THIS may serve for a Plain and a Short Reflexion upon the Corruptions of a Degenerate Age, when Men Take Oaths, and Break them, indifferently, without any Regard to Faith, Piety, and Justice. And yet there is somewhat in the Frolique, of doing even an *Ill* Thing, with the Gayety of a Pleasant Humour; that seems in some Degree, to atone for the *Iniquity* it self. There are but too many Libertines of This Kind, that think it below the Dignity of a Man of Courage to Boggle at any Thing, for fear of *Infamy* or *Damnation*.

There goes a Story that in Old time when People kept *Lent*, and *Fasting-Days*, Two Travellers, on a Day of Abstinence, call'd for a Couple

Couple of *Pallets* for *Supper*: The Woman of the House told them, she durst not dress any *Flesh*, but a Matter of a Mile further, they might have what they would. Very Good, says one of the Travellers, and why not Here as Well? *Alas* says the Woman, They are only *SWORN There*, and may do what they please: but for us that are *BOUND*, it would be our *Undoing*. This is no more used to say, that Interest Governs the World, and that more or less, Mankind is all of a Piece.

LXII.

A Fleecing Droll, that had his *Breeches* Run-rats, consulted *Cato* for Advice. *Cato* said, if you had your *Breeches* Run-rats, you should not be so much surpris'd, if you should find your *Breeches* Run-rats. The Droll, says the Philosopher, if your *Breeches* had Eaten the Rats, it might have been Dangerous.

THE MORAL.

EVERY Man living has his weak side, and Laughs at Those Fooleries in Another, that he Practices himself. May we govern our Lives, in a Great Measure, by the Degrees of Good Luck and Bad; as the *Filling of the Sail*, for the purpose of the *Craving of Fate*; and so for *Things Lost*, we consult the Oracle of the *Cast of the Dice*. But Men should have a Care, while they are only to make Sport with These Fopperies, that they do not seriously contract a Superstitious Opinion of them. There is much of this in the Business of *Fortune-tellers*, and those that we call *Gipsies*, or *Cunning Women*. We are children before we are aware, and Wickedness is left leads us to Wickedness in Earnest. There are *Implicit* *Concessions* to the Devil, as well as *Explicit*; and People that are over-Curious, seldom fail of being over-Credulous.

LXIII.

Slaves to be Lett.

THERE was a Bill set up in *Capital Lett* over the Palace Gate of *Great Princes*. With This Intention upon it: **THERE ARE SLAVES TO BE LETT**. This Liberty, at first, gave Great Offence, but upon second Thoughts, finding

finding that the same Conceit would have been as True, and as much to the Purpose, any where else; it was look'd upon to have no more in it, than a Common Case.

THE MORAL.

THERE are many Words, Papers, and Things, that pass for *Satyr*, and *Libel*, purely for want of understanding the True Force and Meaning of them; as This Bill upon the *Court-Gate* for one. 'Tis with Men in the World, as it is with Beasts in the Market: They are all to be Sold if the Bidder can but come up to the Price: only One Man is a Slave to his Pleasures; Another, to his Ambition, a Third, to his Avarice, a Fourth to his Revenge, &c. so that it is but finding out every Man's Weakness, and fixing the Bayte to the Palace, and we shall All be found Mercenary, upon some Terms or other: Is that This Bill upon the *Palace-Gate*, would have done every job as well upon the *Church Door* it self, *Inns of Court*, or *Chancery*; and where not, so that *Quid dabitur et tradam?* may pass with a very Slender Allowance, for the Motto of all *Mankind*?

LXIV.

A Bullet shot upon a Practice of Piety.

A Parliament-officer, in the Days of King Charles the First, receiv'd a *Market-Ball* upon a Practice of Piety he had in his Pocket, which Providential Deliverance was ascribed by the Party, to the Righteousness of the Cause. One of the King's Common Soldiers afterwards, receiv'd a *Market-Ball* at the Second *Newbury*, upon a Pack of Chards. He took the *Bullet* and the *Chards* immediately out of his Pocket, and call'd to his *Comrades* to bear him Witness; that he was now Even with the *Colonell* for his Practice of Piety.

THE MORAL.

LET not this be understood now as a setting up of *Vanity* against *Devotion*, or a *Ridiculing* of *Holy Duties*; as if there were no Difference betwixt a Set of *Cards*, and a *Prayer-Book*. But yet it may serve for a Caution to us, not to lay the Stress of Things in the Wrong place: for neither the One nor the Other signifies any Thing to the Merits of the Cause: and upon the whole Matter, a Man had better be sav'd by a Pack of *Chards*, in a *Righteous Cause*, than by a *Book of Devotion*, in a *Rebellion*: as That was the very Condition of the Cause.

LXV.

Dionysius and Philoxenus.

Dionysius had the Greatest Ambition in the World to get the Name of an Excellent Poet, though one of the Worst perhaps that ever put Pen to Paper; and yet there was a Tragedy of his that had the Approbation of almost all the Eminent Writers of his Time. Never such a Piece, they cry'd, never so Divine a Composition. The last Man that had the Sight of it was Philoxenus; a Poet of the First Form, and a Man Generous, Frank, and Well-natur'd, over and above. Dionysius, in fine, gave him the Book to peruse, and bad him strike out what he did not like. Philoxenus made Short Work on't, and Cross'd the whole Copy with a *Deleatur*, from one end to tother. Upon This Affront, he was taken up and carry'd away to the Mines, where he was kept at hard Labour, and half smother'd, to take down his Stomach. When he had chew'd upon it a while, Dionysius sent for him out; and put the Tragedy into his Hands once again yet, to consider of it upon Second Thoughts. Philoxenus fell to reading of it again; but starting up in a Passion, before he was got a Tenth Part through, he begg'd Leave to be gone. Dionysius ask'd him whither? Nay, says he, even to the Mines again, for of all Slaves the Flatterer is the Basest.

THE MORAL.

'Tis a hard Choyce, when a Man must either Sacrifice his Integrity, or his Freedom, as in the Case here of Philoxenus; and in Truth, one of the Common Hazzards of a *Court-Life*; But Men that are Embarrqu'd in That Interest, must take their Fortune in all the *Follies* and *Vanities* that attend it. Here's a Prince setting up for a Poet, in Despite, both of Nature, and of Baseness; beside that he falls short of his Pretence, even in That too; and in the Opinion of a Judge of his own chiding. He makes it Dangerous, in a Good Man, to act according to his Honour, his Conscience, and his Duty; and Punishes That Faith and Honesty, which all just, and Generous Princes will take care to Reward. But Philoxenus stands Firm yet, under the Malice of Oppression, and Disgrace; and may serve, both for an Encouragement, and an Example, in That Resolution, rather to suffer any Thing, than to sink under the Infamy of a Parasite, or a Thyrot.

LXVI.

The Love of *Constance* and *Martuccio*.

There was a Treaty of a Match in the Isle of *Liparia*, betwixt a young Couple; *Martuccio Gomitto*, and *Constance*, by Name, but the Father of *Constance* brake it off, with a Contemptuous Reflexion upon the Man for his Poverty. This Affront went so near the Heart of *Martuccio*, that he got himself a Boat and a Crew, and so put to Sea upon Adventure, with a Vow never to see his Country again till he should have made himself Considerable in the World: He had not been long at his Trade, before he Struck into a Competent Fortune; but he went on so long, grasping at more, that in the end he lost all he had gotten, in an Encounter with some *Saracen-Pirates*, that sunk his Ship, and carry'd *Martuccio* himself a Prisoner to *Tunis*.

All News, they say, flies apace, and the Rumour of This Disaster came presently to *Liparia*, where *Constance*, upon the Tidings, got privately into a Little Boat, and in the Transport of an Ungovernable Despair, set the Boat a-drift, and made out to Sea with it; laying her self down at her Length, and at the Mercy of the Waves. Providence, in short, so order'd the Matter, that the Boat was wafted ashore by the Favour of a Gentle Gale, not far from *Susa*, and about a Hundred Leagues from *Tunis*; and This was the very Night after the Embarqu'd.

A Poor Woman, as she was drying her Nets upon the Shore, took Notice of a Barque under Sail toward the Land, and no Body in it. Upon This, she went directly down to the Sea-side, and there did she find a Lady in the Bottom of the Boat, so fast asleep, that she had much ado to wake her. She look'd about her a little Wildly at first, but coming to her self by Degrees, and the Woman finding by her Dress that she was a *Christian*, she put several Questions to her in *Latin*, and so got from her by little and little, the Short of the Story. Neither was the Lady her self less Inquisitive on the other hand, to know where she was: And being told that she was upon the Coast of *Barbary*, it went to the very

Soul

Soul of her to find her self at the Mercy of so Inhospitable a People. But the Poor Woman, to Comfort her what she could, took the Lady, in Pure Pity and Good Nature, to a homely Cottage of her own, where she gave her the Best Entertainment the Habitation and her Condition could afford. Upon This Occasion, she told the Lady that her Name was *Carapresa*, and for her Quality, and Business, she was a Servant to a Certain Fisherman. *Constance*, finding her Honour and Safety in so good Hands, committed her self wholly to the Advice and Conduct of This Woman, who accordingly took her into her Particular Care.

Pray'e give me leave in the First place, says *Carapresa*, to go back and look after my Nets, and I shall then wait upon you to *Susa*, and put you into the hand of a *Saracen-Lady*, that I am sure will treat you as her own Flesh and Blood. *Carapresa* did as she said, and the Lady had *Constance* Wellcome, with all the Tenderness and Esteem imaginable. There were several Women at Work upon Embroideries, and other Curiosities, and not so much as One Man to be in the Company. But *Constance*, in the Mean time, was Listed into the Family, and Behaved her self to the Perfect Satisfaction of the whole House.

In This Interim, there happen'd a Wart betwixt the Then King of *Tunis*, and a Powerful Pretender to That Title, who was already in the Head of a Mighty Army, to assert his Claym. *Martuccio* spake the Tongue, and as he was talking of This Matter with one of his Keepers. Well! says he, if I were to advise the King, he should certainly carry the Day. This came to the King's Ear, and *Martuccio* was presently sent for, and consulted in't.

Sir, says *Martuccio*, the Great Execution in your way of Fighting, is by Bow and Arrows: so that if you can but make your Arrows Useless to the Enemy, and serviceable to your self, the Work is done. Right, says the King, if that were possible. Why then with Submission, says *Martuccio*, let your Bow-strings be Gentle, and they'll fit any Arrow: but then the Noek of your Arrow must be so Strait, and Little too, that a Round, Hard String will not receive them. By This Means your Arrows will be of no Use to the Enemy, and Thems Advantageous to you. The King took the Council

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and got the Victory by it, and *Martuccio*, of a *Slave* became a *Favourite*; beside the Reputation he got for so memorable a Piece of Service.

Upon the Fame of This Glorious Exploit, and of *Martuccio's* Preferment, *Constance* was out of all Patience to know the Truth of Things, and so made the *Saracen-Lady* her *Confident* in the whole Story of the Adventure, and of the Passionate desire she had to go to *Tunis* as soon as possible. The Lady took Boat with her immediately, and away to a Kinsman of hers upon the Place, and *Carapresa* along with her. Upon her Arrival at *Tunis*, she found out *Martuccio* himself, where she gave him the First Tidings of his Mistress, and brought the Two Lovers together. The Tendernesses that naturally pass upon Surprizes of This Quality, are only to be express'd by Those that Feel them.

But to conclude; when they had pour'd out their Hearts one to another, the History of *This Amour* was carry'd to the King; who was so sensibly mov'd with the Providence of That Deliverance, and the Generous Conduct of their Affections, that he made them Both *Rich Presents*, gave them leave to Marry after their own Way, and a Pass for *Liparis*, where they were receiv'd with all Joy and Magnificence, and the Marriage completed in Form with the Due Rites and Solemnities; neither were the New-marry'd Couple wanting in any Respect of Generosity, and Gratitude, to their Obliging Benefactresses.

THE MORAL.

THE First Article of This *Novel* shews us, in the Contempt that was put upon *Martuccio* for his Poverty; that it is *Money* Governs the World, with little or no Regard to *Bloud*, *Brawery*, or *Merit*.

It shews us again, that a *Great Mind* surmounts all the Difficulties of a *Cross Fortune*; and that *Providence* turns all the *Disasters*, and *Disappointments* that attend *Glorious Undertakings*, to our *Honour* and *Advantage*. What was it but *Providence*, that made the very *Winds* and the *Seas*, Friends to a *Hopeless*, *Helpless Lady*; in the Extremity of an *Innocent Distress*! And it was the same *Providence* again, that turn'd *Barbary* it self into a Place of *Refuge*; and inspir'd the Hearts of an *Insidel Prince*, and an *Inhospitable People*, with all the Softnesses of a *Christian Charity*, and with a *Generous*, *Heroical Gratitude*, over and above.

LXVII.

An Old Lyon and a Young.

A Lyon that was engag'd in a Foreign Warr, committed his only Son and Heir, in the Interim of his Absence, to the Care of a *Favourite-Minister*, to see him brought up according to his Birth and Quality. He was as yet too Young for Lessons of *State*, and *Military Exercises*, so that his Present Entertainment was only among the Pleasures of the *Forests*, where he had all the *Drolls* of the Woods and the Mountains to divert him.

At the End of some Six Months, the *Old Lyon* return'd Victorious. And there did he find the *Young Lyon* conning over all the Phantastical and Ridiculous *Cries*, *Motions*, and *Actions* of his *Play-fellows*: as one while he would be imitating the *Jack-Pudding-Tricks* of an *Ape*; the *Slouch* of a *Bear*, the *Limp* of a *Badger*, the *Grimace* of a *Munky*, and the like: another while, the *Bray* of an *Ass*, the *Grunt* of a *Swine*, the *Howl* of a *Wolfe*, the *Mew* of a *Kitten*; and all This, for want of sorting the People about him to his Dignity and Business. So it was, in fine, that it brake his Heart to find that he was like to have a *Buffoon* for his *Royal Successor*.

THE MORAL.

THIS Phancy of the *Old Lyon* and the *Young*, is the very History of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to This Day. A *Knock in the Cradle*, as we say, spoils all; and it is the work of an Age to Repair the Miscarriage of an Hour. A False Step in the Institution, is as much many times, as Soul, Body, and Estate are worth: and the most Necessary and Important Offices of Humane Life, are, effectually, Those early Cares and Provisions, which we do neither duly Consider, nor rightly Understand.

Children are, effectually, Form'd among the *Nurses*, and those about them, and whatever they See, or Hear, even before they come to the Exercise of *Reason*, and the Knowledge of *Good and Evil*, is no other than a *Lecture* to them; for *Shewing*, is *Teaching*. Wherefore we cannot be too Careful in the Choice of *Servants*, and of what *Examples* we set before them. And not only for their *Honesty* and *Discretion* neither, but for their very *Make*, *Physions*, *Behaviour*, and *Address*; *Voice*, *Countenance*, and finally *Good Manners* over and above: for if there be any *Deformity*, as *Crokedness*, *Lameness*; any *Uncouth Sight*; as *Squinting*, *Gogling*, *Distortion of the Mouth*, and the like; any *Sluttish*, or wanton

Behaviour, they'll be sure to *Mimick* it. So that the *Failings* of *Children*, are but too frequently the *Errors* of their *Guides* and *Governours*; and the *Tutor* has many times as much need of a *Lesson* as the *Pupil*. It is not to be expected all This while, that Men should come into the World without Faults; but the Fewer howëver the Better, and it would be well if Parents would only entertain such Persons about their Children, as they would be willing they should *Imitate*.

The First Thing to be done, is to Cherish and Encourage *Good Nature* in a Child: and to suffer nothing in him that looks *Hard*, and *Cruel*; as Torturing of *Birds*; Tearing of *Cats*; Pricking, and Tormenting of *Flyes*, &c. which will insensibly create ill Habits, and Dispositions, toward Reasonable Creatures too. Suffer no *Lying*, or *Falsè-dealing* in him, for *Fraud* in a *Child*, will grow up to be downright *Knavery* in a Man. Train him up to the Love and Practice of *Good Morals*, by the Help of *Embleme*, *Picture*, *Fable*, *Allusion*, *Profitable History*, or *good Example*; instead of *Old Wives Tales*, *Scurrilous*, *Paltry Songs*, and *Idle Stories*: for Mean Company, Mean Likings, Courte Language or Behaviour, Loose Words, and Sandalous Actions; Corrupt the very *Nature* of a Child; especially when it comes to be *Hagg-ridden* with *Tales of Devils*, *Spirits*, *Goblins*, *Fairyes*, &c. which turns the Brain many Times to such a Degree, that it never comes right again. But This is a Caution to the *Tutor* rather than to the *Pupil*.

LXVIII.

Mahomet and his Mistress.

UPON the 29th of May, and in the Year of our Lord 1453. Mahomet the Second took Constantinople; and he had a Present made him by a *Turkish Officer*, of one of the most Agreeable Creatures that ever was look'd upon; her Name, *Irene*. She was at That time about Sixteen or Seventeen years of Age, and a Prisoner to This Officer. The Prince was *Youthfull*, and *Wanton*, and his very Heart and Soul so taken up with This Charming Lady, that he minded nothing else. For a matter of Three Years, they liv'd together in all manner of Liberty, without Controll: and the Care of the Government in That *Interim*, was committed to a *Bassa*, who most Tyrannically abus'd his Trust in the Oppression of the People. Now the *Janizaries* were not only *Wearry*, but *Asham'd* of That Mean and Unmanly way of Menage, in sacrificing the Honour of the Empire to a Strumpet. This was their General Sense, and Opinion; though no body had the Courage as yet to take Notice of it. But the People fell-off

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by little and little, and as they cool'd in their Fidelity and Affections, they secretly wish'd for a more Competent Governour in *Mahomet's* place; for the Common Good both of the *Empire* and *People*. But see what came on't in the Conclusion.

As *Mahomet* was walking once in his Garden, up comes *Mustapha*, a Man of Great Honour, and Bravery, directly to him: and after the decency of an Excuse for what he had to say, enter'd into a Free Discourse upon the State of the Publicque. He lay'd it before the Emperour, how he had lost the Hearts of his People, and how Cheap he had made himself and his Dignity, by a Careless Dissolution of Order and Government, even to the Degree of endangering the very Foundations of the Monarchy; and all This for a Pityful Babby of a Woman. Sir, says he, you stand upon the Brink of a Precipice, and praye have a Care how you Degenerate from the Character of your Victorious Ancestors. This put the Emperour upon the Fret, who was so divided betwix his Honour, and his Inclinations, that he had much ado to resolve which way to turn himself. But in the Conclusion, he gave *Mustapha* a Gentle Reproof for talking more than became him: but that for This once he would pass it all over out of a Respect to his Past Services. And he told him further also, that it should not be long, before he would give himself and the World to understand, that he was no Slave to his Pleasures.

And now, *Mustapha*, says he, go you and order all the Bassas and Military Officers in Constantinople, to attend me to Morrow at Court: for I am resolv'd to eat in Publicque. And *Mustapha*, says Mahomet, I would have You there too; and praye Dress your selves as Fine as Hands can make you. When every Thing was ready, and the Company gathered together, up comes the Emperour Himself, after a long Expectation, with his Mistress in his Left hand, and the Nobility receiving him with an Honour and Veneration answerable to the Quality of the Occasion.

Mahomet advances into the Middle of the Room, and There makes a Stop, with all his Courtiers about him. When he had View'd them All with a Stern Countenance; one after another: My Masters says he, you see This Lady here. Is there any Man living, do you think now, that will blame me for being Capti-
vated

nated by so Divine a Beauty. They all agreed (according to the Court-Humour and Way) that his Love was so well plac'd, he could not do either less than he did, or Better. So much for that then, says Mahomet, and I am now about to shew you, that no Temptation under the Sun can transport me to the doing of any Thing unworthy of my Family. With That Word he took his Mistress by the Hair with his Left Hand, and Cut-off her Head with his Right, in the Face of all the People, and These Words in his Mouth, upon the Finishing of the Work: [you are all satisfi'd I hope, by This Time, that the Emperour is still Master of Himself.]

Brantome tells us of such another Act of Barbarity, in the Story of a Nobleman that surpriz'd his Wife in the Arms of her Gallant. He kill'd the Cavalier upon the Place, and then in Revenge, bound them Body to Body: till the Stench of the Dead Carcass poyson'd the Living.

The MORAL.

WHOEVER reads This Horrible Outrage, will naturally reflect upon the Snares and Miseries that attend a Licentious, and an Unlawful Love: especially in a Prince that abandons himself to his Pleasures, and to the Humour of Parasites, and Buffons; to the neglect of his Fame, his People and his Duty.

We find in *Mistapha's* Part, the Benefit, and the Necessity, of a Faithful Servant, and the Danger of attempting a Good Office in so desperate a Crisis. We are told also in the *Cloze*, that Violent Passions run all into Extremes, and that Tenderness it self degenerates into a Brutal Cruelty, as if it were a Piece of Bravery, to be Inhumane. And the same Moral agrees likewise with the Last Instance of *Brantome*.

LXIX.

Apollo's Reverence for Truth.

Boccacini makes *Apollo* to have so great a Veneration for Truth, that he forbid the very Poets Themselves the Use of any Extravagant Fictions in their Writings, that are not to be found in Nature. The Poets mov'd by their Council for a Revocation of the Decree, unless the Prohibition might extend to Orators, Historians, and the rest of the Virtuosi, as well as to Poets: for what are Courtiers without Fraud; Statesmen without

without Interest; Flesh and Blood without Passion: and Princes without Ambition; but as arriant Fables, as Phoenixes, Basilisks, and Centaurs! and if the World were but well examin'd, a Body might find as many of the One as of the Other.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Hard Case for Poets to be barr'd the Use and Ornament of Unnatural Fictions; and for Orators, and Historians, at the same time, to be left at Liberty, in their Characters, and Images, to make use of more Extravagant Figures: but it is a Humour in Fashion, to make a Beauty of whatever we have got before us, though the Devil Himself should sit for the Picture. For what are all our Dedications and Addresses, but Common-Places of what People Ought to be, impos'd upon the World for what they Are? Now These high Flights are all made up of Flattery, and Fiction, without the least resemblance of the Original.

LXX.

Truth and Falshood.

IN the Days of Simplicity and Plain-Dealing, Truth had so much Credit in the World, that Falshood it self, in the Person of the Arrantest Hypocrite under the Sun, fell directly in love with her. The Dissembler had Wit and Words at Will, and so moving an Innocence in the telling of his Tale, that his Mistress immediately enclined to entertain a Treaty, and there needed hardly Two Words to the Bargain; only she desir'd the Messenger to tell his Master, that she could do nothing without an Enterview; for That was a Thing not to be done in a Hurry. The Spark, upon This Encouragement, tricks himself up immediately as fine as Fingers could make him, and so away in That very Instant upon a Visit to the Lady: where he found Truth waiting at the Door, with a Transparent Silken Veyl thrown over her, and little better then stark Naked, ready to receive him. His First Compliment ran much upon the Topique of Oaths, and Protestations, of the Infinite Veneration he had for her: and all These Hyperboles accompany'd with the most sensible Tendernesses in Nature. Well! Sir, says Truth, to deal Freely with you, if you Mean as you say, you must e'en strip in the First place, as Naked as you see me, for I am relolv'd, both to see and to know, what

I am to trust to. He told her it should be done, and so march'd off in a Transport at the Graces of so Excellent a Person: But in This *Interim*, reflecting within himself, what a Monster it would make Him appear, to have all his Private Deformities and Imperfections lay'd open, he took such a Check upon the very Thought on't, that in the same Moment he turn'd his Back upon his Ador'd Mistress, *Truth*, struck up a League with *Dissimulation*, and so they Two went their way together and made a Match on't.

THE MORAL.

Nothing more Common than *Hypocrisy*, *Fraud*, and *Imposture*, under the *Name*, or *Mask*, of *Confidence*, *Good Faith*, and *Plain-dealing*: and no such way to expose the Cheat, as by stripping quite Naked on Both Sides: for *Truth* hath nothing to cover that she need be ashamed of. We are all apt however to phancy our selves in the Possession of That *Truth*, and that we love it, and understand it as we ought to do: when yet betwixt *Idle Imaginations*, *Loose Opinions*, and *Corrupt Affections*, we find that we do neither This, That, nor Other, as we should do: but look at Things through *False Lights*, and set them off with *False Colours*; whereas *Truth* is never so Glorious as in the Native Simplicity of her own Beauty, abstracted from the Vanities of External Pomp and Splendor.

This is to mind us also, that we value our selves more upon the Ornament of *Appearance*, then upon the Dignity of *Conduct*, and *Good Manners*: and that we take more pains to seem to be, what we are Not, then to Be what we seem. So that *Truth* is but a kind of an *Imaginary Point*: a *Mark* set-up, rather to be *shoot* at than *Hit*, and he that comes nearest, Wins the Prize. Now at This rate, the whole Story of our Extravagant Pretences to *Virtue*, and *Wisdom*, comes to little more in the Conclusion, than *Paradox*, and *Declamation*.

LXXI.

The Lyon Crown'd.

IT is the Humour of some *Beasts*, as well as of some *Men*, to make bold with their Superiours: witness the Case of a certain *Lyon*, that had his Crown snatch'd from his Head by a Crew of his *Rebellious Subjects*. They had no Exception, they say'd, either to his *Quality*, or to his *Virtues*, but he was *Superannuated*, and too Old to Govern. The Present King was no sooner depos'd, but the People came immediately to the very

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Point of Cutting Throats who should succeed him. Now the Pretenders, in *Nominations*, were a *Fox*, a *Munky*, and a *Boar*. The *Fox* valu'd himself upon the Royal Faculties of *Policy*, and *Intrigue*, the *Ape* for an Obliging Turn of *Address*, and the *Buffoon-art* of making People *Merry*. But the *Boar* told them, in short, that no Prince could keep the Crown on his Head without *Power*; and that neither the *Fox's Quirks*, nor the *Ape's Volubility*, in the scattering of his *Good Graces*, signify'd any Thing as to the ordering of a *State*: The *Vote*, in one Word, pass'd for the *Boar*; but when they came to the *Coronation*, his *Head* was so out of Shape, that the *Crown* would not fit *steady* upon it. They try'd the *Foxes Head* next, and This was as much too *Little*, as they found the *Baboon's Head*, afterward, too *Big*: and so they concluded among themselves, that no Head would fit it so well as That which was made for't.

THE MORAL.

Audin has couch'd a Great deal of Profitable Matter under This Cover. It is much better to *Whistle* one Government, by the Art and Power of a *Faction*, than to establish another out of That *Confusion*. *Sovereignty* will hardly sit well but upon the Right Shoulders. Popular Dislikes are still follow'd with Worse Inconveniencies: And it is the same Thing for the Multitude to take upon them to Reform, and to take upon them to Govern: Allow them to *Censure some Laws*, and they'll *endure None*, and from the Liberty of *Blaming* the Administration, they'll advance to the Freedom of *Controlling* it. Wherefore the Provision of the *Lochner's* was not amiss, in the Case of *New Laws*; when they order'd that no Man should chop a *New Law* but with a *Rope* about his Neck: The *Prince* must be *swair'd*, whatever the *Person* is, and the *Person* must be so too, for the *Princes* sake.

This Fable strikes likewise upon the Danger of Innovations, and shews us that it is a Thing next to impossible, for any State to continue long, where the People are made Judges of the Incapacity of the Ruler.

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LXXII.

LXXII.

Three Wishes.

There are some parts of the World, they say, where *Spirits* do the Office of *Servants*; and they do it with wonderful Care and Address, and, (which is a Great Matter) without Noyse too. They look to the Manage of the *House*; they Dress the *Gardens*; Till the *Grounds*; and in all Cases of *Husbandry* and *Convenience*, they consult the Profit, the Credit, and the Pleasure of their Masters; provided always, that no other Creature presume to intermeddle in their Province.

One of these *Spirits*, that had been a long time in the Service of a Rich *Burgher*, happen'd to be call'd away by his Principal to attend some other Commission; but out of the Affection he bare to his Master and Mistress, he obtain'd a Favour for them, as a Token of his Respect.

I have order, says he, to his Master and Mistress, to make ready to be gone, and perhaps as a Days Warning; for the Time is Uncertain; but I am allow'd however to make you This Offer before I go. Betink your selves of what you have the Greatest Mind to in This World; put your Demands into Three Wishes, and no more; and I am to assure you in the Name of my Superior that they shall be all made good to you.

The Master and Mistress lay'd their Heads together, and the First Thing they pitch'd upon, was WEALTH. Their Coffers were immediately fill'd with Treasure; their Burns and Granaries with Corn; their Vaults and Cellars with Wine, and other Precious Liquors: and all in such Plenty too, over and above, that they wanted Storage for their Stores. Under These Circumstances, there was such a Bustle, with Tossing and Tumbling Things, to Range and keep them in Order; such a Rout with Clerks, Registers, and Writers, that they had hardly an Eating, or a Sleeping time, for the Perpetual Hurry. To say nothing of the Hourly Dread they were in, for fear of *Theeves*, *House-Breakers*; *Desperate Debts* from *Beggarly Lords*; *Extortionous Seizures*, *Unmerciful Publicans*, and *Tax-Gatherers*. So it was in fine; that they made it their *Second Wish*, to be deli-

deliver'd from the Miseryes of a *Superfluous Plenty*; which they had brought upon themselves by the Inadvertency of the Former.

They were now restor'd by *This Wish*, to the Blessed State of the Mediocrity they enjoy'd before; but the *Third* was yet to come, and the *Spirit* upon the very Point of taking his Flight. In This Distress, they call'd out in all Hast for WISDOM, as the only Security they could depend upon, against the *Passions* of *Humane Frailty*, and the *Iniquities* of *Fortune*.

THE MORAL.

This Levity, of *Wishing*, and *Unwishing*, is, in one Word, the Great Business and Mistake of *Humane Life*; and the Doctrine is briefly This. Our Hopes are not of This World; and therefore let every Man lay a Foundation of Happiness, to himself, in the Satisfaction of his Conscience, and the Faithfull discharge of his Duty, both to God and Man: without lashing out into the Vanities of Insatiable Appetites and Desires. He that's Sick of the Present, and thinks to Ease himself by *Shifting*, shall never be well: for every Change is but a Transition from One Present, and one Uneasyness, to another; and there's no thought of pleasing any Man that cannot Please Himself. To sum up all in a little. The *First Wish* shews us what we are when we are left to our selves. The *Second*, is only making the Best of a Bad Game, and renouncing in One Breath what we fought and pray'd for in Another. The *Third* was *Salaman's First Choice*, WISDOM; the only sure and steady Guide in all Difficulties: if it had but been the *First Wish*, instead of the Last; for upon This Pinch, it was an Act of *Necessity*, rather than a Motion of *Free-Will*.

LXXIII.

The Force of Jealousy and Revenge.

Many a Good Woman leads the Life almost of Hell it self, under the Implacable and Incurable Jealousies of a Barbarous Husband; and commonly, the Better she deserves, the Worse she is treated.

Boccace gives an Instance of This, in the Case of the Fair Wife of one *Arimino*, a Rich Merchant. She was neither to see, nor to be seen; but close kept up, with hardly the Benefit of Common Air. This Usage set her Wits at Work, ei-

ther for Ease, or for Revenge; and she bethought her self at last of one *Philippo*, a Proper Young Fellow, the very Next Door to her, and only a Wall betwixt them: so that if she could but open a Way of Communication thorough that Partition, the Work she thought would be as good as half done. She took her Time once, in her Husband's Absence, to examine every Inch of This Wall, where she spy'd at last the Glimmering of a Light, that struck thorough a Chink in a Dark Corner, into a Fair Chamber in the Next House; and the Place cover'd with a Hanging. Upon This Discovery, she made her Maid her Confident, who, upon further Enquiry, found That Apartment to be *Philippo's* Quarter. Upon This Intimation, her Mistress quickly made the Crack wide enough for a *Whispering-Hole*, and there began the *Intrigue*.

Christmas being now at hand, the Woman desir'd leave of her Husband to go to *Confession*, as other People did. *Very Good*, says he, and what have you to Confess, I beseech you? Why my Dear, says she, your Wife is Flesh and Bloud as well as her Neighbours; but you are no *Priest*, to take her *Confession*. The Man was Nettled at This, but told her however, that she might go, provided she went early in the Morning, and to his own *Chaplain*, or to some other *Priest* at least of his Recommendation; and upon Condition to come back immediately so soon as the Work was done.

She went to Chappel at the Time appointed; though not so early neither, but her Husband was there before her. She went first to the *Chaplain*, but he was busy it seems, and recommended her to *Another Holy Man*; (as he call'd him) which was, in Truth, her Husband, in a *Priest's-Habit*, and a *Confession-seat*. In the Course of her *Confession*, she declar'd that having been tempted, and provok'd to Lewdness, beyond her Strength, by an *Unmercifull Husband*, she had a *Frier* that lay with her every Night, and her Husband at the same time in Bed with her himself. This Story would have made her Husband stark Mad, if his Curiosity to hear it out, had not restrain'd him. Well! says she, how it is I know not, but This *Frier* does his Business certainly by the Black Art; for all the Doors of the House fly open to him whenever he comes: and 'tis but muttering a Few Words before he enters; and my Husband falls presently

presently into so Profound a Sleep, as if he lay under some Enchantment. But Daughter, says the pretended Confessor, I do not find any Repentance in you for what you have done, or the least *Christian Resolution* never to do it again. No no Sir; says she, I must not tell you a Lye, when I am upon so Holy a Duty. I neither Do Repent, nor ever Can Repent, of any Thing I ever did with That *Frier*; I love him so dearly. Why then says he, your Case is Desperate, and you can have no Absolution. But you shall have my Prayers however, for the Grace of a True Penitent; and yet let me see ----- I could send one to you ----- No no Sir, says she, (cutting him short at That Word) let there be no sending to our House, I beseech you, for my Good Man has a Phancy that the very Rats behind the Hangings, are all Cuckold-makers; and that his own Shadow makes Horns at him.

After *Confession*, she goes to Mass, and so Home again according to Covenants; and there did she find her Husband in his own Shape, and most confoundedly Mufty, but he put it off with a Flamm as well as he could. He was to go abroad by and by, he said, and see her no more till next Morning, wherefore praye, says he, let the Doors be well Lockt, and Bolted, for fear of Thieves. She told him every Thing should be done, and so he went away for That Night.

The Husband was no sooner out of the Door, but up goes the Wife to the *Whispering-place*, with a Particular History of the whole Affair; and hinting, as by the By, how easily any Man that had a Mind to't, might slip out of the Gutter of the Next House into their Garret Window, while the Husband stood watching below at the Street Door; which was certainly his Design, as it appear'd by the Sequel.

Philip took the matter right, and by That Light found a Way to his *Mistress's Chamber*, where he entertain'd the Wife Above-Stairs, while the Cuckold was waiting Below for the *Frier* at the Street-Door. When they had been at This Lock several Nights successively, and no Tidings of the *Frier*; the Man call'd out to his Wife in a Rage of Impatience, to tell him every Article of her late Secret *Confession*, with the very Name of her *Minion* the *Frier*, or he would have her Hearts Bloud else. The Woman refus'd to do the One, and Disclaim'd the Other. Why you Impudent Brute, says he, did

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not you own This very Thing to your *Confessor* ? Well ! then says she, I did own it, and it is all True. You your self are That *Frier*, and That *Confessor* that lyes with me every Night: the *Frier* I am in Love withall, and the *Frier* to whom all your Doors fly open. Alas ! I knew you as well in your *Cowle*, and in the *Confessionary*, as if I had been in your Arms. I saw the Juggle all the way thorough and thorough, and Laugh'd at the Foppish Formal Story of your Lying abroad That Night. But I hope you'll take This for a warning, without giving your self or me any further Trouble. You cannot but see how Cheap This Beastly Jealousy has made you, wherefore, prethee let it be so no more: and know, that if I had a mind to put a Slippery Trick upon you, all the Caution in the World should never hinder me. The Man was so Convinc'd of his Wives Virtue, and Innocence, that there needed no more *Cats-play* to bring her and her Lover together, and from That Time forward, he stood up for his Wives Honesty to his Lives End.

LXXIV.

Tosano and Cheta.

TIs no News for a Rich Man to be Jealous of a Handsom Woman; neither is it any New Thing again, for a Crafty Wench to cry quits with a Suspicious Husband, and to pay one Affront with Another.

The Husband here, according to *Boccace*, being a Notable *Toper*, his Wife found it the Best of her Play to encourage the Humour in him, and rather then fail, to set-out his Hand now and then with a Chirping Cup, her self too. And at This rate, she had little more to do, then to give him his Load, and so to Bed with him, and there leave him to Sleep-out his *Debauche*; while she in the mean time made her Apointments as the Occasion lay fairest for her Hand.

Cheta's falling into This way of *Fuddling* all on a suddain, and the Care she took to keep her self Sober, and her Husband Addle, put it into *Tosano's* Jealous Noddle, that there was Roguery a brewing, and he propounded to himself the finding of it out, by This Means.

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He pass'd away the next Day from Morning to Night among his *Poi-Companions*, Dry and Sober; but coming Home late, and in Appearance, *wallowing-Drunk*; He play'd his Part so well, that they had him to Bed upon't, and his Wife gave him the Slip to meet her Gallant. When *Tosano* had layn a long while; Watching, and Harkening, and no News of his Wife, it came into his Head that he heard somewhat like the Creaking of the *Street-Door*, when he went first to Bed. Upon This Conceit; up he gets, and finding no Wife in the House, and the Door only *Laich'd*, he *Bolted* it on the *Inside*, and so up to the Window he goes to wait the Return of his Lady. Betwixt One and Two in the Morning, Home comes the Good Woman, and mightrily surpriz'd she was, to find the Door Barr'd within, but as she was trying to force it, her Husband call'd to her from a Window above. No no, Cheta, says he, go your ways back again, like an Impudent Gossip as you are, to the Place whence you came. Alas my Dear Heart! says she, upon my Truth I have been only to Visit a Sick Body, and therefore prethee let me in. When she had ply'd him a Pretty while, with the most Moving, Tender Words that the Tongue of a Woman could utter, and he never the Better for't, she presently chang'd her Note, and treated him to Another Tune.

Thou Beastly, Brutal Sott; says she; to use a Loving Wife, and an Innocent Woman, at This Inhumane rate! But by all that's Good I'll be reveng'd of thee; Carcase, Reputation, and Estate, shall all pay for't. This very Well here, and the whole Neighbourhood shall bear Witness against thee; and the Government shall deal with thee accordingly. With That Word she took her leave of the World, and Tumbling a Huge Stone into the Well, the Noyse of the Fall brought down *Tosano* in all Hast to fish-up his Wife. The Night was as Dark as Pitch; and the Woman slipt secretly into the House, Lock'd the Door after her, and so up Stairs, where she rung him such a Peale for his Debauchery, as brought all the Neighbours to their Windows to hear it. She call'd him a Hundred Guzzling Jealous Knaves, and Rattled him with a Vengeance, for the Ill Hours, and the Lewd Company he kept, his Whoring, Drinking, and Lying; which was no other then an Appeal to all the People within hearing. Finally, she succeeded so well in't, that

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every Body sided with the Woman, and the Story passing from one to another till it came to her Kindred, they took the Affront so heynously, that they Cudgell'd the Man into a Patient Sense of his Duty, till he begg'd Pardon for what he had done, promis'd Amendment for the future, and that he would never be *Drunk*, or *Jealous* again: so that by This time all Partys were pleas'd; the *Amour* went on, and *Tosano* Liv'd and Dy'd, a *Contented*, and a *Thankful Cuckold*.

The MORAL.

THE Humour of the Two Foregoing *Novells*, is *Romantick* to the Highest Degree, and yet at the same time there's little more in't than the History of *Humane Life*. For what are all the Conjugal Brawls and Squabbles, we meet with every Day that goes over our Heads, upon the Subject of *Loose Amours*, but the Playing of a Prize betwixt *Jealously* and *Revenge*; and the putting of it to the Question betwixt the Two Partys, *which is the Arranter Fool of the Two*. Beside that He that's Jealous without a Cause, must be pleas'd at last, without Amends.

LXXV.

The Punishment of Ingratitude.

A Common Soldier that had the Honour to be known to *Philip of Macedon*, for a Brave Fellow, gave the King an Account of a Storm he had been in at Sea; the Loss of the Vessel, and how narrowly he himself came off, with his Life. He begg'd at the same time, a certain Farm for his Subsistence; which the King granted him, and order'd him to be put into Possession of the Estate.

The *Proprietor*, perceiving that he was now to be undone by a Man that he had preserv'd; apply'd himself immediately to *Philip*, with the Naked Truth of the Fact. Sir says he, my Dwelling is in such a place by the Sea-side; where I heard an Out-cry one Night of some body in Distress: and upon going out to see what it was, there did I find the Ruins of a Wrack, and a Man Paddling in the Sea, half starv'd, and Labouring for Life. I took him up, and carry'd him Home with me, where he was Tended and Treated like a Child of the Family. At the end of Three Days, finding himself in a

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Travelling-Condition; he would needs be gone: so that I gave him a *Viaticum*, and he went away, with a Thousand Protestations that my Kindness should never be forgotten. And who should This be now out of the whole World, but *the very Man that Begs my Estate!* The King was so transported at This Barbarous Story (for the Soldier told him only of his Danger, and not one Word of his Benefactor) that he order'd *Pausanias* to put the Poor Creature into his Estate again, and the *Souldier* to be *Cashier'd*, and *Stigmatiz'd*, with These Words upon his Forehead. *THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.*

The MORAL.

THERE is an *Ingratitude*, in the Concealing of Benefits; in the Forgetting of them, and likewise in *not returning Good for Good*: but the Highest Pitch of all, is the Repaying *Good with Evil*; especially where *Conscience*, *Policy*, and *Humanity* fall in over and above.

The Ungratefull Man is the *Common Enemy of Mankind*, and therefore nothing less than a Mark of Infamy to make him known to all People, will reach the heynousness of his Crime. So that This Infcription, is as much as publishing him by a Proclamation, to be the *Worst of Monsters*. It would be a Blessing to the World, if all *Court-Beggars* of This sort might be *Branded*, for an *Example*, and a *Terrour* to all *Insinuating Parasites*, and for the *Honour* of their *Masters*.

LXXVI.

An Order against Libels.

IT has ever been the Policy of all well-govern'd States, to keep a Guard upon the *Press*; for an *Arbitrary Liberty* That way, strikes at the Foundations of *Faith*, *Government*, and *Good Manners*.

Boccalini speaks of a Commission erected for the Suppressing of all Sorts of *Seditious*, *Scandalous*, and *Defamatory Libels*: And the Commissioners, it seems, extended their Authority to the taking up of *Pimps*, *Bawds*, *Common Prostitutes*, *Flatterers*, *Court-Minions*; and the whole Tribe, in a Word, of That sort of Cattle, out of their *Rich Chairs*, and *Guilt Coaches*. This was so heynously taken, that they were complain'd of for exercising an Absolute Power. But they in-

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sifted upon it, that their Commission comprehended *all sorts of Libels*, and that there was as much Difference betwixt *Those Instances*, and the Common Extravagances of the *Printing-Presses*, as betwixt a *Proclamation* in the *Market-place*, and a *Quack's Bill* upon a *Pissing-Post*: for the One carries a kind of *Authority* in the Face of it, whereas the other comes *Creeping* into the World, without either *Warrant* or *Credit*.

The MORAL.

THE Suppressing of *Ill Manners* in *Paper*, and leaving Men at *Liberty*, in *Conversation*, looks like a *Privilege* for *Lewdness*, then a *Censure* of *it*. *Profligate Examples* do Fifty times more *Mischief* than *Private Pamphlets*: for Men are not so much wrought upon by the *Reason of Wickedness*, as by the *President*.

LXXVII

A Lyoness and a Bear.

AS a *Lyoness* was ranging abroad for her Prey, up comes a *Huntsman* to her Den, and shoots her *Whelp*. The *Damm* runs stark Mad upon't, and nothing less than the *Bloud* of the *Murderer* to satisfy her *Revenge*. When she had spent several *Days* and *Nights* in *Quest* of him, to no purpose, and kept the whole *Forrest* waking, with *Furious Exclamations*, her *Infirmity* wrought more upon her at last, than her *Consideration*; and when she had roar'd her self quite *awearry*, down she lay to take a little *Rest*. This *Refreshment* brought her to her self again, and several of the *Beasts* paid her their *Condoling Compliments*: only a *Certain Bear* of her *Old Acquaintance*, took somewhat more *Freedom* with her than the *Rest*, and read her a *Lecture* of *Good Council* upon the *Subject* of *Patience*, and *Moderation*: But This prov'd only a *Blowing* of the *Coale*, and put her again into her *Fits*.

Ah, says the *Lyoness*, the *Affection* of a *Mother* is a *Tender business*; And then for a *Poor Innocent* to be so *Barbarously Destroyed*! Not altogether so fast, I beseech you, quoth the *Bear*, as if the *Calves* and the *Pigs* that you have worry'd, had had no *Parents*. But That was no *Barbarity* I warrant ye. Put the

the *Cafe* now, that all the *Fathers* and *Mothers* that you have made *Childless*, should run *Bellowing* up and down as you do, what a *Bawling* would here be. Consider with your self, that they that live in *This World*, must abide the *Fortune* of *This World*. We are *Born* to *Eat*, and to be *Eaten*; and it is most certain, that by some *Way* or other, and at some *Time* or other, *Death* must be every *Creature's Lot*.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no great *Danger* of *Immoderate Grief*; for betwixt *Human Frailty*, and *Occasional Prudence*, *Nature* will do the Part of *Physiophy*; and *Violent Passions* will lay themselves asleep: not but that they may be more or less *Intractable*, till the *Fifth Hour* be over. We are partial in our own *Cases*; and the *Misery*, the *Torment*, and the *Misfortune* that we endure our selves, are still *Magnify'd* beyond all other *Peoples*, for want of *Consideration* Abroad, and *Temper* at Home. All Men have their *Crosses*, as well as their *Infirmities*, and are as *Sensible* of the *Loss* of *Friends* and *Relations*, as their *Neighbours*. And what's the *Difference* now at last, betwixt the *Injuries* we *Do*, and those we *Suffer*, but that we lay the *One* to the *Heart*, and we never mind the *Other*?

LXXVIII

A Kite, a Pullet, and a Waton.

A *Kite* made a *Stoop* at a *Pullet*, and the *Pullet* cry'd out for *Help*: down comes a *Hawk*, powdering, upon the *Out-cry*, and *Truffles* the *Kite*. The *Hen* takes This *Rescue* for a *Providential Deliverance* in Favour of her *Innocence*. But This was a *Rescue*, it seems, according to the way of the *World*, which the *Poor Pullet* was not aware of: that is to say; when the *Great* and the *Mighty* take upon them to *Relieve* the *Weak*, and the *Oppressed*, tis but to *remove* a *Lighter Burden*, and lay a *Heavier* in the *Place*. In the *Conclusion*, they went *Both* to *Pot*; only the *Pullet* had the *Favour* to be *last Eaten*.

The MORAL.

'TIS a Common Thing in the World for People to take their Oppressors for their Protectors, and their Protectors for their Oppressors; and instead of being deliver'd from One Tyrant, to be eaten-up by Another. The Puller cries out for Succour against the Kite. The Hawk brings-off the Puller, and kills the Kite: But who shall Rescue the Puller at last from the Hawk?

This is no more then to say in Plain English, that Might overcomes Right; and that in the Course and Order of the World, the Weak lies at the Mercy of the Stronger. So that upon the Main, the Question is not so much the Goodness of the Cause, as the Advantage of the Prize. And all the Gaudy Pretences of Humanity and Honour, are, in truth, little more then a Secret Spirit of Self-Interest, working under the Masque of Generosity, and Conscience.

LXXIX.

Two Old Dogs and Two Young.

A Country Fellow had Four Dogs to look to his House and Flocks; Two of them Old, and the Other Two, Young. The Two Young ones were Hardy, and Forward, and perpetually Teizing the Wolves. The Other Two were now past Hunting, and could only Bark, and Encourage the Chase. The Two Larer advis'd their Companions not to be too Eager in their Business, but rather to spare themselves, and Husband the Game: for 'tis only for the Wolves-sake, they cry'd, that we are Entertain'd; so that whenever we destroy Them, we destroy our selves; for what will our Master care for us, when he has no longer any need of us?

The MORAL.

The Dogs Husbanding the Chase, is the same Thing with Soldiers Husbanding the War: every Creature has the Wit to look to one: may the very Dogs as well as their Masters: and let the Servants be never so Bold, Faithfull, and Industrious, there runs a Vein of Private Interest, yet along with it: so that it is but Common Prudence, even in the Ordinary Affairs of This World, for Men to make themselves Necessary one to another, though it were but for the sake of Civil Society. For These Reciprocal Advantages are no other, then the Links of That Mighty Chain, that tyes the World, and the several Parts of it, together.

LXXX.

LXXX.

Love and Madnets.

THE Poets have a Tradition, that Venus had Two Children at a Birth; Love, and Madnets; and that they were so strangely alike too, in Make, Countenance, Humour, and Manners, that it was hard to say which was which. Give the Girl a Bow and a Quiver, and one would have Sworn it to be Cupid: and then it was but dressing up the Boy with a Bib and a Bawble, to make him as like his Sister again, as ever he could stare. As they grew up, they were Inseparable Companions in their Little Playes, Freaks, and Gamboles: and they had Both the very same way of Frolique, in putting Tricks upon one another. They would be Teachy, sputtering, and Violent, in one Breath, and then Kiss and Friends in the Next. From Biting and Scratching, they would fall to Catterwawling, and Hugging, and never fail in the Conclusion to Brawl themselves asleep. Venus her self would sit Muzzling and Gazing them in the Eyes, one after the other, by the whole Hour together; till she fell in Love with her own Image, in the very Face of her Hopefull Brats.

It fell out once, upon a Particular Occasion, that Jupiter, with his Lady-Sister, and some Gods of Quality, had a Merry-Meeting at Cythæra; where the Niece and Nephew were immediately sent for to give a Relish to the Entertainment. The Word was no sooner given, but into the Parler they came, in a kind of Triumph, with their Mothers Coach, and Pigeons; and a Train of Pleasant Drolls at their Heels, like so many Lacquays to attend the Chariot. Cupid, upon his First Entry into the Room, made Proclamation, for all the Gods at their uttermost Peril, to pay True Faith and Allegiance to the Sovereign Deity of Love. Upon These Words, he mounted his Eagle, made his Bow ready, and Nicking his Arrow, threaten'd Jupiter himself with his own Thunder: while his Mad Sister Quiff'd her self in a Fool's-Cap, with a Puppet in her Right Hand, and a Rattle in her Left.

The Gods could not forbear Laughing at the Spectacle, though they saw well enough, that they Themselves were Ridicul'd.

Ridicul'd. *Apollo's Quiver* was to seek; *Mars* mis'd his *Launce*; *Nereus* his *Trident*; *Mercury's Wings* were gone; nay the very *Mother* her self did not come off scot-free; only *Pallas*, under the Protection of her Honour, and Prudence, escap'd untouched. *Jupiter* was well enough pleas'd, however, with the *Farce*; and after a Thousand *Buffs* and *Fair Words*, a *Toy* took him in the Head to throw a Plate of *Kissing Comfits* betwixt them. This put them presently upon the Scramble, and so from Scuffling they fell to *Strokes*. As *Cupid* was looking about for Arms, his Sister took a *Needle*, and at Two *Pushes* struck both her Brother's *Eyes* out. This Disaster put all into a Confusion. *Venus* fell to tearing her Hair; Beating her Breasts, and washing the Blood from the Childs Eyes with her Tears, trying over and over if *Kissing* would bring him to himself again. But the Wounds were so Desperate, that *Phaëbus* himself gave to understand, that it was not in the Power of Herbs to Cure them.

The Sister was so transported with This Accident, that she could hardly believe what she saw; and in This Passionate Consternation, she snatch'd up the Little Instrument with her Brothers Blood yet reeking upon it; and as she was just upon the Point of putting out her own Eyes, in Revengé of her Brother's, *Jupiter* held her Hand, and bad her preserve Those Eyes for the Service of her Brother, who now stood in need of a Leader. *Madness* (or *Folly*) undertook the Office, and did as she was Commanded, and has ever since serv'd *Cupid* for one *Guide*, though she her self wanted *Another*.

THE MORAL.

HE that call'd *Anger* a *Short Madne'ss*, might have call'd *Love* so too: for they are not nearer akin in the Fable, than they are in the World, and in the Dayly Practice of Humane Life. In short; the whole Affair of *Love* is a *Mystery*, from one end to the Other. The *Bow*, the *Arrows*, the *Quiver*, and the *Ensigns* of *Cupid's Divinity*, have all of them their Allegorical Meanings: but to run thorough the whole *Mythology*, would be *Pedantick*, and *Pedious*.

The True Intent of This Phancy is to expose the Wild and the Ridiculous Transports of This Ungovernable Passion; and to Forewarn People of the Calamitous Consequences that attend it: for it spares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*; neither Things *Sacred*, nor *Prophane*: but presses forward at a venture in the Dark, without either Fear or Wit, committing the Conduct of *Love* to *Folly* that *Blinded* it.

LXXXI.

LXXXI.

A Centonious Scriber.

A Pragmatical Smatterer in Letters, and a Severe Faultfinder wherever he came, publish'd an Idle Tract, under the Title of [*Notes upon several famous Authors*;] and presented his Remarques, with a Pompous, Formal Dedication, to an Eminent Patron of Learning in the Place where he liv'd. This Prince, or Nobleman, (or whatever else you'll call him) found immediately upon dipping up and down in the Book, that the main drift of the Discourse was only to expose the Reputation of a Great many Excellent Men, under a Pretext of writing *Observations* upon their *Errors*, in his own Words and without any *Use* or *Benefit* to Mankind.

The Great Man accepted the *Present*, and put the Author in hope of a Considerable Reward. *Go you*, says he, *presently to my Steward, and ask him for Four Bushels of the Best Wheat he can lay his Hands on. It must be well Thrash'd; and then do you take Care that it may be thoroughly Winnow'd: Pick out all the Chaffe as clean as Fingers can make it; put it in a Bag, and then bring it to me.* The Man brought the *Chaffe*, and the Nobleman bad him try what he could get for't, and take the Money to Himself. *Alas!* says he, *People will give nothing for Chaffe.* Why then, says t'other, again, try if you can make a Friend with it. But that would not do neither, for *no body would thank him for't*, he said. *Very Good*, says the Great Man, and what's the Difference at last, betwixt *Trash* in a *Book*, and *Trash* in a *Bag*?

THE MORAL.

Calumny is the *Office*, and the *Business* of the very *Devils Themselves*. And none so Bitter upon Others, as Those that have not one Grain of Wit, Worth, or Good Nature Themselves. There are a sort of *Talebearers*, and *Pick-Thanks* that prey upon their Neighbours, and create Faults where they cannot find them. These are undoubtedly a Lewd Generation of Men, and yet it may be a Question, whether the Instruments, or the Encouragers, and Patrons, of This Uncharitable Practice, are the more Pernicious Members of a Christian Common-wealth: for the One only ministers *Matter* of Scandal, and the Other gives *Authority* to't; beside the Prospect, over and above, of a Reward. Now there is

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no better way of dealing with These People, then according to the Instance of This President, by taking care that they may Get nothing by their Iniquity, but *Mockery*, and *Contempt*.

LXXXII.

Papyrius and his Mother.

Papyrius was the Son of an Eminent Roman, and so Pregnant a Youth, that his Father took him one Day with him into the *Senate-House*. Upon his coming back, his Mother must needs know what the Council was upon. The Boy took himself to be under a kind of Honourable Trust, and so put her off as long as he could, till he found she would take no Denial; and Then, he up and told her in a Grave way, the Greatest Secret in Nature. *Madam*, says he, *they have been very Hot upon a Debate, whether it were better for the Commonwealth, to allow of a Plurality of Wives, or a Plurality of Husbands*; In short; It came to such a Heat, that they were e'en glad to *Adjourn*: but if you should open your Mouth of This now, to any Creature, it would be the Undoing of your Son.

In This very Instant, away scampers the Woman, to make a Party among the Ladies for a *Plurality of Husbands*. And it came to such a Hurry, that the *Passes to the Senate-House* were all so pester'd with Out-crys, and block'd up with Petitioners upon That Subject, that the Council took the People to be all raving-Mad; till Papyrius unfolded the Riddle. This Riot produc'd an Order, that no Children, under such an Age should have Admittance into the *Senate-House*; Papyrius only Excepted; who from That Time forward had a Privilege to go in and out at pleasure.

The MORAL.

In This Instance of Papyrius, we have the Character of an Ingenious, a Forward, and a Generous Youth, deliberating within himself betwixt his Duty to a Parent, and Trust to his Country; under the Difficulty of Behaving himself without giving Offence to either.

We are further given to understand, that Trusts of Confidence, though without any *Express Stipulation*, or *Caution*, are yet, in the very Nature of them, as *Sacred* as if they were guarded with a Thousand

Articles

Articles or Conditions. Now Papyrius had no other Tye of Secrecy upon him, then the *Moral Obligation of Honour*, and *Honesty*, at large. And it is to be observ'd again, that for his Encouragement, his Virtue did not pass unrewarded.

The Mother teaches us that there is no contending with the Importunities of an Impetuous Woman: nor any Faith to be expected from so Turbulent a Spirit, especially when the Interest of the whole Sex lies at Stake upon it.

To sum up all in a little, here's the Lively Image of a *Twailing Gossip*; there's no Denying her, and there's no Truifing her. The Itch of *Knowing* Secrets is naturally accompany'd with Another Itch of *Telling* them; which is in truth the very end of *Asking*; and he might as well have say'd it in Words at length, pray'e Tell Me, that I may tell the next Comer. There's nothing so Phantastical, but she'll swallow it, and then throw it up again.

LXXXIII.

A Soldier Punish'd for Railing at Alexander.

IN the Warr betwixt Alexander and Darius, a Foul-mouth'd Fellow and one of Darius's Mercenaries, fell a Railing at Alexander. A Great Officer Cudgell a him for his Insolence, and told him; *Sirrah*, says he, *you are hir'd to fight with your Hands, not with your Tongue*; and to Ebeave your self like a Soldier, not like a Scold.

The MORAL.

LET the Administration of Princes be what it will, there's a Veneration yet Due to their Character; and he that Tramples upon the Royal Dignity, for the Iniquity of the Person, punishes the Innocent for the Guilty. Beside that Foul Language, in such a Case, is a Contradiction to all the Measures of Policy and Honour. When Princes come once to be insulted upon by the Multitude, All Crowned Heads are concern'd in the Quarrel. The *Practise* turns the Out-rage into a *Lisence*; and when the Humour is once in Motion, no body knows whose turn it may be next.

The Discipline of Artaxerxes was much in the right. When any of his Nobility Misbehav'd themselves, he caus'd them to be strip'd, and their Clothes Whip'd by the Common Hangman, without so much as Touching their Bodies; out of a Respect to the Dignity of the Order.

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LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Sounder Sleep in a Cottage than in a Palace.

A Certain Great Man, that had the World at will to all Manner of purposes, for the Delight and Service of Humane Life: as Glorious Palaces, Rich Furniture and Equipage, a Splendid Train of Servants, the Best of every Thing to Eat and Drink; Delicious, well-order'd Gardens, Waterworks, Plants, Walks; and a Revenue to answer all This Pomp and Expence; a Healthful State of Body, with a Wife that was a Woman of a Thousand, and a Hopeful Stock of Children to crown the Blessing.

This Man, I say, though in the Full Possession of all that Fortune could bestow upon him, found himself yet uneasy in his Condition, to the Degree of envying, even *Drudges*, and *Slaves*. He took no Rest Night nor Day; one while the Fault was in his Chamber, another while in his Pillow; his Posture or some such other Foolery, never reflecting all This while, upon the *Cares*, and *Anxieties*, that attend *Invidious Fortunes*, and *Ill gotten Estates*.

With This Whimsy in his Head, he sends up and down among his Subjects and Tenants, to try who and who Sleeps best, and to take an account of the Ordinary Means of their Repose. At This rate, he went on, Trying, Shifting, and Enquiring from one Thing to another, till he came to be sensible in the Conclusion, that the *Fault* was not in his *Lodging*, but in his *Mind*.

The MORAL.

'Tis not *Treasure*, or *Power*, that lays, either the *Head*, or the *Heart* at Rest; but a *Quiet Conscience*, and the Candid Simplicity of a *Tender Mind*. He's the only Happy Man, that neither Desires *more*, nor Fears the Loss of what he *has*. Men are distracted, Restless, and Uneasy, betwixt an Insatiable Thirst after what they have *Not*, and a Sollicitous Apprehension for what they *Have*.

He's in a Great mistake that looks for Those Blessings in a *Court*, that are only to be found in a *Hut*, or a *Cell*. How fast asleep was *Amicus*, (the Boat-man) upon a Bed of Bull-rushes, and Sea-weeds; and how Quiet in his Miserable Cottage, when the whole World was in a Tumult about him, and *Julius Caesar*, at the same time, knocking at his Door;

Door; and (to Crown the Blessing,) That great Man's Fortune depending yet upon the Service of This Wretched Creature.

Nature and Providence have lodg'd the Happiness of Humane Life within our Selves, and within our Reach, and There it is we are to look for't; and There it is we may be sure to find it: without squandering our Time upon searching where it is not to be had. Beside that we set our Hearts, not only upon what we have *not*, but upon That which in truth is *not to be Compass'd*: for our Appetites, like Waves, do but make way one for another, and there's no end of Rolling: so that This Levity deprives us, not only of the *Relish*, but the *Use* also of what we have in our own Possession.

LXXXV.

The Sea and the Banks.

THE *Sea* and the *Banks* had a Mortal Quarrel once, upon the Subject of *Freedom*, and *Restraint*. *What have you to do*, says the *Sea*, *to interrupt me in my Course*? And praye what Privilege have you again, says the other, to affront us, in our Post, and Station? Is it not enough, that your Waters are allow'd to make what Havock they please in your own Dominions, and to run Riot in your own Province, unless you may break in upon the Rights of your Neighbours, and swallow up all in an Universal Deluge? Do not you know, that he that *Gave* you your Empire, *Bounded* it with a [*Thus far shall your Proud Waves go and no Further*]? Neither is it in our Power to change Place, and give way, if we had never so great a Mind to't; for Providence hath made us *Immoveable*, and planted us here on purpose to keep you in order.

LXXXVI.

The Morning and the Evening Stars.

THE *Morning* and the *Evening Stars* had such a Conceit of their Dignity, and Glory, that they look'd upon the *Sun*, only as a Superfluous Light, that was set-up rather for Ornament, and *Delight*, then for *Benefit*, or *Necessity*. Upon This Consideration they call'd a Council of the *Lesser Stars*, and joyn'd all together in a Petition to *Jupiter*, to This following purpose.

That

That whereas his Highness had entrusted the Sun with the Care of Illuminating, Warming, and Comforting the World, and administering due Justice to all Places and People: yet so it was, that without any Regard to the True End and Intent of his Function, and Commission, he Burns up one Half of Mankind with his Scorching Heat, while the other half lies starving in Frost and Snow: and at the same time while one part of the World have their Eyes put out with the Flashes of his Dazzling Beams, he leaves the Remainder to grope out their way in the Dark: over and above the Partiality he shews to the Cursed Production of Gold and Silver, in preference to Salutary Medicines, Gummies, Plants, &c. Now the Prayer was This.

That Jupiter would be pleas'd to transfer the Charge and Office of the Sun, to the Stars, upon Good Security, for the Better Government and Satisfaction of the Universe for the future.

Jupiter's Answer was, *Le Roy s'en advisera*: which according to the Style Royal, is only a Civil way of Refusal.

THE MORAL.

THE Quarrel of the Sea with the Banks, is no other then an Expostulation of the Multitude with Sovereign Power. They wrangle for Liberty; by which Liberty, is understood a Freedom of Out-rage, or a Licence of running down all before them without Controll.

Neither was That Arrogant Remonstrance of the Stars to Jupiter against the Sun, one jot better. It is not for Men to take upon them to mend a World of God Almighty's making; or to improve the Orders and Methods of Providence; as who should say, *The Divine Wisdom is of One Opinion, and Humane Frailty, of another*. But there is nothing so Sacred as not to fall in some fort or other, under the Lash of Calumny, and Detraction.

LXXXVII.

Four Sisters.

There was a Brood of Four Sisters; and the Eldest (Peggy they call'd her) was such a President for Sanctity, and Mortification, that the Mother would be Twitting the Other Three every Hour of the Day, with their Sister Peggy. *'Twill be long enough before you'll be like your Sister Peggy she cry'd.*

cry'd. Peggy would never have done This, I warrant ye, nor Peggy would never have done That; and I warran't ye, nor with Peggy still, for the Sinner of the Song.

Now This same Sister Peggy of theirs, was a notable Revelation-Girle, and never without Heaven and Heavenly Things in the Mouth of her, though they never came near her Heart: a Fryday-Face for every Day of the Week. A Short-hand-Book still at her Girle; and a Cupons of Comfort at her Bed's Head. The very Thought of a Play House or a Dancing-Bout, would put her into Fits. She dreaded the Inside of a Popish Chappel more then all the Masses of the Gospel; and her Closet-Devotions were heard farther then a Confession. As for the Other Three Sisters, they liv'd Civilly and Sociably, all This while in the Innocent Enjoyments of the Lawful Comforts of Life. They would dance themselves now and then, 'tis true, at a Comedy, a Ball, or the like: but without the least Colour of Scandal, or Offence, to Conscience, Honour, or Good Manners. But This did not hinder the Mother from hitting the Girles in the Teeth yet with These Honest Liberties. *Yes yes; she'd cry, you are like to be hopeful Birds. When will you renounce the World, I wonder, as your Sister Peggy has done! Oh never fear us, Good Madam, cry'd the Widdow, but by That time we know as much of the World as our Sister Peggy, we shall think every jot as ill on't as she does. Nam' for Peggy had had Three Clays already, and Two Bastards.*

This Figure answers Gower's Description of an Hypocrite here apply'd elsewhere [The Father, Man to Godward, he says, that ever was born, but the Arrantest Rascal among his Neighbours, in the whole Parish] meaning the One in left; and the Other in Earnest. Now the Hypocrite varnishes his Manners, as some Ladies do their Faces, and the One is just as much a Saint, as the other is a Beast.

It falls under the same Head, the Story of a Caution that was given to the Famous Harry Martin. *Have a Care of such a Man, says one, for he's an Arrant Knave. Ay says Mr. Martin, and I'll tell you a worse Thing of him then That too, he's a GODLY Knave, and One GODLY Knave, is worth Fifty ARRANT Knaves, I'll be judg'd by the Evangelists else.*

Boccalini tells us of a Notorious Wretch of That Kind, that was taken up, strip'd, and whip'd Naked. It was a Strange Thing, says he, to see upon the laying of him open, with what Horror and Detestation People stood staring and Pointing at him, as the most Execrable of Monsters: and yet says he; let him be but put into his Old Masque, and Dress again, and the

the same Fools shall *Triumph* after him, and adore him. There is nothing in short so Hideous, and Loathsome, as an *Hypocrite* in his Pure Naturals: nothing so Abominable in the Sight of God and Man, as we find it over and over, in *Scythians*, and *Esopians*.

LXXXVIII.

A Talking Partridge-fellow that would needs learn Rhetorique.

There was a Pert kind of a Talkative Blade, that would needs have *Socrates* teach him *Rhetorique*: and after a Great deal of *Twittle Twattle-Stuff* for a *Prologue*, he fell to Treat with him about the *Price*. *Why Sir,* says *Socrates*, I must have twice as much of *Yours*, as of *Another Body*, for I shall have twice as much *Work* to do. You must be first Taught to *Speak*; and then in the next place, to *Hold your Tongue*: which will be the Harder Task of the Two.

The MORAL.

'Tis as hard a Thing for a Man to know when to Speak, as when to Hold his Tongue; and to Govern himself in Both Cases with Modesty and Prudence: But the Difficulty will be where to Begin: for they are effectually Two Words in one. Some Men are Silent for want of a Matter, or Assurance; and some again are Talkative for want of Sense; but in short; there's nothing Right without the Due Circumstances: And there is one Unhappiness in the Case too, that the *Worst Speakers* are commonly the *Longest*, and Men of *Vanity*, rather than of *Business*. There was a Tedious *Haranguer*, that when he had run himself out of Breath, and his Auditory out of Patience, with a long-winded Speech, ask'd a Friend of his to tell him freely what he lik'd Best in't? Who gave him This Answer, that he lik'd that Best which was left out. To come to my Point; The Skill of managing This Province, aught, is in truth the Master-piece of a Sober Man's Life; for we are always either *Talking*, or *saying nothing*, in a Constant Succession of *Speech* and *Silence*, by Turns: so that a Due Provision upon This Topique answers all Cases.

LXXXIX.

LXXXIX.

Partridges and a Setting-Dog.

A Covey of Partridges, that went in Fear of the *Poachers*, made an Interest in a *Setting-Dog* for a Good Word to his Companions to be easy to them. The *Spaniell* undertook upon Honour, that not a *Dog* should touch them: for we are resolv'd, says he, so soon as ever we have any of your People in the Wind, to fall down flat upon the Ground, and look another way, without advancing one Step further.

This Covey of Partridges had the hap some few Days after, to see This very *Spaniell* abroad with his Master, a *Setting*. The *Dog* slept, all on a *Sodain*, and made his Point; and the Birds were over joy'd to see the *Curr* so True to his Articles. But the *Intrigue* was double, it seems, for the same Signal serv'd the *Faulconer*, as well as the *Partridges*: so that upon drawing his Net over them, the whole Covey was taken.

The MORAL.

THIS is the Way of the World, and a Great Part of the *Business* of it, too: The *Knaves* impose upon the *Fools*, and the *Weaker* are a Prey to the *Stronger*. The very same way of Manage holds in all *Publicque* Bodies, and Stations; in *Courts*, *Camps*, and *Palaces*, as well as in *Fields*, *Cottages*, and *Forrests*, and with the same pretence of *Honesty* and *Good Will*. The *Master-piece* is the doing of the Trick with a *Good Grace*, as the *Setter* plays his Game here under the Countenance of a *Friend*, and a *Plain-dealer*.

If the *Spaniell* could have deliver'd himself in any Other Words than what the *Moralist* put in his Mouth, his *Civility* should have been accompany'd with all the *Profestations* of *Good Faith*, and *Kindest*, that we our selves make use of in *Decoying* and *Trepanning* one another. What's the Correspondence here betwixt the *Faulconer*, and the *Setter*, but (in the Language of the *Sharper*) a *Direct Cross-Bite*, as they call it, carry'd on against a *Bubble* by a *Brace of Rooks*. All Men, in short, would Live, though it were but like *Wild Beasts*, one upon another, and make advantage of the *Treason* without *Betraying*, even the very *Traitor*. This is it in fine, that passes for the *Wildom* of the World; which is no more, in few Words, than the *Knack* of *Wheedling* one another, and the very Case here in the Question of the *Dog* and *Partridge*.

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XC.

XC.

The Mad Men too many for the Sober.

A Certain Person that was upon a Visit once to the Mad Folks, took notice of one Particular Man among the rest, that look'd a little Soberer than his Fellows: and ask'd him in a Grave way, what he was In for? *Why*, says he, *we live in a Mad World and the Mad Men are too many for us: that is to say, they have put all the Sober People in Bedlam.*

The MORAL.

We are all *Mad*, more or less, and in some respect or other, every Man of us; and the Best Quarter we can pretend to in This World, is, according to *Horace's Advice*, for the *Greater Madmen to bear with the Less*. Men of Sense and Virtue lie equally at the Mercy of the Stronger Party: that is to say, at the Mercy of Sharpers and Coxcombs; and under This Division, we do but suffer the Common Lot of Humane Nature.

XCI.

A Lame Man and a Blind.

There were Two Men upon the Way together: One of them, *Lame*, and the Other, *Blind*. There was no Travelling, they knew, without *Leggs*, and no finding the way without *Eyes*: so that they Reason'd the Matter betwixt themselves after This Manner. That which we cannot do apart, we may compass by helping one another. One of us wants a *Supporter*, and the Other a *Guide*. So that 'tis but the *Blind Man's* carrying the *Lame*, to bring us to our *Journey's end*. By This Means, the One found *Eyes*, and the Other, *Leggs*; which was no more then a Neighbourly Office in a Common Cause.

The MORAL.

THE Whole Race of Mankind are but so many Members of the same Body, and in contributing to the Ease or Convenience of our Fellows, we are not only Serviceable to the Whole, but Kind to our selves. Every Man living has his Imperfections and Defects: so that the helping of one another

another is as well an Office of Equity, as a Virtue. What One Man Wants, Another Supplies; and the mutual need we have one of another, is the very Band of Humane Society. Without This, Failings there would be neither Friends nor Company; so that our Wants, become our Interest to be both Charitable and Merciful, when our Wants, and Necessities, are convert'd by Providence into Blessings.

XCII.

The Lyon's Proclamation against Horned Beasts.

As a *Master-Lyon* lay fast, asleep in his Den, without any other Guard upon his Person, when he might promise himself from the *Faith* of his *Chamberlain*, and the *Duty* of his *Subjects*; several *Horned Beasts* brake in upon him in the Dead of the Night; Goring and Wounding him to such a Degree, that it might, very well have cost him his Life: but Who they were, or upon what Grounds, or Provocation, This Outrage was committed, no Mortal could imagine. The *Lyon* was so enrag'd at the Insolence of This Affront, that a Great Council was immediately call'd, to advise upon some way for the Discovery of the *Assassins*; or at least for the Security of the *Lyon's Royal Person* for the future. They found, upon the Debate, that there was no placing of it home to the Conspirators; so that the *Lyon* was fain to content himself with Banishing all *Horned Beasts*, upon Pain of Death, a Hundred and Fifty Mile from his *Palace*. Upon the Publishing of This Proclamation, there were whole *Sheals* of *Spears*, *Catch-poles*, and *Informers* dispatch'd away every where up and down, to search for, seize, and *Apprehend* all Offenders against the said Edict.

This was no sooner made known, but all the *Bulls*, *Ulicorns*, *Antilopes*, *Stags*, *Ramms*, *Goats*, and other Horned Creatures, in the Forrest, met at a *General Rendezvous*, with a Resolution, Bag and Baggage, to Troup away together before the Time set for their Departure was elaps'd. While Things were in This Hurry, and Confusion, up comes a Troup of *Hares*, to enter their Names among the *Exiles*. *Traye* says one of the Company, how come the *Hares* to be so much concern'd in a Proclamation against *Horned Beasts*? Well! says one of the

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Hares

Hares again, but what if a *Thorough-pac'd Jury* should find our Hares to be Horns, how soon will we approve them?

Here's the *King* of the *Beasts* reading a Lecture of State, and Political Prudence to the *King's* *Children*: and when *Woods* and *Deserts* come to Hold forth to *Courts* and *Palaces*, they will be sure of the Whole World for their Auditory.

Kings and *Lions*, must not sleep without a *Guard*; their Safety, as well as their Dignity, requires it. And This Sleep may be understood either of a Prince's *Neglect* of his *Subjects*, or the *abandoning* of himself to *Waste* and *Pleasures*. The *Beasts* are *Populry* *Factions*, that take their Time in the Dead of the Night, while the *Lion* is out of Condition of *War*, and they conspirators in least Danger of Discovery.

We have given sufficient to understand, by the *Hares* marching off with the *Bull* and the *Goats*, for fear their *Ears* should be taken for *Horns*, that there is no disputing or contending with *Power*, for every Charge is a *Proof*; where the same People are Parties and Judges. And it is much at the same rate, with *Atheists*, or *Orthodox* Men, in *State* or *Religion*, that it is here with *Horned Beasts* in the *Fable*, 'tis but saying they are *Traitors*, or *Heretiques*, to make them so.

XCIII.

A Double Life and a Divvate.

There's a great deal to be said *Pro* and *Contra* upon This Subject; The *Ease*, the *Innocence*, the *Blessings*, in short, and the *Comforts*, of the one, compar'd with the *Dignity*, the *Duty*, and the *Utility*, of the other. A Man lives in the One *Care* to his *Country*, in the Other to Himself. The One in short, is a Life of *Thought*, the Other, of *Action*.

THE MORAL.

God saw that it was not Good for Man to be Alone; and the very Words of the Blessing upon the Creation, were *Encrease and Multiply*: so that an Absolute Solitude would disappoint the Intent of the *Benediction*, and the Main End of the Great Work. We are Taught to Pray, in the *Stile* of a *Community*; not My Father, but Our Father, that is to say, *One* and all. Man is naturally a *Sociable* Creature, and a *Member* likewise of a *Body*, as well as an *Part* of the *Whole*: neither can he discharge himself in his *Duty*, but jointly with the *Congregation*. The Life of a *Recluse*, is in many Cases little less than a *Departure* from the *Offices* and *Duties* that every Individual owes to the *Common Service* of Mankind. So that

Publique

Publique and *Private* are to be taken by *Turns*; and in so doing, the *Quiet* of the One Relieves us against the *Hurry*; and the *Importunity* of the Other. But nothing could be *Prettier*, or more to the Purpose upon This Argument than That of the *Old Philosopher*. [*It is the Thing* says he, to be Alone, but a much *Wiser Thing* to be Talking to a *Good Company*] which comprises the *Comfort* of Both Conditions in one.

XCIV.

A Pike and Little Fishes.

THE *Roches*, *Daces*, *Gudgeons*, and the whole Fry of *Little Fishes* met in *Council* once, how to deliver themselves from the *Tyranny* of the *Pike*; with a *Protestation*, at the same time, *one and all*, to give over *Spawning*, and utterly to extinguish the whole *Race*: unless their *Posterity* might be better Secur'd against the *Out-rage* of That *Unnatural Member*.

The Substance of This Complaint was digested into a *Petition* to *Jupiter*, who divided his Answer into *Two Articles*. First, says he, as to your *Fancy* of a *Total Failure*, Nature has made it absolutely *Impossible*: Beside that your *Consumption* is in some sort *Necessary*, for if there were not *Destroying* on the *One* hand, as well as *Encreeasing*, on the *Other*, the *Whole World* would be too *Little* for any one *Species* of *Creatures*.

And then against the *Unbecomming* Humour of the *Pike*, there is no Room for *Reasoning* in the *Case*: for it is a *Resolution* founded in the *Laws* of *Providence* and *Nature*, that the *Stronger* shall Govern: over and above, that *Tyranny* is no *New Thing* in This *World*, and whoever shall pass by *Transmigration* into a *Pike*, will go the same way to work Himself too.

THE MORAL.

We have here the *Lively Image* of a *Popular League*, and *Complaints* against *Arbitrary Power*: that is to say; against *Government* it self, under the *Scandal* of That *Old* *Reputation*; though but in the Exercise of an *Authority* according to the very *Order* and *Instinct* of *Nature*: And what's the *Grievance* left? The *Pike* devours the *Little Fishes*, and the *Fry* have a *Mind* to *Save* the *Pike*: the *One* being but the *Humour* of the *Multitude*; and the *Other* the *Ordinance* and *Appointment* of an *Almighty Creator*. It

It is but natural to follow This Expostulation with a Menace; and the One just as Reasonable as the Other. And what does all This amount to now, but a Threat rather to Destroy the whole Race of *Little Fishes* at a Blow, then to lay them at the Mercy of the *Pike*, to be eaten-up *Pièce-meal*? Now the *Pike* has not only Reason on his side, but Prescription also, and Authority, against the Clamorous Envy of an Impetuous Rabble. And at worst, where Arguments cannot prevail, he does himself right by Force, which is a Remedy that holds among Men, as well as among Fishes.

XCV.

Semiramis's Monument.

S*emiramis* erected her own Monument, and left it behind her with This Inscription: [*What King so ever wants Money, let him but open This Enclosure, and he shall find enough.*] *Darius* took the Hint, and brake it up; and instead of the Treasure he sought for, there was only a *Second Inscription* in These Words; [*Nothing but an Inhumane, and a Sacrilegious Wretch, would ever have put This Scandalous Affront upon the Ashes of the Dead.*]

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing so Sacred but the Love of Money will break thorough it; and it is all a Case which way it comes, whether by Right, or by Wrong; whether out of the *Mine*, or out of the *Monument*. This is to tell us in the *First* place, that Covetous Men will stick at nothing: *Secondly*, it shews us how lyable those People are to Miscarriages, that indulge themselves in their Inordinate Appetites: and *Thirdly*, let but any Creature Consider, how pittyfully out of Countenance That Great Man look'd, when he found himself Fool'd by a Woman, into an *April-Errand*; and that his Purchase at last, was only *Infamy*, and *Contempt*, instead of *Wealth*, and *Glory*.

XCVI.

XCVI.

Boocalm's Way of Chiving in the World.

HE that would Thrive in the World, must live in a Conformity to Times, Persons, and Humours. Let him but Gain his End, and no matter by what Means; for Success carries Virtue and Reputation along with it. It is the Master-piece of a Courtier, or a Man of Business, to Play with all Biasses; for he that Rises by Sinister Arts, Gets more Credit in the Carrying of his Point, then he Loses by the Indirect way of coming at it. *Morals* are as much thrown away upon *Politicians*, as a *Lecture of Chastity* would be upon a *Common Stewes*; and to no more purpose then it would be to treat the *Blind* with *Fireworks*, or the *Deaf* with a *Band of Fiddles*.

The MORAL.

THE Wife Men of This World do the Business of This World, according to the Ways and Methods of This World, without ever troubling their Heads about the *Pantillos* of Honour and Conscience. And all This is no more at last then following the Fashion, and speaking the Language of the Place where we live. There must be no thought of Incorporating Honesty with Politicks, and *Every Man for Himself*, holds as well in practical Prudence, as it does in Common Speech. The whole Mystery, in fine, of Humane Wisdom, is but a Dextrous Faculty of accommodating Matters to serve a Turn. Men of *Intrigue*, we see, Sail with all Winds: so that let the Weather-cock look which way it will, the Mill shall be still kept going.

XCVII.

No Fence against the Wit and Will of a Woman.

AN Old Doting Fop, that had a Sparkish Young Wench to his Wife, would be every foot making his Brags, that what with Guards, Spyes, and Other Artificial Ways of Discovery, and Prevention, he had so secur'd the Main Chance that he defy'd the Devil himself in a Petticoat to deceive him. He counted every Hair of his Wife's Head, Morning and Evening; and kept such a Watch upon her in the Night too, that he slept with One Eye Open. And then in the Day-time,

time, she was never out of his Sight, without a *Governante* at her Heels, that kept as close to her as her Shadow: over and above a Huge *Common-place-Book*, with a Table to't, of all the Slippery Tricks that were ever put upon Poor Husbands by Woman-kind, since the Dayes of *Adam*.

The Wife happen'd to be coming from Church One Day, with her Keeper at her Back-side, and down comes a Piss-pot from a Window, upon the very Head of her. The Innocent Creature was forc'd by This Accident into the House whence it came, where she was receiv'd with Twenty Compliments, and Excuses, for That Unlucky Mischance. While This past, away trotted the Gammar as fast as her Stumps would carry her, to her Master with the Story, and for Clothes to shift her Mistres. The Husband cry'd out immediately. *A Pox upon all ill Luck, says he; for I am Bubbled, I perceive. This Device is a Note beyond Bla; and my Book says nothing on't.* This he said, and This he found to be True, in the Conclusion, and that it was a Scene concerted betwixt the Wife and the Gallant, to get quit of the Old Woman only for a *Kissing-while*.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no way of Curing a *Jealous* Husband, but by making him *Sure*; and it may be a Question at last, whether is the Greater Plague of the Two, the *Jealousy*, if it be not True, or the *Folly* of being *Troubled* at it, if it Be; for there is no contending with the Wit and Will of a Freakish Woman; especially when she is set agog by *Provocation*, *Spite*, and *Defiance*; as well as by *Inclination*. Nay it is a Point of Honour gain'd, on the Woman's Part, to get the Better of a Man that will be putting of Things to a Tryal of Skill betwixt Man and Wife.

XCVIII.

A Poor Man's Last Will and Testament.

A Poor, Indigent, Beggarly Creature; Weak in Body but in sound Sense, sent for a Notary to draw his *Will*, which was as follows.

There are Two such Persons, says he, (naming them) Men of Quality and Estate, that have ever shew'd themselves my Generous Friends, and I should be much to blame, not to leave them some
Token

Token of my Love for a Remembrance, before I depart This Life. This Formal Gravity set every body a longing to hear what Legacies; for they all knew the Man, (*Eudamidas*) not to be worth a Groat.

I do bequeath, says he, my Aged Mother to the Care of Aretæus, my Particular Friend, to be by him provided for and Maintain'd, out of a Respect to my Memory when I am gone.

And to another Friend of mine, (Philoxenus) I bequeath my only Daughter, to be by him dispos'd of in Marriage, with as Fair a Fortune as he can well spare.

This Testament look'd liker *Romance*, then Matter of *Fact*, till the Two Friends appear'd, and undertook the Trust. *Philoxenus* dy'd in Five Dayes, and upon his Decease, *Aretæus* took the whole Charge upon Himself: and having a Daughter of his own too, he dispos'd of her, and of his Friend's Daughter, both in a Day, and gave them *Two Talents* a piece for their *Portion*.

The MORAL.

IT is one Good Office to minister the Occasion of Another; and a High Obligation, to furnish the Opportunity, and the Means of doing a Generous Thing. How many Glorious Spirits are bury'd in Obscurity, for want of Light to shew themselves by! A Brave Man desires nothing more then Matter well dispos'd to work upon: Neither can we do an Honest and a Good Man a Greater Favour, then to put him in a way how he may honourably oblige another: beside that it is a Singular Instance of the Good Opinion I have of the Man, and a Nicety well judg'd, with a Respect to Piety and Prudence, on Both Hands. It was, in short, a Thought Sublime in it self; Judicious in the Application, and as providentially Illustrated in the Execution.

XCIX.

Pythes an Adarctious Prince.

T Here was a *Golden Mine* discover'd in the Grounds of one *Pythes*, a *Persian Prince*, of an Inestimable Value; and his Heart was so set upon it, that there was nothing but Delving and Refining; Day and Night, without so much as allowing, either Himself, or his Workmen, Liberty for the most necessary Offices of Nature; insomuch that divers of
O them

them Perish'd for want of Food, and Rest. In This Distress, the Wives and Relations of These Poor Men joynd in an Address to the Wife of *Pythes*, to intercede with her Husband on their Behalf. She gave them the Hearing, and bad them go their ways Home again, and hope the best.

She sent at the same time for some of the most Exquisite Artists among the *Goldsmiths*, that she thought might be trusted with a Secret she had to impart. So she gave them a Particular Account of her Husband's Diet, with orders to provide an Entertainment, all in *Gold*, according to That Bill of Fare. By the Time that the Precious Collation was prepar'd, Home comes the *Husband*, tir'd, and half starv'd; and calls for *Supper*. The Word was no sooner spoken, but in comes a *Golden Table*, with a wonderful variety of Delicacies upon it, all of the same Mettle. *Pythes* stood in Admiration at the Curiosity of the Workmanship. But *Wife* says he, after a little Pause, *prethee let me have somewhat to Eat, as well as to look upon*: and so he call'd for one Thing after another, and it was all brought in *Plate* still. This Mockery (as he understood it) put him into a Fret, and so he told his *Wife*, over and over, that he did not call for *Gold*, but *Meat*. Why Sir says she, sure you talk Idle. There's no such Thing as *Meat* in *Our Country*. Here's no *Planting*, no *Plowing*, or *Sowing*, no *Fruit*, no *Corn*, no *Vintage*, no *Harvest*. Here's nothing but *Digging*, and *Mining*, and That which comes of it, is all we have to trust to; so that we must either *Eat Gold*, or *Starve*. The pretty Sharpness of This Hint wrought so effectually upon the *Husband*, that from thence forward he divided his Cares, betwixt his own Separate Interest, and the Publique Good.

THE MORAL.

AVARICE is so *Boundless*, and *Insatiable*, that in a Narrow Soul the Love of *Money* takes up the whole Man: The Fetching of it out of the *Mine*, and the Transporting of it into the *Coffers* of a *Misfit*, is but the Removal of it from one *Hiding-place* to another, and from the Bed where *Nature* had lodg'd it, into a *Hoard*, where it lyes every jot as *Dead*, and *Useless*. *Propriety*, without Enjoyment, is not one jot better than a *Pinching Penalty*. For the Owner lives in *Want*, though in the *Possession*, of That which he neither Does, nor Dares, make use of: and it is to Him the same Thing, as if it were utterly Lost. He is no longer a Member

Member of the Community, but sets up a *Private*, and a *Distinct Interest* against Mankind, in withdrawing himself from all the Offices of *Humane Society*. This Cuts so sensibly upon Men of *Place*, and *Figure*, that there's no way but under the *Mask* of an *Emblem*, or a *Fable*, to scape a *Scandalum Magnatum*, and bring These Muck-worms to their Wits again.

C.

The Chinese Immortality.

THE *Chineses* are so strangely possess'd with the Phancy of a State of *Immortality*, to be acquir'd by *natural Means*, that though they see the *Patrons*, and the *Asserters* of This *Doctrine*, dayly expiring before their Eyes, such is their *Madness* yet, that they go on, *Believing*, and *Embracing* it, even in a *Contradiction* to *Common Sense*, and in contempt of the very *Death* it self.

This was the Case of an *Emperour* we read of in the *History* of *China*. His Heart was so set upon the *Persuasion*, that he took-up up a *Resolution* of parting with *One Life* in *Hand*, for the *Gaining* of *Another* to *Come*: a *Practice* frequent among Those People. There was a *Quack-Impositor*, it seems, that had prepar'd the *Draught* that was to do the *King's Work*; and there it stood upon the *Table* before him, ready for his *Hand*. But in the mean time, a *Particular Friend* of his lay upon the *Watch*, advising him against it, to try if it were possible to prevent the *Mischief*; and finding that neither *Argument*, nor *Importunity*, would prevail upon him, he took his *Time*, as the *King* was looking *Another way*, snatch'd up the *Cup* at unawares, and *Drank-off* the *Dose* at a *Gulp*. The *King* immediately in a *Rage* laid his *Hand* upon his *Dagger*, with *Bloody menaces* for presuming to supplant him in the *Right* he had to That *Blessed Draught*. How's *That Sir?* says he, with an *Honest Assurance*, will you pretend to take away the *Life* of a *Man* that has a *Potion* of *Immortality* in his *Guts*, and Cannot *Dye*? If it be possible for you to kill me, do but say wherein I am to *Blame*: for either I am *Immortal*, or You are *Impos'd upon*. This *Dilemma* brought the *King* to his Wits again, and to a *True*, though a *Late* sense of understanding the *Treasure* of so *Excellent* a *Friend*.

THE MORAL.

WE have here a Glorious Instance of the Heroical Bravery of a Tender Friend, and a Loyal Subject, both in one: for what could be greater, then for a Servant to lay down his Own Life to save his Masters; and at the same time to deliver him from the Snare of so Desperate a Mistake.

It shews likewise how miserably a Prince may be misled, in being wrought upon to take a *Friend* for an *Enemy*, and an *Enemy* for a *Friend*: and when he's once out of the way, there's nothing like Sedate Council and Experience to bring him to himself again: not but that he that buys his Wisdom with the Loss of such a Minister, pays dear for his Learning.

We have here likewise an Instance of a *Pagan*, doing more for the acquiring of a *Phantastical Immortality*, than many a *Christian* would do for the Purchasing of a *Blessed Eternity*. But *Enthusiasts* are Deaf to the Dictates of *Common Sense* and *Reason*, and to the Best Offices of *Friendship* and *Advice*.

CI.

A Country-man to Jupiter.

A Country fellow ran Bawling to Jupiter with an Out-cry, that the *Sheep eat-up all his Grass*. Jupiter gave them a Check for't, and bad 'em take that Rebuke for a Warning. But they went Cutting-on still nevertheless; and upon a *Second Complaint*, Jupiter order'd the *Wolves* to look after them. The *Wolves* were no sooner in Office, but up comes the *Bumpkin* again, with another Dismal Story, what Havock they were a making, just at That Instant, with the Whole Flock. Why then, says Jupiter, we must e'en get *Huntsmen* to take Care of the *Wolves*. Well, says the *Countryman* again; but what if the *Huntsmen* at last should prove *Mutton-mongers* *Themselves* too? Where shall we be next?

THE MORAL.

LEVITY is a Restless Sickness of the Mind, that makes a Man Uneasy whatever he does, and which way soever he turns himself. He shifts, only for Variety, and One Change is as Irksom to him, as Another. He governs his Life by Humour, not by Consideration, Choyce, or Judgment; and acts, not only *Without Reason*, but *Against* it: for he passes as well from Good to Bad, from Bad to Worse, and itill Weary of the *Present*, whatever it is.

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If the *Sheep* must Eat no *Grass*, the *Master* must Eat no *Mutton*: so that for a Revenge upon his *Flock*, he goes the ready way to starve himself. But Nature must not be put out of her Course, to gratify the Caprice, or the Avarice, of a Phantastical Churle; who had rather the Bounties of Providence should be Perverted, or Lost, then Employ'd upon the Ends they were intended for. But so it is, that the very Granting of our Prayers, generally Speaking, would be one of the Heaviest Judgments could befall us.

Grudge the *Sheep* their *Grass*, and the next Work will be to turn them over to the *Wolves* to look after them; and then from the *Wolves* at last, to the *Huntsmen*, to secure the main Chance: that is to say, we Pray our selves out of a Happy Condition into a Miserable, and from That, into a Worse; and so Proceed till we are undone past Recovery: so that upon the whole Matter, we are Ungrateful to Providence, Enemies to our Selves, and Malevolent one toward another.

Now This is for want of Searching into, and understanding the Nature of Things, and the True Measures of Humane Affairs. It is the Great Art, and Philosophy of Life, to make the Best of the *Present*, whether it be Good or Bad; and to Bear the One, with Resignation, and Patience, and to Enjoy the Other, with Thankfulness, and Moderation.

CII.

A Courtier and a Flock of Sheep.

AS a Courtier, a Divine, a Physician, and a Lawyer, were taking the Air together; they made a Stop in their Walk, at the Sight of a Flock of *Sheep*; and so entertain'd themselves a while, with Observations upon the Humour of That Creature. Look ye, says one of the Company, which way soever the Leader goes, the Rest follow, and upon This Ridiculous way of Proceeding, the *Virtuosi* took an Occasion to Reason the Matter with these *Animals*. Praye, with your leave, Good People, says one of them, why do you not rather Govern your selves by Choyce, and Inclination, then by Chance, and Example; without so much as considering whether you do Well or Ill? If your Leader happens to be in the Right, much Good may it do you, but if not, you are all Lost.

When he had gone Thus far, a Grave *Ramm* at the Head of the Company took the Word out of his Mouth; and turn'd the Argument upon the *Doctors*. Gentlemen, says he, You that are so Severe and Critical upon Others, should do well in the

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the First place to examin your selves. Where's the Virtue, I beseech you, of your Formalities, your Caps, and your Habits; and what was the Original Invention of them, more, then a Phantastical Whimfy? Or what is there more in your following, and continuing the same Mode, and Fashion, then one Mimick treading upon the Heels of Another? Briefly, what are you, in your Doctrines, Maxims, Practices, and Presidents, but so many *Two Footed Sheep*, that Govern your selves more by *Imitation*, then *Reason*?

The MORAL.

LET no Man presume to Censure, or Despise Another, without putting it first to the Question, whether He Himself be not Guilty of what he Blames in his Neighbour. Here's an Exposition betwixt the *Doxors*, and the *Sheep*; and upon the Ballance it appear'd that the *Virtuofos* have the more to answer for of the Two. We are to gather from hence, that *Men*, Generally Speaking, are led by *Example*, as well as *Brutes*; and follow their Leaders at a Venture, without any Regard to the Equity of their Proceedings; provided they do but tread in the Steps of him that marches before them. So that at This rate, we Live at Hap-hazard, without either *Choyce*, *Judgment*, *Rule*, or *Measure*.

CIII.

Two Ramms fighting.

HERE pass'd a Quarrel betwixt a Couple of *Ramms*; partly upon Honour, partly Provocation: insomuch that they put themselves in Posture like a Brace of Bulleys, and fell to battering one another. This Combat was no sooner over, but a Second Couple of These Sparks enter'd the Lists, and did the like. When the Humour was once a foot, the whole Flock took the same Freak, and fought it out, from the Captain himself, to the Puny of the whole Troup. But in the conclusion, a Good Tender Charitable Wretch puts in with a Word of Wholesome Advice, to make all Friends again. Good People, says the Bigotted Mediator, do but think what a Shame it is, for the very Embleme of Innocence, and Patience, to behave it self so Outrageously, and liker *Wolves* and *Tygers*, then *Muttons*. *Doxor* says one of the *Ramms*, *praye give me leave to tell you that Discord is as natu-
ral*

ral to Us, as the very Bloud in our Veins; and that without Fighting and Scuffling, the World it self could not be kept alive. And praye observe, that where-ever you see People live in Peace, tis not for want of Good Will to be Troublefom, but for want of Force. And for your Better Satisfaction, do but take a Sober View of the World we live in, and then tell me, which is the Quieter Company of the Two, Men, or Beasts.

The MORAL.

HERE'S a Short Account of almost all the Quarrels under the Sun, Publicke or Private; some, for a Crown, Others for a Mistress; and *Example* works with *Men*, just as it does with *Ramms* and *Bulls*; beside that, as small a Matter puts the Humour in Motion. A Spark from the Stroke of a Flint sets the whole Town in a Flame: A Match at Football puts the whole Body of the People in a Tumult. One Box, and One Provoking Stroke draws on Another: And This Ungovernable Rage, when the Bloud is once stir'd, turns Reasonable Creatures into Brutes. To talk of *Religion*, *Morality*, *Humanity*, or *Good Nature*, is quite beside the Purpose: for we live by President, and learn to be Quarrelsome one of another.

CIV.

A Contest betwixt Gold and Iron.

HERE was a Mortal Quarrel betwixt *Gold* and *Iron*, and the Question was This: which of the Two was the Greater Curse to Mankind, or the Greater Blessing. The Dispute would have been Endless, if the Court they appeal'd to, had not Ty'd them up to This way of Proceeding: that they should be heard in their Turns, only allowing *Gold* the Privilege of leading the Cause.

Curled be the Hour, says *Gold*, that First brought *Iron* out of the Bowels of the Earth; and Curled be the Finder, and the Workman, as well as the work it self: for what is it upon the Main, but the Common Instrument of Warrs, Murders, Massacres, Assassinations, Sacrilege, and Rebellion, without putting any Difference betwixt Things Sacred and Profane! The Profess'd Enemy of Peace, and Order, the Embroiler of States, and the Subverter of Governments; an Advocate for Rapine, and Violence; a Promoter

moter of Tyranny, and a Supporter of all manner of Wick- edness !

You should do well now to consider, says the Other Party, that *Iron* is only Passive, in all the Harm it does, and no more than a Tool in the Hand of the Master-workman; acting in Subordination to the Ends of *Gold*. What is it but *Gold*, that fetches it out of the Mines, and brings it to Light? That Models, Fashions, and applies it? What is it in Warr, but the Author of Blood and Confusion! What is it in the Hands of a Rebel, a Bravo, or a Cut-Throat, more than a Prostitute Mercenary that serves for Wages? Is a Church, or a State, to be Betray'd? Is a Friend, or a Virgin, to be Corrupted? Is a Vow, an Oath, or a Contract, though never so Sacred, to be made Void? Why 'tis the very Province of *Gold*, to Bind, and to Loose; to Dispence, to Discharge, and to Absolve, in all These Instances. Neither is the Court, the Bench, the Camp, or any other Body of Men, any better Proof against that Irresistible Temptation.

But to pass now, says *Iron*, from the Mischiefs that Occur in the Abuse of Things, to the Advantages that naturally flow from the Right Use of them. How were it possible for Mankind to subsist, without Navigation, Building, Tillage, Digging, Planting, Sowing, Arts, Manufactures; Arms to Defend their Rights, Lives, Liberties, Religion, Laws, and Country, against Usurpation, and Oppression. Nay and I might have said, without Necessaryes for Food and Rayment! In fine, This does so naturally depend upon the Help and Service of *Iron*, that there were no living in This World without it.

Now to take you at your own way of Reasoning, says the Other side, If, upon the Whole Matter, *Iron* be only Subservient to *Gold*, in all the Hurt it does, it may be so likewise in all the Good it does, since it is *Gold* that sets *Iron* at Work in whatever it does. To say nothing of a Thousand other Offices of Bounty, Charity, and Humanity, over and above, that are cast into the Account by Providence, in Favour of *Gold*.

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The MORAL.

ALL the Works of *Providence*, and *Nature*, are Good, and God Himself hath pronounc'd them so, in the very Creation of them. 'Tis the *Right Use*, or the *Abuse* of Things, that makes them either *Profitable*, or *Hurtfull* to us; and it is the Pravity of our own *Corrupt Affections*, that draws Evil out of Good, and turns the Blessings of Heaven to our Condemnation. The same Reason holds in the Case of *Wine*, and *Women*, *Fire*, and *Water*, &c. as it is here with *Gold*, and *Iron*; all depends upon the Application of Things in *Due Time*, *Place*, and *Measure*.

CV.

a Deaf and Dumb Gardner.

A Dissolute Cavalier, that had a Month's Mind to a Little *Nun's-Flesh*, bethought himself of This Stratagem for the Compassing of his End.

There was a Monastery of Delicate Virgins, which, as he understood, wanted a *Gardner*. He took up the Habit of a Day-Labourer, and so went to This Cloyster, as by Chance, to look for Work. The First Man he met with was the Steward of the House; whom he gave to understand that he was both *Deaf*, and *Dumb*, and in very great *Necessity*. The Officer gave him to eat, and made some little Trial of him about the Grounds, wherein he acquitted himself much to the Stewards Liking. As he was up and down the House, the *Lady Abbess* took Notice of him, and enquir'd what he was, and what might be his Business. Why Madam, says the *Steward*, it is a Poor *Deaf* and *Dumb* Creature, that I phancy would make a very Good *Gardner*, and we want one at present: Beside that there would be no Danger of bringing a Scandal upon the Monastery, for entertaining a Miserable Wretch, under his Circumstances. The *Lady* told him she was much of his Opinion, and therefore, says she, praye let him be taken-in, Cloth'd and Provided for. Now the Man was all This while within Hearing of the Discourse. So Said, so Done; and the *New Gardner* was put immediately into Possession of his Charge.

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The *Nuns* were wonderfully pleas'd with the Thought of so innocent a Diversion, in the Company of a Man that was *Deaf and Dumb*, and whatever they said or did, would be sure to keep Council: so that they had their Tongues more at Liberty then before. The Little Officer, in the *Interim*, whether he was Digging, Weeding, Planting, or whatever else he was a doing, took Care to Emprove every Thing to his Edification; till in the End he was able to give almost as Good an Account of the whole Enclosure, as either the Fathers, or the Physicians themselves.

This *Gardening-Trade* went on, till the Death of the Steward; but the Cavalier, finding by This Time that he had a Great Charge upon him, apply'd himself to the *Lady Abbess* to be dismiss'd, which with some Difficulty he obtain'd. It was a Surprize, no doubt on't, to the Good Lady, to hear a *Dumb Man Speak*: but by the Favour of the *Convent*, This Recovery of his Speech was enter'd upon the File, as a *Miracle*, and fo he departed.

The MORAL.

THE Moral of This *Nouvelle* will lye in a little Room. Love is Freakish, and Industrious; and Flesh and Bloud is as Frail in a Cloyster as in a Palace. It is not to be Imagin'd that *Boccace* ever intended the History of This Romantick Adventure, as an Invective against any sort of People, or against any State of Life; but to shew that we carry Humane Frailty about us wherever we are: and to mind us at the same time, that the Holy Disciples themselves were not without a *Judas* in the Number. But when the Worst comes to the Worst, 'tis but covering the *Intrigue*, we think, and bringing it off with a *Miracle*.

CVI.

Exemplary Justice in Cambyses.

Cambyses, the Son of *Cyrus*, was a Prince Famous for the Severity of his Government, and the Strictness of an Inexorable Justice. This Prince had a Particular Favourite that he made a *Judge*; and This *Judge* reckon'd himself so secure in the Credit he had with his Master, that without any more ado, Causes were Bought and Sold in the Courts of Judicature, as openly as Provisions in the Market.

So

So soon as *Cambyses* came to understand how this Ungrateful Wretch had Prostituted his Royal Dignity for Gold; together with the Liberty and Property of his People, and the Honour of his Administration; he caus'd his Minion to be taken-up, and Degraded, his Skin Strip'd over his Ears, and the Seat of Judgment Cover'd with it, and he order'd his Son, in the Conclusion, to succeed the Father in his Character and Office.

The MORAL.

Exemplary Crimes require Exemplary Justice; but the Punishment ought to be likewise Instructive. There's a Great Difference betwixt the Fierceness of a Choleric Outrage, and the Solemnity of a Severe Animadversion: so that the *Allegory* here, upon the *Blind*, is well distinguish'd from the *Grace* show'd to the *Sea*; for it would have been most Unreasonable to Confound the Guilt of the One, with the Innocence of the Other, and to Destroy the Family for the Person.

CVII.

Dionysius Robs'd a Temple.

Dionysius enter'd a Temple of Idols, and took a Golden Cloak from the Principal Image of the Place: It was too Heavy for Summer, he said, and too Cold for Winter. He took away *Esculapius's Golden Beard* also, for his Father, *Apollo*, wore None, he said; that might better have afford'd it.

The MORAL.

'Tis the way of the World to Give the Rouest Things and Designs with the Fairest Names, and the most Plausible Pretences. Have we not heard of *Church-Lands* Seiz'd to *Prophane Uses*, under the Specious Colour of a *Necessity of State*? *Barbets* & *Spittage* Countenanc'd, and Committed, for fear of an *Invisible Idolatry*? And what is there more in't up on the main, then First, a Dissolution of Order and Government past all Recovery; and afterwards, giving a Frivolous Reason for't.

P 2

CVIII.

CVIII.

A Courtier to Simonides.

A Great Man belonging to the Court, that had a mighty Mind to pass for some body in the World, was Tampering with *Simonides* to write a Copy of Verses in his Commendation; and he'd be thankful to him, he said. *Simonides* told him, that he had a Box at Home with Two Drawers to it; one for Thanks, and t'other for Money. When I open the one, says he, there comes out, at first, a Delicious Fragrancy, but then 'tis immediately gone again, in *Fume*. But in the Money-Drawer, I find Meat, Drink and Clothes, and all Necessaries for the Life and Comfort of Humane Life. Now pray's Sir let me know, that I may be upon some Certainty, which of the Drawers am I to trust to for my Acknowledgment?

The MORAL.

MANY a Man would be glad of a Fair Reputation in the World, that's loth to go to the Price of it: so that there's no dealing with Courtiers and Great Men, altogether upon Trust. *Court-pay* is but Smoke, or as *Barclay* has it, a Civility that costs a Body nothing. Wherefore it will become a Wiseman to take Care of the Main Chance, and to provide the best he can, in the first place, for Things Necessary and Useful: We live in a World of Interest and Design, and that which we call *Court-Hobby-water*, will not keep the Devil out of a Man's Pocket.

CIX.

Cambyses and Praxaspes.

Cambyses was a most Intemperate Drinker, and *Praxaspes* took the Freedom to advise him against it, as a Practice that puts People out of the Command and Government of Themselves, Body and Mind. Well! says *Cambyses*, but to Shew you that Wine has not such a Power over me, fetch your Son hither. The Young Man was brought; and now, says he, let him stand before me with his left Arm over his Head. As he stood in That Posture, *Cambyses* took a mighty Draught

Draught, and follow'd it with an Arrow, that struck him directly thorough the Heart. Look ye, says *Cambyses* to the Father, Wine does not spoil my Aim, you see. No no Sir, says *Praxaspes*, *Apollo* Himself could not have mended That Shot.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Dangerous Post, That of a Prime Minister, to an Intemperate, Freakish Prince; that will neither understand Jest nor Earnest, any further, than as it gratifies his Humour. He takes Good Counsel, for an Affront, or a kind of Reproche; as who should say, *That Man thinks himself Wiser than his Master*. He makes no Difficulty of Sacrificing the Best Friend he has in the World, to a Frolique; and in This Wanton way of Cruelty, he makes it Death to be Honest: not but that it highly concerns a Prince to support the Dignity of his Crown and Authority, by all Reasonable Severities, where the Justice of the Cause shall require it. But to Trifle away Mens Lives in a Banter, as we call it, and to spill Humane Blood, purely for the Blood-sake, This is to turn Governours into Tygers, and ill-order'd States, only into more Tolerable Desarts.

CX.

Columbus's Discovery.

WHEN *Columbus*, to his Immortal Honour, had newly perfected his Discovery of the West Indies, the Spaniards went up and down in Clubbs and Cabals, vilifying the Action, and Derogating from the Glory of the Work. They saw nothing in the Bus'ness, they said, but *Another body* might have done it as well as He. The Passage, they cry'd, was Safe and Easy: the Thing it self Obvious, and it lay every jot as fair for a Spaniard, as for an Italian. *Columbus* had the hap to be Incognito at one of These Meetings, and when he had set still a while, as a Person not at all concern'd in the Discourse, he call'd for a Hen's Egg, which was immediately brought him. He took it; and after viewing and turning of it one way and t'other, Gentlemen, says he, I would gladly see any Man here set This Egg upright now upon the Table. They fell to Whispering, and Fleering one upon another, and after several Tryals, concluded the Thing was not to be done. Pardon me, says *Columbus*, there's nothing easier in Nature: and so he took the Egg, Crack'd it, and set it up-an-end. The Company, upon Second Thoughts, took the Hint as he intended it.

The

The MORAL.

NONE so forward to Lessen other People, as Those that are good for nothing Themselves. Every Thing is Easy, they say, when 'tis Done once, without considering the Envy and Reproche that attends all Honourable Undertakings. Thus goes the World, and Thus it is like to go, so long as the Labours and Services of Worthy Men are Subjected to the Captures of Ill-natur'd Fools.

If we were but half so Solicitous to Advance the Reputation of our Neighbours, as we are to Depress it, or but half so Careful to Mend our own Manners, as we are to spy Faults in Other People's, we should find Work enough at Home: but our Bus'ness is Scandal, and Defamation: never considering, that Detractors are Falsifiers over and above. *Calumniators*, in Short, live upon the Spoil like *High-way-men*, that have nothing *Themselves* but what they take from *Others*.

CXI.

A Huntsman and a Stag.

SOME body had put it in the Head of a Weak Lord to set up for a Huntsman: He provides himself an Equipage upon it; and so away over Hedge and Ditch to the Chase; with his Wood-men, his Currs, and his Tew about him. He kept up with the Doggs to the very Fall of the *Stagg*; but so Bruis'd, and Batter'd, with pressing through the Bushes, and so Sick of his Adventure, that Tird and Harras'd as he was, he turn'd his Rage upon the Poor *Animal*, after This Manner. *Sirrah*: says he to the *Stagg*; *I may thank you for all This: but upon my Honour, I'll be Reveng'd upon your whole Generation: for I will not leave you so much as a Cape, or a Thicket, to put your Heads in.* The Words were no sooner out, but People were immediately employ'd to cut up the Woods and lay all Waste. It was not long after This, before the Hunting-Humour took him again as before, and wonderfully pleas'd he was, to think what Riding he should have, now there was nothing left to hinder him in his Career. And he had *Field-room* enough, 'tis true, but the *Game* was gone.

CXII.

CXII.

A Country-man and Bees.

THERE was a Plodding *Country-fellow* that was pretty well to pass in the World, and he might thank a Good Stock of *Bees* for't. As he was sucking a Comb one day, a *Bee* caught him by the Tongue: The Pain put him into such a Rage, that he threw down all his Hives upon it. The *Bees* fell to expostulate the matter with him, what a Fool he was to do himself a Mischief because he was Angry at another body: especially considering that it was Their Labour and Industry that both Rais'd and Maintain'd him, and if he would not take the Sweet and the Sowr one with another, they'd e'en leave him to shift for himself. Upon This Disgust, they forsook the Poor Man, to his utter Ruine.

CXIII.

A Burgher and a Pear-Tree.

A Shatter-Brain'd Rich *Burgher*, but a Man Curious enough in his Gardens, Pluck'd a *Pear*, and Tasted it: but the *Pear* it seems was stark Naught: He took This so Heynously, that he order'd the Tree immediately to be digg'd up by the Roots. Alas *Master*! says the Tree, if the Fruit be not good, it has not been a kindly Year, you know, and pray'e do not make me answerable for the Iniquities of the Seasons? Beside, that the Burden of Sound, and Pleasant Fruit I have upon me, might have compounded, methinks, for here and there One Rotten Piece.

The MORAL.

THE *Three Phancys* above are much upon the same Turn. But shall we call it *Anger* now, or *Madness*, for a Man to Pick a Quarrel with the *Bushes*, and the *Brambles*, for *Scratching* him; the *Bees*, for *Stinging* him; a *Pear-Tree* for putting his Mouth out of *Taft*? and when all is done, for wreaking a Revenge upon himself. This may seem to be an Extraordinary Case, but in truth all Passions in Excess have the same Effect upon us, in Proportion to that of a Furious Cholera, only they work several ways.

But the most Glorious Exploit of This kind, was the *Countryman's Revenge* upon his *Landlord*. He was the Last Life in the Lease of an Estate, in his Patron's Possession. He took somewhat ill of his Landlord, and immediately Poyson'd himself, to defeat the other of the Estate.

Montagne tells a Horrid Story of a Certain King, that Renounc'd God Himself upon the Loss of a Battle, and Prohibited his People, either to *Worship*, or so much as to *Name* him, for such a certain Time, in his Dominions. An Execrable Blasphemous Out-rage, and not to be thought of without Horrour.

CXIV.

A Blind Man that would not be Cur'd.

A Surgeon that had undertaken the Cure of a *Blind Man*, was just entering upon the Operation: but the Patient, upon Second Thoughts, bad him hold his Hand a little; and *prays* tell me, says he, *before you go any further, what kind of World is it that I am like to see, if I recover my Sight?* Just the same World over again, says the Doctor, that you saw before you fell Blind. Nay then, says the Patient, 'en leave me as you found me: for I had rather see nothing at all, then the Second Part of the same Story.

The MORAL.

This is that which we call a *Cure worse then the Disease*: for it is most certain, that the Blessings of Sight will not always Countervail the Miserys that attend it, in the View it gives us of a Vain and a Wicked World. But we have This at last for our Comfort, that in all Conditions of Calamity and Misfortune, we are not without some Providential Advantages or other to Ballance the Inconvenience.

CXV.

Ambs Ace.

There were Two Prisoners Sentenc'd to throw the Dice for their Lives, and the First Caster threw *Deux Ace*, which put him into such a Fit of Repentance, Vows, Promises and Resolutions, that there never was so Saint-like a Penitent. While he was in the Middle of his Ejaculations, the

the Other throws *Two Aces*. The Dice were no sooner upon the Table, but up starts the *New Convert*, from his Prayers, with a Bloudy Oath in his Mouth. *Ambs Ace* by ----- says he.

The MORAL.

THIS Story has in it the very Image of Humane Nature. It lays us open in our Frailty, and Corruptions; the Vanity of our Pretensions, and the Weakness of our Resolutions. How Tender, and Devout we are, when we find our selves upon a Pinch; How Ready to *Promise*, and how Backward to *Perform*; how False, in fine, and Fickle we are upon the Main.

CXVI.

A Battle betwixt the Birds and the Beasts.

There happen'd a Battle once betwixt the *Birds* and the *Beasts*, with the *Lion* and the *Eagle* at the Head of them, and it was a Battle hard-fought. The *Beasts* being terribly Gall'd from above, with Darts out of the Air, and from the Tops of Houses. In the Heat of the Encounter, up comes a *Griffon*, toward the Place of ACTION, which put Both Generals to a little Plunge what to do: for betwixt his *Wings*, and his *Fore-feet*, the *Eagle* was afraid he would have joyn'd with the *Beasts*, and the *Lion*, on the other hand, as Suspicious that he would have taken part with the *Birds*. Upon This, they Both sent Deputies to the *Griffon* by consent, to know what he was, and to learn his *Business*. His Answer was, that being neither *Bird* nor *Beast*, he could not concern himself in the Quarrel; but as he was a *Partner* of Both, he could not but have a Kindness for the one as well as the Other; and so advis'd them to bethink themselves of an Accommodation. They took his Counsel, and made the *Griffon* the Umpire of the Controversy: who immediately order'd Both Armyes to Disband, and so put an End to the Warr.

The MORAL.

'Tis hard, that *Humanity*, and *Good-Faith*, should be found only in *Emblem*, and in *Fables*; and that Reasonable Creatures should be sent to School to Birds and Beasts (as in This Case here of the *Griffon*) to learn their Duty. Mankind, either is, or Ought to be, all of a Piece; so that every Individual is bound to promote the Common Good, and the Well being of the Universe. This was the *Griffon's* Part and Province. He had a Fellow-feeling of the Calamities of Both Parties, and made it his Business, as well as it was his Interest, to Reconcile them: not like a *Trimming Incendiary*, to play Fast and Loose on Both Sides, and without either Honour or Conscience to make the Best of a Bad Game.

CXVII.

Two Chimeras.

Two *Whimsical Chimeras*, that were abroad upon Adventure, happen'd to encounter, head to head, full-Butt, upon the way: They gave one another, the Time of the Day, enquir'd what Business, and the like: and to be short, their Questions and Answers were all Freakish, and the very Counter-part, the one of the Other.

What a Jaunt have I had, says one of them, up and down the World, to look for Lodgings! I have been among the Men of the Long-Robe, Church-men, Lawyers, States-men, Projectors, School-men, Musicians, Chymists, Small-Poets, and what not! I took a Ramble from thence among the Sparks of Love, and Pleasure; and every Nook was so crowding full of Whimsy, that there was not Room enough left in all their Skulls for so much as one Maggot more. Very Good, says t'other, and just such another Job have I been upon, and just to as much purpose too: for take them one with another, Men, Women, and Children, Young and Old, Rich and Poor, there's never a Barrel better Herring.

The MORAL.

This is to tell us, that there is nothing Pure or Perfect in This World: But he's the *Wiseſt* Man that is the least a *Fool*; the *Honestest*, that's the least a *Knave*; the *Holyest* that's the least an *Hypocrite*; and the *Soberest* that's the least a *Mad-man*. That is to say, the Virtue and the Knowledge of This World, is all but Visionary, and Phantastick. Man, at the

the Best, is but a Composition of Good and Evil, and that which we call *Humane Wisdom*, we find to be little more than *Vanity*, and *Illuſion*.

CXVIII.

A Cuckoo and a Nightingale.

It was a Dolefull Story that a *Cuckoo* told a *Nightingale*, how Barbarously she was us'd in the World. People would stand Staring and Gaping at her, like an Owl she said, and Twisting her for bringing up other Peoples Brats at her Fireside. Nay if I do, but happen to perch my self over any Body's Head, 'tis as much, they say, as if I call'd him *Cuckold*. Now, says the *Cuckoo*, if I were but put into your Drefs a little, and into your way of Singing, I phancy, I might redeem my Credit. Alas for thee, thou poor Ignorant Creature says the *Nightingale*: there goes more to the making of a Songster than thou art aware of. The *Cuckoo's* Pipe, I tell thee, was never made, to bear a Part in a Consort of *Nightingals*.

The MORAL.

All Creatures are uneasy, for want of somewhat or other; and we find them still as Uneasy when they have Compass'd it, as they were before: for in truth, it does not prove to be the Thing they took it for. Now This comes of indulging ourselves to our own Appetites. The *Cuckoo* would be a *Nightingale*; that is to say, Heaven has made us One Thing, and we had rather be another. Now This Restlessness is not only Vexatious, but Vain and Impious, to the Highest Degree. There's no prescribing Rules and Measures to the Goings of the Almighty; but the Laws of God, and Nature, are Firm, and Unchangeable.

CXIX.

CXXIX.

A Cock's Boasting of his Excellence.

A Cock was making his Brags how much all People were beholden to him, from the very Prince to the Beggar: as Church-men, States-men, Merchants, Mechaniques, &c. for calling them up a Mornings to their Tasks and their Businesses: by which means, they make their Fortunes, and Qualify themselves for all Functions, Publicque and Private. This Vanity pass'd well enough, till People came to consider, that he did as much Mischief to the Sick, with his Bawling, as Good to the Sound, with his Crowing: for That which was a Benefit to the One, was Death to the Other.

The MORAL.

It is the Good Will that stamps the Obligation, neither is it, in truth, to be call'd an *Obligation*, when the Good Office is done, more by *happazzard*, then by Intention, and Choyce. The same Action falls out many times to be the Making of One Man, and the Ruin of another: so that as a Man may Mean well, and yet do a *Shrewd Turn*, on the one hand, he may likewise do Good, with *Malice* in his Heart, on the other.

CXX.

A Dog Crepanth's.

There was a notable *Pierce Dog*, that had the keeping of a *Cattle* in a *Wood*; and look'd so well to his Charge, that so long as he kept his Station, there was not a *Wolf* durst shew his Head near That *Quarter*; but the Difficulty was, how to remove him. The *Wolves* call'd a Council about it, and came to This Result, that the *Cur* was too Brave, and Generous, to be wrought upon by any Thing but Ambition. Upon This Consideration, they sent a Couple of the Gravest of their Brethren, to the Dog with a Compliment from the whole Body, giving him to understand, that out of the Reverence they had for his Wisdom and Courage, they were now to present him with a Tender of the

the Crown, if he would but shew himself in the Field in the Head of his Subjects, and do them the Honour to receive it. By This Artifice they drew him out into an *Ambush*, where the whole *Herd* fell upon him, and tore him into a Million of Pieces.

The MORAL.

EVERY Man living has his *Weak-side*, as well as every *Dog*: only One Man is led by his Ambition, another by his Pleasure, a Third by somewhat else, and provided this Point be man'd, no matter whether it be by one or the other. There's a *Premeditated Treachery*, Form'd, and Executed, against a Generous Creature; whose very Generosity was the Temptation and Encouragement to That Conspiracy: so Powerful and Sacred is the Conscience of *Virtue*, that the Benefit of Actions pass many Times for Just, and Glorious, under the Recommendation of That Cover.

CXXI.

A Poor Fellow's Complaint.

A Poor Fellow was chid by his Ghostly Father, for not coming oftner to Confession. Well! Sir says he; *It shall go hard, but betwixt This and to Morrow Morning, I'll rumidge out somewhat or other for you.* He was as Good as his word, and the next Morning he discharg'd his Conscience upon it. I have indeed, says he, Eaten Roots and Drunk Water with more Pleasure than I became a Good Christian, but he was heartily sorry for it, he said, and desir'd Absolution, which was not refused him.

The MORAL.

THIS is a Right *Pharisaical* Holiness, that Striving at a *Gnat*, and Swallowing a *Chapel*; but That which is made and Value in one Man, may be purg'd simplicity in another. As our *Widow* that was call'd upon to ask God Forgiveness of the Ruin of Death. A Man says she, I never offended him in my Life. Now as to the Absolute Necessity, as well as to the Christian Use, and Practice of Confession, it pass'es for a kind of a *Popish* point; not but that it is very Reasonable, to lay open our Souls to our Ghostly Father, of our *Sins*, and *Excesses*, to *Physicians*, and *Lawyers*.

CXXII.

CXXII.

No misery like an Untortled Mind.

A Woman that was as Happy in every Body's Opinion, as the Blessings of This World could make her, fell into a Desperate Melancholy all on a sudden, and no Mortal could imagin the Reason of it. Now her Misfortune was This. Her Husband, in a kind Fit, bad her ask him any One Thing in This World, that was in his Power, and she should have it, provided she came to a Resolution in *Twelve Hours* what it should be. *Eleven* of the *Twelve* were already gone, and This Miserable Wretch directly at her Wits End what to pitch upon.

THE MORAL.

If an Angel from Heaven should offer us the Choice of any One Thing, (One and but One) out of the whole Creation, it would almost break our Brains to be so Confus'd. And yet at the same time we find our selves Uneasy under the Dispensations of Providence, without so much as Knowing what we would be at; only the Present does not please us, and we are consequently never to be pleas'd; beside that the *Compassing* of what we Wish, is not more Difficult then the *Resolving* upon it.

CXXIII.

No Medlers in Other People's Matters.

A Gentleman's Servant was taken Notice of to be sauntering up and down the Garden, one time, with his Hands in his Pocket, when his Master's House was a Fire. The People of the House call'd out to him for Help, and his Answer was, that he never car'd for *Meddling in Other People's Matters*. It was the Answer of a Girl too, upon the Burying of her Mother Alive; She confus'd indeed that she saw the Body Heave when it was laid into the Grave, but it was none of her Business; and truly for her part she was loth to make any Words on't.

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THE MORAL.

THERE's no Rule that is not lyable to some Exception or other, saving That very Rule it self. A Man has Room enough to Avoid being Pragmatical and Troublesome, without being Inhumane. But in all These Cases, Reason has a Distinguishing, and a Dispensing Power; and we are left to the Government of Ordinary Prudence, in Agreement with Common Honesty, and Good Manners.

CXXIV.

An Inditation for To Morrow.

A Grave Holy-man was invited over Night to a Dinner Next Day. If you have any Thing, says he, to command me at [PRESENT,] I am at your Service, but This same [to MORROW] is a Thing I have not thought of This many a Year; for I have expected every Day should be my Last. It was well said of Dionysius, to one that desired to speak with him if he were at Leisure. His Answer was, he had no Time to Spare, and consequently was never at Leisure.

THE MORAL.

THERE is no such Thing as *to Morrow*, to a Man that Husband's his Time, and knows how to make a Right use of it. And *to Morrow*, is not only out of our Power, but our Business lies with the *Present*, for otherwise, we shall spend One Day in computing upon Another. The Man does not live as he should, that does not reckon upon every Day as his Last. Or I might have said [every Moment;] for Time is but a Flux of Instants, and every Breath we draw is a New Life.

CXXV.

A Dometal Watch.

THERE was a Treaty of Marriage set a-foot betwixt a Well-willer to Good-fellowship, and the Father of a Brisk Lads. The Affair went comfortably forward, on Both sides; only the young Man was afraid the Girl might be somewhat of the Youngest for a Marry'd State. But the Father bad him

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set his Heart at rest for that Matter, for my Child, says he, has had Three Brave Boys already by the Clerk of the Parish.

The MORAL.

NICETIES of This Nature are better let alone than Medled with; not but that a Man is as uneasy in the Ignorance of the Truth, as in the Knowledge of it. It is, in short, an Irrksom, and a Dangerous Curiosity: but we have This for our Comfort however, that at the worst we are sure to be Miserable in Good Company: and Neighbours-fare is no Scandal.

CXXVI.

No Match like a Deaf Man and a Blind Woman.

A Club of Good Companions were discoursing at Liberty upon the Subject of *Matrimony*, and when they had talk'd over all the Joys and Hazards of That Blessed, or miserable State, it came at last to This Result: that considering the Common Licence and Practice of Marry'd People, and the Insupportable Plague of That Condition, where they cannot agree; the only *Happy Match* under the Heavens would be a *Deaf-Man*, and a *Blind Woman*; which at the same time puts the Husband out of Reach of the Woman's Tongue, and the Wife out of ken of her Husband's Debauches.

The MORAL.

This is to tell People what they are to trust to in a Marry'd State, at the Ordinary rate of Man and Wife: *Happy is the Match*, says our Author, where the one is Deaf, and the Other Blind: which imports no more, than, that where they cannot agree, 'tis their wisest Course to *Hear and See, and say Nothing*.

There was a Body of a Malefick hanging in Chains, and Two Men under the Gibbet, Gaping at the Spectacle. One of them was the Husband of a Shrew, and the Other a Discarded Courtier; and there did they stand blessing the Man upon the Gallows; that was now past the Danger of falling into either of their Conditions.

CXXVII.

CXXVII.

Memel's Grace.

A *Reaxerxes Mnemon* was a Great Instance of Moderation: and much in the Right, certainly, in his Dayly Practice of giving Thanks, for the Blessings of *Course Fare*, and a *Good Stomach*; which was his Constant Grace.

The MORAL.

THERE is no Pleasure to speak of, in the most Delicious Excesses of Eating and Drinking, without the Blessings of Health, and Appetite, to give them a Relish: all the Rest is but Qualm and Surfeit, with a Vitiated Palate, and a False Digestion, to take off the Edge of the Delight. It is no more, in short, than a Plain and an Instructive Lecture upon the Text of *Temperance, Sobriety, and Moderation*, and the Blessings that attend a Virtuous Life.

CXXVIII.

A Sovereign Antidote to Prevent the Por.

TAKE a Well-drawn Picture, says *Bocentini*, of the most Faultless Beauty that ever appear'd in Flesh and Blood: and then touch it over again, with *Rotten Teeth, Bleer Eyes; no Nose at all*: let it be as Lothsom, in fancy, as *Venous* and Corruption can make it. Carry This Picture still about with you, and whenever you have a Phancy for a Woman you suspect, do but take a Sober View of This Piece, and my Life for yours, it shall keep you Safe and Honest.

The MORAL.

This Preservative against the *Por*, will save us every jot as well in a Thousand other Cafes: and a Sober Consideration, in the Emprovement, and Application of the Hint, will do the Office of such a Picture. 'Tis but saying at last, This comes of Drinking, Blaspheming, Quarreling, Cheating, Lying and Slandering: Oppression, Sacrilege, Murder, Rebellion, &c. and it will do the Work every jot as well as [This comes of Whoring] with a Picture to set it out. For This Precaution, or Forefight, would have the same effect upon us, in all other Cafes of Vice, and Iniquity, if Men would but duly examin what they are about, and

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the Consequences of their Misdoings. In one Word, it would be enough to keep a Man Honest, and Virtuuous, if he would but say to himself before it be too late, that *the End of These Things is Death*: and if he would but do what he Ought to do, out of a Sense of Conscience, and Honesty, rather then wait to be Frighted into't by the Phancy of a Squeamish, and a Beattly Disgust.

CXXXIX.

Trade and Empire Inconsistent.

AS one of the Emperours was taking the Air by the Sea-side; up comes a Goodly Ship with her Sails aloft, and Sweeping along before a Fair Wind into the Harbour. The Statelynes, and Bulk of the Vessel, together with the Depth of her Lading, Occasion'd a very Particular Enquiry after her Cargo, what she was, and to what Owner she belong'd. Answer was made, that she was Built, Rigg'd, set-out, and Maintain'd, upon the Account of the Empress. The Emperour stomach'd the Scandal to the Highest Degree, and call'd his Wife to him; but in a Temperate way, and without any Shew of Displeasure. *Pray'e my Dear, lays he, do but see to what a Pittiful State I am reduc'd here: "I took my self for a Roman Emperour, and I am no more, I perceive, then a Miserable Broker. Prethee what Trade are we to drive next? And at That Word, he gave a Peremptory Order for the Burning of both Ship and Lading.*

The MORAL.

THE Privileges of Sovereignty are Incommunicable: and it is not for the Dignity of a Prince to Prophane the Sacredness of his Character with Common Thoughts and Bus'ness. The Line of Partition betwixt Kings and Subjects, cannot be too tenderly touch'd: for wherever the Rights of Prince and People come to enterfe, the Order of Government is Confounded, and the Political Union Dissolv'd.

CXXXIX.

CXXX.

Love and Death.

AS Love and Death were Travelling the World, they happen'd to take-up in the same Inn together. Next Morning they Posted away in a Hurry, and by Mistake chang'd Arrows, so that Love kill'd the Young People, and Death made the Old Men in Love. The Fable tells us, that ever since This Unlucky Adventure, Love and Death have shot at Random.

The MORAL.

Love and Death are the Great Bus'ness of the World; which is all but *doing and undoing*, and the One finds work for the Other. But there's a Time for all Things, and nothing can be either Natural, or Graceful, but as it answers That Crisis.

CXXXI.

A Wonderful Cure.

THERE were Two Men lay desperately Ill, the one of a *Letbargy*, the Other of a *Phrensy*. They were Both given over by the Doctors, and for the last Experiment, put to Bed together. The One was ready to Perish for want of Sleep, and the other for want of somewhat to Rowze, and keep him Waking. The Mad Man fell so Outrageously upon his *Bed-fellow*, with Kicking and Cuffing, that in the end, he tir'd himself quite out, and dropt insensibly into a Slumber: while the other, by the Force of This Agitation, was brought out of his Dozing Fit to somewhat of Sense and Motion: so that in the Conclusion, Nature, and Providence, did the Part of the Physician.

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The MORAL.

It is no New Thing for the Divine Wisdom to draw Good out of Evil ; and to improve the very worst of Calamities to our Advantage : and yet This Providential Interposition does not hinder Nature all This while from going on in her Course ; but by a Regular Mediation of Causes and Effects, turns One Disease into a Remedy for Another, and makes Two Sick Men each the Other's Doctor.

CXXXII.

A Discourse upon Charity.

There was a Question started in very Good Company, upon the Subject of *Charity to the Poor*. They all agreed upon the Main, as to the Piety, the Humanity, and the Necessity of the Office, only there appear'd some Difficulty about the Regulation of it. This Discourse led naturally to the Case of Common Beggars ; and as the Point was managed, the Scandal on the One hand, was look'd upon as a Discouragement to the Virtue on the Other. *What are Those Vagabond Beggars, they cry'd, but the worst of Cheats and Impostors ; that couzen People in God's Name, and make a Trade of their Hypocrisy ! A Pack of Unprofitable, Slothfull Drones, that are only a Burden to the Publique, and take the Bread out of the Mouths of the Industrious ! Counterfeits, to all intents and purposes, in the Story both of their Wants, and of their Misfortunes ; and so shamefully False, that they turn Good Nature it self into a Snare. They are the Men of the World that have the most of Heaven and Holy Things in their Mouths, and the least of it in their Lives. Their Religion, in fine, carries them no further then the Church-Porch, and there they Drop it ; for not one of a Hundred of them, ever goes further.* The Conversation, in short, Ended just where it Began. They had all unanimously a High Veneration for *Good Works*, in the *General Notion* ; but there were so many Rubs thrown in the way, they could never agree upon the Practice.

The

The MORAL.

THERE's a Great Difference betwixt Speculation, and Practice ; and no Reconciling of our Consciences to our Conversations, We are all agreed upon the *Piety of Good Works*, but mightily at a Loss for want of a Rule to guide us in the *Ordering* of them : that is to say, with a Respect to *The Quantum*, the *Season*, the *Person*, the *Proportion* ; the *Duty* I owe to my own *Family* and *Relations*, and That which in Tenderness and Humanity I owe to *Mankind* : and all These Niceties fall naturally into That Question.

CXXXIII.

A Memorable Exploit of Zopyrus.

Zopyrus was highly celebrated by Darius for a Trick he put upon the *Babylonians*. He Hackt and Mangled himself all over ; Cut-off his own Ears, and Nose, and in This Ruful Condition went over as a *Deferter*, to the *Babylonians*. He was known to be a Man of Skill, and Courage, and, upon the Credit of That Character, they made him Governour of the City, which he afterwards betrayed to *Darius*.

The MORAL.

The Character of Zopyrus here, is not all of a Piece. It was kind, and Brave, to stand the Shock of so Extravagant an Experiment, for the Publique Good. But let the World say what they will of the *Man*, the *Action* is not to be brought into President : for *Good Faith* is the same Thing indifferently either to *Friend*, or *Foe* : and *Treachery* is nevertheless *Treachery*, because it is to an *Enemy*. But it was Pity however yet, that Zopyrus was not as *Honest*, as he was *Brave*, and that his Courage had not a more Illustrious Matter to work upon.

CXXXIV.

CXXXIV.

Tame Pigeons and Wild Birds.

There pass'd a Debate once betwixt a Flight of *Tame Pigeons*, and a Troup of *Wild Birds*, which led the Happy Life of the Two. The *Pigeons* were utterly against the Beggary way of living upon the Ramble, and lying expos'd to Guns, Snares, and Doggs, and all the Injuries of Wind and Weather: beside the Fatigue of scouring up and down the Fields for Meat, and the Tedious Hazzards of Hard Winters. Now if you'll come over to us, they cry'd, and do as we do, you'll find your Meat and Drink ready provided for you; Nests made to your Hands, and a Good Houfe over your Heads to keep you Warm and Dry, with a Hearty well-come, over and above.

So far 'tis well enough, says one of the Birds, but what says mine *Hof* all This while? Who pays the Reckoning? Nay for That, says a Formal *Pigeon*, we have it all *Gratis*; without any manner of Payment, Tax, or Duty. 'Tis true indeed, we commonly Breed once a Month, and present our Landlord with a Brood for an Acknowledgment, so soon as they are fit to be Eaten. Truly a Notable Bargain says one of the Other Party; to Sacrifice your Children for Meat, Drink and Lodging!

The MORAL.

EVERY Thing is Best in its own Natural State, and here's a Question started betwixt a *Servile*, *Lazy*, *Luxurious* Condition of Estate, and Plenty, and a *Generous* and *Industrious* Course of Freedom, with all the Comforts that attend a *Life of Exercise and Health*. There are but too many *Men* of the Humour of These *Pigeons*, that Pamper their Own Carcasses, and never care what becomes of their Posterity.

CXXXV.

CXXXV.

A Dog and a Bitch.

A Gentleman had a Brave, Trusty *House-Dog*, that had stood all Tryals, of Flattery, Menace, and Reward, and nothing could ever Corrupt him in his Duty to his Master, till an old Experienc'd Sharper, that had serv'd his Time out to the World and the Elefh, bethought himself of a Certain *Court-Trick*, that he had heard of. Who knows, says he, but the same Bait that serves for a *Man*, may serve for a *Dog* too: and so he Listed himself with a Gang of Good-fellows, took a Bitch along with them, and away they went upon Adventure. The *House-Dog* had his Mistress no sooner in the Wind, but away he steals after her, like a Discreet Whoremaster, without Barking or Baying, or so much as one Word speaking. When the *House-keeper* had once quitted his Post, the Thieves took the Opportunity and Robb'd the Houfe, while the whole Family were all asleep in their Beds.

The MORAL.

EVERY Man living has his Inclination; as a *Bag*, for the Purpose, a *Bottle*, a *Wench*; some Appetite in fine or other; and some Bait or other will do the Work. The same Temptation serves also to Betray and Expose Palaces and Governments, as well as Private Houfes: where Prostitutes do the very Office of This Bitch in the Fable, and Corrupt the Guards. There is nothing so frequent in History, Sacred and Prophane, as Instances of Humane Fidelity upon This Topique. *David* was a Man after God's own Heart. *Solomon* was pronounc'd the *Wiseft* of Men, and *Sampson* the *Strongest*; but they were all Three Captivated and Overcome by *Women*.

CXXXVI.

Religion is for Gentlefolks.

A Sober Good Woman, that was treating with a Maid Servant about Work and Wages, ask'd her, among other Questions, what Religion she was of? Alack-a-Day! says the Poor Innocent Girl, Religion is for Gentlefolks.

The

The MORAL.

THERE'S a Pretty Air of Simplicity and Respect, in This Poor Creature's Answer, and the Application of it may be This. That the Religion of a Servant is one Thing, and the Religion of a Mistress is another: for all People are to serve God according to their Talent, and in their Station. She might as well have said that her Business was to live Honestly and Dutifully in her Calling, without prying into Mysteries that she does not understand. When it comes to That once that every Private Person shall set-up for a Guide, we shall e'en have as many several Churches, as there are Whimsical Noddles.

CXXXVII.

A Persian Law.

THE *Persians* pass'd a Law that left the People at Liberty to do what they pleas'd, for the First Five Days after the Death of the present Governour: upon a Presumption, that the Misery of so Licentious a Confusion, would make them more sensible of the Blessings of Order and Peace.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no such Judgment to be made of the Good or Ill of Government, or Confusion, as by Comparing them; and there's no Expedient like an Interval of Anarchy, to shew the Necessity of a Regulation.

CXXXVIII.

An Ape and Cupid.

AN Old, Crafty Ape, that had been dogging Cupid, in several of his Walks, and Adventures, found an Opportunity at last of Filching away his Bow and Arrows, and other Ensigns of his Commission, with a Design to get the Trade out of his Hands, and set up for a Cupid Himself. This Mimical Droll had already Conn'd, by observation, the way of Handling his Arms: so that there was little more now to be done, than immediately to enter upon the Ramble, and so abroad into the World to try his Fortune.

There

There happen'd to be a very Pretty Lass, just in our New Archers way; and the Mark lay so Fair, that he Struck her to the very Heart. Never was Poor Girl in such a Taking! She could neither Eat, Drink, nor Sleep, nor give any Account all This while what it was that ail'd her, but Sighing, Weeping, and Exclaiming was her whole Entertainment. This Proof of his Power made him take himself for a God indeed; and such was his Vanity, that he would have disputed Beauty with him as well as Divinity. The Languishing Looks of This miserable Creature, gave him to understand her Secret Thoughts, and Longings, while Pug, for his Part, was as Nice and Insensible as Another *Narcissus*. But his Reign however lasted not long, for no sooner had Cupid found out This Sacrilegious Impostor, but he stript him of his Borrow'd Equipage, and upon the Unmasking and Uncasing of This Counterfeit, the Poor Woman found the way to her Wits again.

The MORAL.

THIS Story of Cupid with his Trinkets about him, may pass for an Invention diverting enough, to palliate the Scandal of many a Phantastical Piece of Flesh and Blood. The Phancy of the Boy Cupid here, and his Archery, points at Youth and Appetite, in some Cases, and at a Sicklyness of Imagination and Humour, in some others; which considers neither Beauty, Shape, nor Person, but like the Green-Sickness, feeds upon Chalk and Char-coale. How many Men have we seen, little better than Apes to look upon, and yet making Love to Delicate Fine Women? Nay, which is more yet, Succeeding in their Addresses too; while the Phancy supplies all Defects on the one hand; and the Ape as Conceited of himself on the other, as the most Accomplish'd Cavalier. But Time and Satiety will bring People to their Senses again, though too late many Times, to recover either their Peace, or their Credit; after so Gross, and so Mortal a Mistake.

CXXXIX.

The Alchymist.

A Chymical Pretender, that had written a Discourse Plausible enough, upon the Transmutation of Mettles, and turning Brass and Silver into Gold; thought he could not place such a Curiosity better then in the Hands of Leo the Tent,

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and

and so he made his *Holynefs* a Present of it. The Pope received it with great Humanity; and with This Compliment over and above. Sir says he, I should have given you my Acknowledgment in your own Mettle, but *Gold upon Gold* would have been *False Heraldry*: so that I shall rather make you a Return of a Dozen of Empty Purfes to put your Treasure in; for though you can make *Gold*, I do not find yet that you can make *Baggs*.

THE MORAL.

PRESENTING, in many Cafes, is but a more respectful way of *Begging*; and Presents, in Those Cafes, are rather Affronts, than Obligations: especially when they reproche the Receiver with the Want of That which all People would be thought to Have. There are some Presents, of Heart, and Good Will, and Others again, that are Mere Mockery and Banter. Where the Present it self is either Slight or Sharp, or carries some Severe *Injuncts* along with it, the Return to it may be allow'd to be so too, as in our Philofophers pretending to teach the Pope to make Gold; what does it but intimate an Avaritious Disposition in him, that could be pleas'd with such a Present! The *Pope* gave him so many *Empty Baggs* for a Reward, which was only Another way of telling the *Mountebank* he was a Fool for his Pains. Beside that there's as great Nicety in the Manner of doing the Thing, as in the *Thing it self*. But the Fairest Medium that I know in all These interchangeable Respects, is to keep within the Compass of Prudence, and Convenience; without either making them a Burden to the Giver, or a Reproche to the Receiver.

CLX.

More Physicians then of any other Profession.

UPON a Discourse in *Ferrara* about Men of Trade and Business, and how mightily That Place was overstock'd with People of That Quality: it came to a Question at last, what Employment had most Professors of it. One said, *Lawyers*, Another, *Divines*; some said one Thing in fine, and some another; but in the Conclusion, upstarts one *Gonella*, a pleasant Kind of a Companion, and offers a Bett on the *Physician's* Side against any other Calling. How can That be, says one of the Company, when to my Certain Knowledge there are not above a Dozen of them in This Populous City.

It

It came at last to a Wager betwixt a Nobleman and *Gonella*, and the Case left to a Tryal.

Gonella went out early the next Morning to the Church-Door, with his Chops all muffled up in Searcloth, and Flannel. Every body would be asking the Poor Man what he ail'd, as they went to their Devotions, whose Answer was, that he had upon him at That Instant, a most Tormenting Fit of the *Tooth-Ache*. One told him *This* was good for't, and t'other *That*: and so as they gave him their Opinions and Advice, he took all their Names, and Prescriptions in Writing. When Church was done, he wandred up and down the Streets, picking-up more Names and Receipts, till he had a Matter of Five Hundred upon the Roll.

In This Pickle, he went to the Count Himself with whom he had the Bett; who, without ever Dreaming of the Frolique, presently took the Hint of his *Tooth-Ache*, and gave him a Remedy that he call'd an *Infallible Cure*; with Directions how to use it. Away goes *Gonella* at that Instant, puts his Trade and his Trinkets together, and all under the Title of [*A List of the Famous Physicians of the City of Ferrara*] After a Three-Days-pretended Tryal of the *Infallible Cure*, back goes *Gonella* to the Count again, to Acknowledge the Sovereign Virtue of his Medicin; and at the same time presents the Nobleman with a Formal Catalogue of his *Doctors*, and their *Remedies*. When the Count came to find his own Name at the Head of the List, and several other Persons of Quality marshall'd in their Order under him, he was so well pleas'd with the Conceit, that he yielded the Wager Lost, and order'd the Payment of the Mony.

THE MORAL.

THERE'S *Quacking* in all Trades; and *Mountebanks* in Religion, and Policy, as well as in *Physick*. What are all our *Empirical Church and State Reformers*, but so many *Corn-cutters*, and *Tooth-drawers*, in another way of Dabbling? One values himself upon Remedies for all Diseases, and Playsters for all Sores: Another, for Expedients in Cafes of Misgovernments, and Maleadministration, and the one prescribes just as much to the purpose as the Other. And what's the Ground now of all This Ostentation, Vanity, and Pretence, but that People take more Pains to *Appear Wiser* then they *Are*, then really to *Be* what they *Ought* to be: as the *Hot-headed Enthusiast* takes the *Spleen* for the *Spirit*, and imposes upon the World the Fumes of his *Melancholy*, for *Revelations*.

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CXLI.

CXLI.

A *Thiefe* and a *Hang-man*.

IT stuck most abominably in the Stomach of a *Thiefe* at the Gallows, to think of going to Pot Himself, and leaving his Master behind him that taught him his Trade. But the *Hang-man* told him, he was well enough serv'd for conning his Lesson no better. Nay for that, says the Prisoner, the Bench will bear me witness that I am Master of my Profession. Yes yes, says t'other, you are pretty good at the *Hanging-Part*, but you should have study'd the *Shifting Part* of it, and That would have taught you to do the same Thing in a Whole Skin, that would have brought Another Man to the *Pillory*; Nay the *Whipping-Post*, or the *Gibbet it self* perhaps.

The MORAL.

MANY a *Little Rogue* is Hang'd, when a *Great* one comes Off; and the *Greater Rogue* commonly Haags the *Less*; and not so much for *Stealing* neither, as for *Bungling*, and hampering himself needlessly in the Noose of the Law. *Penal Laws*, in short, are Snares, only for Woodcocks; and so far from endangering Men of *Sense*, and *Intrigue*, that they are at the same time, as Instructive, on the one hand, as they are Pinching on the other: inasmuch that the Lawyers are effectually of Councill for the Criminals: and the Nicety of the Case is no more then This, which way a Man may Break the Law, and yet scape the Forfeiture.

CXLI.

A *Spaniard* Gravity.

A *Spaniard*, under the Lash, made a Point of Honour of it not to mend his pace for the Saving of his Carcass: and to march'd his Stage out, with as much Gravity as if he had been upon a Procession: Inasmuch, that one of the Spectators advis'd him to consider, that the longer he was upon the Way, the longer he must be under the Scourge, and the more Hurt he made, the sooner he would be out of his Pain. Noble Sir, says the *Spaniard*, I kiss your Hand for your Courtesy:
but

but it is below the Spirit of a MAN to *Run* like a DOG. If ever it shall be your Fortune to fall under the same Discipline, you shall have my Consent to walk your Course out at what rate you please your self. But in the Mean time, with your Good Favour, I shall make bold to use my own Liberty.

The MORAL.

THERE are certain Affectations of Gravity, and Form, that some People had rather Dye then depart from; and provided they do not shrink at the Execution of the Punishment, they never trouble their Heads at the *Shame*, the *Scandal*, or the very *Conscience* of the *Crime*; but make a vanity of it to bear the worst of Extremities with a Stout Heart. We have a Generous Instance of an *Astrologer*, that foretold his own end, to the very Year, Month, Day, and Hour. He liv'd perfectly in Health, till the last Minute of his Time, and then Hang'd himself, for the Honour of his Prediction.

There goes a Story also of a *Gentleman-Thief* under a Sentence of Death for a Robbery upon the High-Way; that petition'd the Court for the Right Hand in the Cart, to the Place of Execution; out of a Respect to his Blood and Extraction. Nay we have heard of a Gentleman Cobler too that charg'd his Son upon his Death to maintain the Honour of his Family. And so of a *Cavalier-Libertine*, that had the Choyce offer'd him out of Three very Fine Women for a *Mistress*. He was so Tender upon a Pure Point of Honour, and Good Breeding, that he had not the Heart to meddle with any One of them, for fear of Disobliging the Other Two.

CXLIII.

A *Spaniard* without a *Shirt*.

THere happen'd a Quarrel about a *Mistress*, betwixt a *Spanish Virtuoso*, and an *Italian Poet*: they fought upon it, and the *Spaniard* was Mortally wounded: who finding his Condition desperate, gave it in Charge to a Friend of his, by all that was Dear and Sacred, to see his Body decently Burry'd, without Stripping. The Man was a proper Handsom Fellow, well-Dress'd and a very Rich Ruff about his Neck: Now These Things being put together, made the People so much the more Curious to see his Skin. And what was the Secret at last, but the *Spaniard* had never a *Shirt* to his Back; so much was the Affectation of a Phantastical Puntilio of Honour, dearer to him then his Life.

The

The MORAL.

A Man without a *Confience*, is not half so Scandalous in the Eye of the World, as a Man without a *Shirt*: provided there be a *Lac'd Ruff* in the Case, to atone for the want of Other Linen. In one Word, we are made up of Appearances, from Head to Foot, and False at Bottom too. We are *Hypocrites* in our very *Clothes*, as well as in our *Manners*, and take a Pride to be thought *Finer* than we are, as well as *Better*: so that 'tis but turning the Best side Outward to make a Scoundrel pass Muster for a Man of Honour: for all that's out of Sight goes for Nothing. The *Spaniard*, we see, made less Difficulty of the *Sin*, ' (the *Bloud-sped* I mean) than he did of the *Shame*: so great was the Care he took, to go to the Devil like a Gentleman, and with a Good Grace.

CXLIV.

An Ass and a Little Boat.

There was an *Ass* that was ready to Choak for want of Drink, by the Side of a Deep River; but the Bank was so Steep, there was no coming at the Water. This *Ass* Stept into a *Boat* that lay moor'd there among the Willows, to Refresh himself. When he had taken his Soup, and Cool'd his Mouth a little, he fell to Knabbing the Osker that fastned the Vessel; till in the end, he loosen'd the Band, and set the *Boat* a drift: so away goes the *Ass* with the *Boat*, and the *Boat* with the *Ass*, down the Current; and they were Both cast away together, in the Sight of several Lookers-on. This Case came to a *Law-suit*, betwix the *Two Masters*, of the *Ass*, and the *Vessel*. What has anothers Man's *Ass* to do with my *Boat*, says the One? And what has Another Man's *Boat* to do with my *Ass*, says the Other? It came, in short, to a Tryal, and upon hearing the Cause, and Counsel on Both sides, it was found *Special*.

There goes a Story of Two Drunken Gtifiers in a Bright Starr-light Night, that looks much the same way. *Ab* says one of them, *would I had but as many Fat Bullocks as there are Starrs in the Sky yonder!* With all my Heart says 'other, if I had but a Meddow as large as That Sky is. And praye what would you do with your Bullocks then? Why I'd put them in your Pasture says he. *But you should not*, says one. *But I would*

would, says 'other: and so they went on and on, till they came at last to Loggerheads, and Beat one anothers Brains out.

The MORAL.

WHAT a Madnes is it, to Laugh at That in a Tale, or a Story, that we make the Earnest and the Bus'nels of our Lives! For what, in truth, are all our Warrs, and our Disputes, and Moot-points, in School-subtilties, Philosophy, Law, Physique, and the like, but more or less the Adventure of the Ass and the Boat, or the *Gotham Quarrel* here, in This Embleme! It is, Effectually, but playing the Fool in Both Cases alike: only the one is a Squabble for *Bullocks*, and the Other perhaps for *Kingdoms*; and what matters it at last, whether the Contest be for the One, or for the Other? When the Reason of the Thing is the same either way.

CXLV.

Semiramis and Ninus.

Semiramis, the Wife of *Ninus*, begg'd a Boon of her Husband, out of a Pretended Curiosity to try how well he lov'd her. Now the Request was This, *that he would lay down his Sovereignty only for one Single Day, and give her leave in That Interim to Reign in his stead*. Her desire was granted, and the First use she made of her Power, was to put her Husband to Death: which she did, and kept the Government a long while after. But her End at last was Infamous; for her Son *Ninus* put her to Death with his own Hand, for tempting him to the most Execrable Act of Incest with her.

The MORAL.

SOVEREIGN Power is, in it's own Nature, *Inalienable*, and a Prerogative not to be parted with for One Single Hour. It is neither Fair to Ask it, nor Reasonable to Grant it; in respect, both of the Danger, and of the President. The very Request carries Malice and Mischief in the Face on't. Crown's are Holy Matters, and not to be play'd withal: for People do not use to Borrow Royal Authority, with an Intent to Restore it: but when they have once gotten a Patent, to sit, and Govern, till they shall Dissolve Themselves, the Work is done. This was the Case of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*; to say nothing of That of Forty One.

CXLVI.

A Turtle and a Ring-Dove.

NO no, says the Inconsolable Turtle, my Dear is Dead, and so is the whole World to me, and all that's Good in't. In This Transport of Sorrow, away she flies to an Old Ruinous Tower, among the Owls, and the Bats, and with a full Resolution never to move out of her Hole again. But it so fell out, that a Beautiful Wood-Pigeon had taken-up his Quarter in the same Retreat: and as he was not altogether a Stranger to the Art of working upon the Passions; so he made use of the Occasion to give the Comfortless Widow a Taste of his Skill That way, though, for any Thing that she minded him as yet, he might as well have Preach'd to the Dead.

When he had made his Approches by Degrees, and came to amplify upon the Subject of the Defunct, in the Loss of such a Blessing, and the Misery of so Unsupportable an Affliction, the Widow began by little, and little, to lend an Ear to the Discourse; and, of her own accord, with Sobbs and Tears, to enter upon the History of their Amours, with the Charming Virtues, and Tenderesses of the Person that was now gone: never considering that while she was enlarging upon her own Calamity, on the One hand, she taught the Pigeon to manage his Pretence on the Other. The Ring-Dove, in a word, acted his Part so well, that the Turtle was by Degrees prevail'd upon, to try if she could Recover Those Satisfactions in the One, which She had Lost in the Other.

THE MORAL.

THERE WAS never any such Thing under the Sun, as an Inconsolable Widow. Grief is no Incurable Disease, but Time, Patience, and a little Philosophy, with the Help of Humane Frailty, and Address, will do the Business. Lamentations and Out-cries, are but matter of Course, and Good Manners, and the Pudder that is made all This while for the Death of one Husband, is but a Turn of Art toward the Inveigling of Another: especially when the Passion is regulated according to the Methods of Skill and Good Nature. But let it go as it will in other respects, the same Providence that hath made the Separation of Friends Necessary, hath order'd it so likewise, that the Wound shall not be Mortal. Life and Death are but according to the Course of Nature. The Loss of Friends,

Friends, and Relations, may be Grievous, but not Deadly. Thus it is, and it is the Will of God that it should be so; and consequently our Duty to Submit, and Resign: over and above that it is to no purpose to Contend.

CXLVII.

The Inconsolable Widower.

TIs a Common Thing for Men to love their Dead Wives better than their Living ones. As for Example. There was a Certain Cavalier and his Lady, that had liv'd a matter of Five or Six year together, in a kind of a Conjugal Snip-snap one with the other. The Woman at last fell desperately Sick, and the Man, in Appearance, ran stark Mad upon't: especially when the Nurse brought him the Dismal News that his Poor Lady was departed. The Word was no sooner said, but away flies the Widower like Lightning to his Wives Chamber: Tears-off all his Buttons for half, Strips, and to Bed to her, with a Thousand Vowes and Protestations, that Death it self should never part them. He carry'd the Jest so far, that the Woman came to her self again, and liv'd many a Fair Day after: but the Husband however took it for a Warning, and parted Beds upon't.

CXLVIII.

A Cuckold by the Countess of England.

THis minds me of Another Widower too. The Breath was scarce out of his Wive's Body, but the whole Town rung immediately of his Lamentations, and Outcries, and particularly of the Incomparable Virtues and Qualities of the Deceased. A Familiar Friend of his spake a word of Comfort to him in the Heat of his Passion, and told him, that he hop'd his Loss would not be so heavy as he phancy'd it: for I have been told, says he, that This Incomparable Lady of yours was Flesh and Bloud as well as other People. Why truly says the Husband, I have heard as much my self: but

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pray'e what says the Law in the Case? If a Man be a *Cuckold* by a Former Wife, does he remain a *Cuckold* as long as he lives? Yes sure, says t'other, *by the Courtesy of England*, he does: for *whatever a Man has in the Right of a Former Wife, he holds it for Life.*

CXLIX.

A Warm Wife for a Cold one.

I Have heard of another Man also, that was upon the very point of breaking his Heart for the Loss of such another Wife. When he had tir'd out all his Friends with the History of his Misfortunes, one of his Companions took him up bluntly, and ask'd him what he would be at? If, says he, you would have your Wife again, that's impossible, for she's Dead and Gone, past all Recovery: but if you find your self dispos'd to deal upon the Truck; *what Boot now, betwixt my Warm Wife, and your Cold one?*

The MORAL.

THE *Three Stories Above*, are much of an Air and Humour, and a body might have furnish'd Ten times as many of the same Make and Complexion, as Good Cheap: beside that they are Matter of Fact, as well as of Morality, and Allusion. But whether they be taken as a Reality, or as a Fiction, they are nevertheless Edifying, either in the *Embleme*, or by the *Example*: beside that they agree also in This necessary and Instructive Precaution, to have a Care whom, and how far we Trust.

Now *Embleme* in This Case duly consider'd, is but a kind of *History* in *Disguise*, and may pass one way for the Semblance of what we would Represent, and the Other way for the Thing it self. But whether it be a *Copy*, or an *Original*, it matters not, so long as it is made subservient to the Conduct of Humane Life. We are to be taught in short what we are *Not* to do, as well as what we *Are*; and even from the Lewdest of Practices to draw Salutory Doctrines. These Instances of Hypocrisy, Perfidy, and Fooling, are nevertheless Odious: for being at the same time whimsical and Ridiculous. As there are many Accidents a body cannot forbear Laughing at, though they make his Heart Ake. But Men of *Parable* and *Mystery*, walk safe however under the Protection of That Cover. *Mythology* does the Office of a Dark Lanthorn, I see Every body, and No body sees Me.

CXXXV.

CL.

The Modesty of the Persians.

THE Kings and Queens of *Persia* Din'd constantly together, unless upon some extraordinary Appointments, either as Frolique, and Debauche: and in Those Cases, the Queen still retir'd, and none but *Singing-Wenches, Drolls, and Prostitutes*, allow'd a part in the Entertainment.

The MORAL.

IF Princes or Husbands will be taking unwarrantable Liberties Themselves, their Wives however are not upon any Terms to be admitted, either as Parties, or as Witnesses to the Excess. This has somewhat in it of the Humour of a *Libertine-Cavalier*, that wanted a *Lacquey*. A Friend of his told him of a Pretty Ingenious Youth that was newly out of Service, and the Honestest Poor Wretch too that ever was born. Nay now you have spoil'd all, says t'other, for I must have a Boy that is to goto the Devil whether he comes to me or no. There is a kind of Tenderness and Respect, in the doing of *Ill Things*, only in *Ill Company*: as there are Those that make less Scruple of having to do with Twenty Loose Prostitutes, then of Corrupting one Wife or Virgin.

CLI.

A Young Eagle and a Falconer.

A Young Eagle that had got a Rambling Head, and would needs be Wiser than her Mother, took a Phancy to quit the Crags and Solitudes she had been brought up in, and take a Turn in the World at Liberty, to see Fashions. In This Humour, she gives a Spring, and up she mounts into the Air as high as her Wings would carry her; and at That Pitch she fell to Reasoning the Case after This Manner.

Oh the Difference betwixt Barren Rocks, and Mountains, and the Deliciousness of Fruitfull Meadows, and Valleys! Betwixt Hideous Precipices, and Magnificent Palaces, and Castles; betwixt Wildernesses, and Wall'd Cities; Uncouth Desarts, and Lovely Groves! Why at This rate the Meanest of our Subjects are Happier far then their Sovereigns. Well well! Let my Mother say what she

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Will, That Tur. et there, from This time forward, shall be my Habitation. In the same Moment she made a Stoop, and took Possession of it, and there she Timber'd for That Bout. Now the Master of the Place, happening to be a Faulconer, watch'd the Airy so close from the Egg to the Bird, that taking his time when the Dam was abroad a Forraging, he Dislodg'd the Eagle, and destroy'd the whole Brood.

The MORAL.

THIS is to say, that Youth is Rash, and Inconsiderate; and consults neither the Reason, nor the Nature of Things, but wholly abandons it self to the Transports of Passion and Appetite, without any Regard to the Power, Wisdom, or Authority, either of God or Man.

It holds forth likewise Another Doctrine to us, which is, that we judge only by outward Appearances, and Sacrifice the Peace and Comfort of our Lives, to vain Opinions, and Mistakes.

The Ramble of This Eagle, from a *Rock* to a *Palace*, out of a Disgust and Contempt of her Former Course of Life; together with the Mortal Consequences that Ensu'd upon it, may pass for a Reflexion upon the Levity, the Pride, and the Ambition of those Men, that when they might be Safe and Quiet, in the Innocent Simplicity of a Private Retirement, chuse rather to expose themselves to the Snares and Difficulties of a Court-Life; and to the Extreme Hazzard of Body, Soul, and Estate.

CLII.

A Swallow and a Duck.

A Swallow, that had a little out-stay'd her Time of changing Air, took Wing at last, and away. As she was in her Course, she met a Duck, in the Head of a Troup of Fowl of the same Feather, and took her to task, for so extravagant a Ramble. Why what a Mad Fool art thou, says the Duck, to be wandring now for Relief, into a Place where thou wilt be burnt to Death; when thou see'st Us, at the same time, clipping away into Frost and Snow to avoid Those Heats.

The

The MORAL.

INCLINATIONS, and Aversions, are the Instincts of Providence; which has so order'd it, that One body's Meat is another body's Poyson, and at the same time, replenish'd all Parts of the Universe with People agreeable to the Climate, and the Season: some for one place some for another; some for Summer, some for Winter, and some for Both, and yet These very Diversities, and Discords, have their Share in the Beauty and Entireness of the Whole. God and Nature never made any Thing in Vain, and there is not one Spire of Grass upon the Ground, but the Entire Mass of the Earth would have been Imperfect without it.

CLIII.

A Spark would be a Starr.

A Spark, that was carry'd up by a Cloud of Smoak a Mighty Height into the Air, flatter'd it self all the way it mounted, with the Hope of being a Starr. And what was the End on't? But so soon as ever it was gotten as High as the Fire could carry it, down it fell again with Noise and Sputter, into Dust and Ashes.

The MORAL.

NOTHING can be more Lively, then the Resemblance of a Popular Pretender, to the Circumstances of This Phantastical Starr. It is the Breath of the Common People that elevates the One, as the Exhalation does the other. And what is the Aspiring Humour of mounting still higher and higher, till the whole Project drops into a Final, and a Fatal Disappointment: what is it, I say, but the Last Twinkling of a False Light, that vanishes in That very Moment into Dust and Smoke. This is the Phancy, and the Fortune, sooner or later, of all Those People that take Sparks for Starrs, and venture the Whole Summ of their Well-being upon That Issue.

CLIV.

CLIV.

A Painter and a Hare.

A Painter had drawn a Brace of Grey-Hounds upon the Course, so to the Life, that a Strange Dog gave a Snap at the Hare, and Tore the Picture. The Master of the House fell to Rating and Beating the Poor Cur in a most Violent Manner. *Here have you destroy'd a whole years Work,* says he, *in one Quarter of an Hour.* Alas Sir! says the Dog, it was your own Fault, to draw the Picture so like the Hare, that there was no knowing one from t'other.

The MORAL.

This is the very way of Popular Factions toward Publique Ministers. 'Tis but drawing Great Officers like Wolves and Bears, and then set the Rabble to worry them under that mistake: as they did with the *Christians* that were Baited to Death in the *Amphitheatres*.

CLV.

A Pyramid would change Top for Bottom.

IT blew a Hard Wind, that shook a *Pyramid*, and the Top of it would fain have chang'd End for End, with the Bottom, for fear of being blown down. No no, says the *Lower End*; That's a Thing as Impossible to Compass, as it is unreasonable to Propose: for when the Position is once assign'd, we are ty'd up in Spite of our Hearts to the Order of the Master-Work-man.

The MORAL.

PROVIDENCE has allotted to every Particle of the Universe it's Proper Place and Station; and there must be no resigning upon the Methods of Divine Institution. Now if This Pillar had been turn'd *Topsy-turvy*, to have pleas'd One end, it must have been turn'd once again to please the Other: for the Lower end would have found it self as uneasy under the fear of being Crush'd to Pieces by the Weight, as the Top was under the Apprehension of being blown down with the Wind. So that we are never the better for Shifting neither: but the Mischief upon the Main is This; we do not Know when we are well, and then 'tis no wonder if we never Think our selves so.

CLVI.

CLVI.

Agathocles the Son of a Potter.

Agathocles, from the Son of a Potter, came afterwards to be King of *Sicily*. Now the Difficulty was, under These Circumstances, how to reconcile the Honour of his Dignity to his Trade and Business. Upon This Advancement, he call'd his People often together, and shew'd them a Choice Collection of *Barthen*, and *Golden Vessels*, that he kept by him in Store. Look ye, Good People, says he; These Pieces (pointing to the Former) are the work of my Hands, and These Other, of my Industry.

The MORAL.

A Mean Extraction is no Blot upon any Man that is not asham'd of himself, and Ambitious to be thought Greater then he is. The Modesty of owning the Truth, atones for the Pretended Defect. No Man is to blame, for what he cannot help: but on the contrary, to be highly Honour'd for Illustrating his Birth by his Virtue. The People were so Sensible of the Stroke of This Allusion, that all Disagreements were compounded upon it, betwixt the King, and the Potter.

CLVII.

Amasis, an Egyptian Prince.

Herodotus tells a Story much of the same Turn with That Above. There was, he says, one *Amasis*, an Egyptian Prince, that was advanced to the Crown from so Mean a Condition, that he was hard put to't at first, to gain the Love and Reverence of his People: but he bethought himself in the end of This Invention.

There was a Large Golden Vessel, provided expretly for the Service of the King's Friends to wash their Feet in, *Amasis* order'd That *Basin* to be melted down, the Mettle to be cast into an Image, and That Image to be set up in a Publique Place, and Dedicated to Divine Worship. It was no sooner erected, but People came flocking from all Quarters, with a Passionate Zeal and Devotion, to This *New Idol*. The Thought

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succeeded so well, that the King call'd his Subjects together upon't, and in a short Speech made a Pertinent Application of it to his Own Case. *Look ye, good People, says he, the God here that you at present adore, was no more the other Day then a Common Ugensil, but as it now stands consecrated, and set apart to Holy Uses, 'tis but according to your own Practice, and the Natural Reason of the Thing, to repute it Sacred.* By This *Innuendo*, he brought them to a Love and Understanding of their Duty.

The MORAL.

In Cases of Imperfections, or Defects, which we cannot help, as in *Bloud, Fortune*, or the like, 'tis good Discretion for a Man to begin with Himself; provided it be done with such a Spirit of Generosity, and Address, as may turn the Matter to his Honour, instead of a Reproche, as we find it for Example in the Case before us.

And we may gather further from it, that it is *Wisdom and Justice* that fits a Man for *Government*, where Prudence, and Virtue, supply the Want of Fortune, and Quality. Now he that advances himself by a Conscientious, and an Honourable way of Deserving it, is a much Greater Prince then he that's barely Born to't. 'Tis the Royal Character that makes the Person Sacred; for Sovereignty purges all Defects, and consecrates the Head, whatever it be, that Honestly wears it.

CLVIII.

Extreme Justice in Charonda.

ONE Charonda, a Great Man among the *Sibarites*, took a Walk into the Fields one Morning, with his Sword by his Side; and found the People, when he came back again, all in a Desperate Tumult. Upon This, an Assembly was presently call'd; and Charonda hurry'd away in such hast to the *Council-Chamber*, that he forgot to leave his Sword at the Door. He was no sooner in the Room, but there was a *Hubbub* rais'd against him. *No marvel*, they cry'd, that Charonda should be so eager to have it Death for any Man to enter the Council with his Sword on, and He himself the First Man to break his own Law: but Charonda made that Law, they said, for Other People, not for Himself. No no my Masters, says Charonda, I made it for my self in the First place, and it shall be my Care to see it put in Execution too; and in That very Instant he threw himself upon his Sword in the Middle of the Court.

The

The MORAL.

PEOPLE are Clamorous many times against *Tyranny*, without Feeling it, and, generally speaking, without so much as understanding what it is. But of all sorts of *Tyranny*, the forcing of the Letter of the Law against the *Equity*, is the most Insupportable. The only Proper Interpreters of the Law must be the Judges of it: for it is otherwise an Appeal from Authority to the Multitude, and the People are made the Umpires of the Controversy. Now This Violence of Charonda, was not so much an Act of Justice, as of Indignation, and Stomach; and to stop the Mouths of his Unreasonable Enemies. There is somewhat in the Resolution, 'tis true, that makes it look Great, and Heroical; but it is, at the same time, so Freakish, and Irregular, that there's no bringing of it into Preident.

CLIX.

The Treacherous Box-Tree.

ONCE upon a Time, Nature call'd a Counce-IREpresentative of all the Trees and Plants upon the Face of the Earth; and the Debate came to This Issue. The *Box-Tree* was dispatch'd away with a Petition to *Jupiter*, in the Name of the rest, to grant the whole Body of them a Perpetual Verdure, and that they might continue Fresh and Green all the Year long. This was the *Boxes* Commission, but instead of moving for the Common Benefit of the whole, she play'd a Game of her own a part; and Solicited the Privilege singly for her self. She ply'd her Business so close, that with much Importunity *Jupiter* was prevail'd upon to grant her Request. And away she goes upon't, as full of Pride and Vanity as her Skin would hold. This Treachery made her Odious, but yet the Promise, and the Promiser, being Both Sacred, there was no recalling the One, nor Trifling with the Other. But though *Jupiter* could not undo what he had done, Nature had it yet in her Power to lay This Curse upon the Perfidious Plant, that it should never bear Fruit.

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THE MORAL.

THIS Cafe of the *Box-Tree*, is the Cafe of a World of Representatives, Deputies, Trustees, and the like, that Act in the Name of their Principals, and then set up for Themselves. But it is natural for the Disposers of other People's Fortunes not to Forget their own. The Fraud however, was in the End, we see, attended with a Malediction, and there are few Cheats that sooner or later come-off better.

CLX.

Drones and Bees.

There was a Parcel of *Drones* Buzzing about the Hives, in a Conspiracy to Debauche the *Bees*. Why what a Senseless Humour is it for you, they cry'd, to lye Moiling and Toiling your Hearts out, like to many Slaves, for the Service only of Apothecaries, Druggists, Confectioners, and other Liquorish and Phantastical Palates? If nothing else will serve 'em but they must have Wax and Hony, let them e'en make it themselves. Had not you better pass away your Time easily as we do, that neither Want any Thing, nor Fear any Thing, but reckon our selves secure, without either Tax, or Pillage?

The *Bees* gave them the Hearing, and This Short Answer: that the Ostentation of their Scandalous Sloth, was no Argument against the Exercise of an Honest Industry. 'Tis true, they said, we work for others, but it is upon such Terms, that we our selves have the First Fruits of our own Labours, and our Masters are well enough pleas'd with our Leavings. Now so long as we have sufficient for our own Families, what do we care who has the Rest, which is only Superfluous?

The

THE MORAL.

THEY that consult their Ease, and their Appetites, in Preference to Particular Duties, and the Good of the Community, are those Drones in the World, that are here figur'd out to us in This Fable: beside that the very Project is against Common Sense and Honesty, over and above. They would have the *Bees* leave working, which is the ready way to starve the *Drones*. But This is the Course and Oversight of Those People, that set up for Lives of Ease and Pleasure, in Opposition to the most necessary Offices of Humanity and Virtue.

CLXI.

An Ant and a Lyon.

There was a Time when a Pittifull *Pismire* had the confidence to read a Lecture of Good Advice to a *Lyon*. I do not set-up, says the *Ant*, for a *Politician*, but if you'll take my Counsel upon the Point of *menage*, and *Good Husbandry*, my Life for yours, you shall never Repent it. Alas! I am but a Diminutive Creature, you see, and a small Matter you'll say will maintain me; and yet I have enough to do, let me tell you, with hard Labour one part of the year, to keep my self from Starving the other. Now, to my thinking, you should do well to go the same way to work, and lay up somewhat in store for a Rainy-Day. *Soft and fair, my little Fool*, says the *Other*; *This may do well enough for a Pismire, but not for a Lyon: for the Rules of Providence and Thrift, were never made for Princes, but for Beggars.*

CLXII.

An Ant and a Mouse.

THE *Pismire* was no sooner turn'd off by the *Lyon*, but away she trudges to a *Mouse*, upon the same Errand. How comes it, says she, that you that are a kind of a Corn-Merchant your self, with a Pair of Good Shoulders to bear a Burden: that you, I say, should lye Idling all the Hardest-Time, without making any Provision for a Hard Year, as

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we do, you see, and I thank my Stars for't, our Stores are never empty. Well well! says the *Mouſe*, but That's none of my Buſineſs; for I am under another way of Government. There is a Certain Perſon of Quality that joyns with me, and we Two keep Houſe together. We have a matter of Thirty Servants for the getting-in of our Harveſt: beſide thoſe that ſtow it up afterwards in our Granaryes and Barns. Now This is all for the Service of the *Mice* in the firſt place. And were not we a Company of fine Fools do you think, to drudge out a Livelyhood by our own Labour, when we may have it better Cheap by the Sweat of other People's Brows!

The MORAL.

WE may gather from Theſe Two Phancies, that it is but loſt Labour for People to inculcate Good Husbandry to Thoſe that live upon the Spoil, where the Servile Industry of the One, ſerves only to ſupport the Pomp and Luxury of the Other: beſide that it does not become Private Perſons to break-in upon the Functions of Publique Miniſters, which is the ſame Thing with an *Ant* preſcribing to a *Lyon*.

And the ſame *Piſmire* again, to the *Mouſe*, is the Caſe of many a Well-meaning Officious Wretch, that is more Bold as we ſay, then Welcome, out of a Publique-ſpirited Zeal to the Common Good. And what comes on't at laſt, but the turning of him off from one to another, with his Labour for his Pains: and aſſigning him a Reward for his Services in the other World? unleſs he had rather content himſelf with the Empty Character in This, of an officious Conſciencious Fool.

CLXIII.

A Man and his Wife Parted.

A Man and his Wife were parted, and the whole World could not prevail with the Husband to take the Woman Home again: ſo good a Creature, they ſaid; ſo Modest, ſo well Humour'd, ſo Agreeable a Companion, and the Mother of ſo many Pretty Children, &c. The Husband ſaid nothing to the contrary, but gave them This Short Answer. *Look ye, ſays he; holding out his Foot. Here's a Clever, well-made Shoe, and a Pretty Thing it is to look upon; but all This while I am very uneaſy in it: Pray'e good People, ſays he, do but lay your Heads together now, and tell me where it wrings me.*

The

The MORAL.

'Tis a Nice Office, That of a *Match-maker*, unleſs a Man has the Spirit of a *Prophet* to Foreſee all Events, or the Gift of Intuition to read the very Souls of People through their Bodys. It is not *Virtue*, *Fortune*, *Beauty*, *Quality*, *Good Wiſe*, *Good Nature*, *Good Humour*, and a Thouſand Good Things beſide, jointly or ſeverally, that makes the *Happy Couple*, but the *Woman* muſt be *FIT*, to be *Easy*, and of That *Fitneſs*, the Partys concern'd are the only Competent Judges. Now there's a Great Difference in This Caſe, betwixt the *Comforts* of a *Happy Life*, and the *Prudentials* of making the beſt of a *Bad Game*; over and above, that at the beſt, *Levy*, and *Satiety*, ſpoils all.

CXXIV.

The Old Man's Almanack.

A Reverend Judge, that had Books, Baggs, and Infirmities without Number, and phancy'd, there went no more to the Managing of a Brisk Young Lady, then the ſplitting of a Law-Caſe, or the turning over of an Old muſty Record. This Judge, in Cold Blood, and for fear of a worſe buſineſs, as he pretended, committed *Matrimony* with the Fam'd Beauty of the Country. The Story tells us; his Habitation was in *Piſa*, his Name *Ricciardo Chinzica*, and his Wife's Name, *Bertolomea*. They had no ſooner pronounc'd the Words [*I Ricciardo, and I Bertolomea take thee, ſo and ſo*] but away goes the New-marry'd Couple Home in Courſe, to Celebrate the Nuptials.

The Firſt Part of the Virgin's Entertainment, was the History of her Husbands Doughty Exploits, in Times gone and Paſt: and the Firſt *Preſent* This Man of Law and Morals, made his New Spoute, was a *Gay Almanack*, with the Bride-grooms grave Readings upon't. He took a great deal of Pains to make it appear, that there was *One Saint* at leaſt for every Day of the Year, beſide *Martyrs*, and *Confefſors*; *Feaſts*, *Vigils*, and *Common Fasting Days*, appointed by the *Canon*. He preach'd Night and Day to her upon Texts of *Temperance*, and *Mortification*, and was ſtill laying it before her, how great a Part it was of a *Chriſtian Duty* to keep Thoſe Times Holy, by abſtaining from the *Vanities* of the World and the Fleſh.

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The woman could not but Edify under This Doctrine, and Discipline; and so, for Meditation-sake, she got her Husband out of Town to a Country-House he had near the Sea-side, where she might be at Liberty, both to divert her self, and to Con her Lesson. While they were in This Retreat, the Good Man took the Opportunity of a Glorious Day, and with Two Boats, one for Himself, and Another for his Lady, and her Friends, they put out to Sea a Fishing. As they were at their Sport, up comes a Notorious Pirate, and carries off, Lady, Vessel and all, in the Sight of her Husband, who immediately made all the Sail he could for *Pisa*, with a Complaint in his Mouth, that the Action was against Law. The Pirate's Name was *Pagamino*; who was so charm'd with the Good Graces of his Fair Prisoner, that he treated her with all possible Softness, Affection, and Respect; and so Tenderly, in fine, that the *Saints*, the *Almanack*, and the *Fasting-Days*; and the whole Trade of *Mortification-Stuff*, in one Quarter of an Hour, were all run out of her Head.

The Lady it seems was carry'd away to *Monaco*, and the Judge no sooner heard of it, but away goes he after her, to treat with the *Pirate* about her Ransom. I cannot deny, says the *Pirate*, that I have a Young Woman in my House; but for matter of Wife, or Widow, or whether your Wife, or whose else, I can say nothing to't. You seem however, says *Pagamino*, to be a Man of Honour, and if you please to have it so, she shall come to you her self. If she owns you for her Husband, you shall have her again upon your own Terms, but otherwise, you must not think to take away my Wife (for so she is in effect) upon a Pretence that I have taken away Yours. Nay That's very Fair, says the Judge, and I am content to cast my Cause upon That Issue.

The Judge, and the *Pirate*, upon This, took their Places in the Hall, and the Lady was brought into the Room, where she talk'd freely enough to *Pagamino*, but not one Word to the Judge; (to his very great Amazement) any otherwife then as to a Stranger. Wo's mee, my Life! says he, am I so alter'd by my Sorrow and Affliction for the Loss of so dear a Wife, that thou hast quite forgotten thy poor Husband *Ricciardo*, that has taken This Journey now to purchase thy Redemption at any rate!

Indeed

Indeed, says *Bertolomea*, with a smile, (as if *Ricciardo* had talk'd Idle) if you speak to me Sir, you are mistaken in your Woman. Do you not know me then, says t'other to be *Ricciardo de Chinzica*, and your Husband? Sir says she, I do not care for staring Men in the Face, but I cannot say that ever I saw you in my Life before. The Husband, imputing This to the Awe she stood in of *Pagamino*, begg'd the Favour of a Word or Two by her self; which was readily granted, upon Condition, that he should not offer to Kiss her without her own Good Will and Consent. Upon This, they went together; And when the Old Formal Fop had laid on all the Rhetorique that Love and Law could inspire him with, only to make her own him for her Husband. The Lady told him in one Short Word, that she knew very well who he was, and that in the Eye of the Law, in truth, he was her Husband; but in all other Respects, no more to her then the greatest Stranger in the World. But briefly says she, Here I am, and Here I am belov'd, and pleas'd, and Here I am resolv'd to continue. *Ricciardo* minded her of her Honour, Family, and Relations: the Mortal Sin of *Adultery*, and a Thousand desperate Consequences, but This was talking to the Deaf, saving only that it brought the good Man to a Sight and Sense of his Folly, and so away he goes back again to *Pisa*, as he came; where he found himself already the Scorn and May-game of the Town. The very Thought of This Indignity brake his Heart, and his Widow he left to *Pagamino*, who made a Match on't, and liv'd afterwards together a very Happy Couple.

THE MORAL.

If This Judge had but been as good a *Philosopher*, as he passes here for a *Lawyer*, he would have known, that the *Fundamentals of Nature* are at least as Sacred as those of *Government*; without troubling his Head with *Almanacks*, instead of *Proclamations*. But when an Old Fop will be setting up for a *Beau* again, at Fourcore, we see what comes on't; and let him e'en take what follows. Now if his Gravity had but consulted the *Blood in his Veins*, when he took Counsel of the *Maggot* in his Head, he would have gone another way to work: without affronting the *Wisdom* and *Order of Providence*, that appoints all Things to be done in their *Proper Seasons*. And then for his Discipline of *Mortification*, and *Temperance*, it makes the *Remedy* look more *Ridiculous* then the *Mistake*. 'Tis a long Story, but carry'd on from end to end of the Adventure with

with the *same Byass*, as it Points all the *same Way*. This makes me think of *Boccalin's Jolly Old Fellow*, that was taken up for *reading Bawdy Songs in Spectacles*; and found *Guilty of perverting the very Course of Nature*, in making the *Levities of a Young Fool*, the *Bus'ness of an Old one*. Nay there are that value themselves upon the *Reputation of being Thought Whoremasters*, when they are past the *Danger of being*.

CLXV.

One had a Mind to see Bedlam.

IN the Year One and Forty, there was a Country-fellow that had been to see almost all the fine Sights about the Town; as the Lyons, the Bears, the Play-Houses, the Lord-Mayors Show, the Tombs, and the like, but all was as good as nothing, till he had seen *Bedlam* too. So they had him one Morning, in a *Banter*, to the *Commons Lobby*, and told him *Bedlam* was *within* there, and if he did but peep into the Next Room, as People went in and out, he might see the *Mad-men*. The House it seems was in a *Heat*, and such a *Noise* and *Hurry* along with it, that upon opening the Door, the *Bumpkin* scourd off at the *Fright* of it, with an *Outcry* all the way he went, that the *Mad Men were all broke loose*.

The MORAL.

WHEN the *Principals* themselves are *Mad*, it is but natural for their *Deputies* to be so too; and the Country-fellow that in those Days took *St. Stephens Chappel*, for *Bedlam*, might very well be excus'd a *Mistake* in Two Things so near alike. The *Phancy* was diverting enough but not much *Edifying*, unless with This *Application* of it, that the *Whimsy of the Conceit*, answers the very *Earnest of Common Practice*: and that the *People* were every jot as *Mad* as they seem'd to be.

CLXVI

CLXVI.

The Sheep League against the Wolves.

A Shepherd found his Flock so infested with *Wolves*, that he call'd his *Sheep* together, and Reason'd the *Matter* with them in a *Formal Speech*, *You are a Great Number*, says he, *and your Heads are arm'd*, the *Wolves* not near so many, *and they have no Horns*; so that if you would but *pluck up your Hearts*, and stand upon your *Guards*, they would not dare to meddle with you. The *Sheep* were one and all for putting it to a *Push*, and upon the *First Wolfe* that appear'd, they were one and all again, for betaking themselves to their *Heels*.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no contending with the *Order of Providence*, or the *Instincts of Nature*. *Wolves* will be *Wolves*, and *Sheep* will be *Sheep* still, in despite of all *Arguments*, and *Resolutions* to the contrary; and without any *Regard* to the *Many*, of the *One*, and the *Few*, of the *Other*. This *Project* has somewhat in the *Face* on't, of one of *Cromwells Plots*; with a *Confederacy of Sheep* on the one side, against a *Herd* of all sorts of *Beasts of Prey*, on the *Other*; never considering the *Disproportion* of an *Un-arm'd Innocence*, to the *Force of Discipline* and *Power*. Now the *Mortal Mistake* at last was in the *Shepherd*, not in the *Sheep*, in the very starting of so *Impracticable* a *Proposal*. But This was it however that the *Poor People* call'd *Lifing*, and which we find celebrated in our *History* from time to time by the *Glorious Name* of so many *RISINGS*.

CLXVII.

An Embassy from the Wolves to the Sheep.

A Certain *Wolfe*, that was better at *Hocus-Tricks*, than at *Feats of Arms*, was sent from the *Body* of his *Brotherhood* upon an *Embassy* to a *Flock of Sheep*. And the *Account* he gave of his *Commission* was to This *Effect*. *I am come hither*, says he, *in the Name of my Principals*, to offer you a *Peace*; upon *Condition* you break off your *Alliance* with the *Dogs*, which are my *Master's Sworn Enemies*.

I am likewise, says the *Envoy*, to mind you that the *Greatest Adversary* you have in the *World*, is the *Creature* that takes upon him to be your *Patron*, and *Protector*; and calls himself your *Pastor*. He leaves you neither *Wooll* upon your *Backs*, nor *Bloud* in your *Veins*; but first *Fleeces* you, and then

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then gives you up for a Sacrifice, either to the Priest, or to the Butcher. The *Sheep* consider'd of the Proposal, and return'd their Answer by one of the Dogs that Guarded the Flock.

THE MORAL.

THE Case of *King Charles the First*, is the direct Moral of This Fable, and it is but turning the *Embassy* into a *Remonstrance*, to make out the Parallell. This Proposal of the *Wolves* to the *Sheep*, is just the Method of Those Days, in Tampering with the Multitude. The Condition of their Casting off their *Dogs*, and their *Masters*, is no other in plain *English*, than the Removing of the King, and his Ministers; and by the Fleecing and Fleying of them, is only meant the Exercise of an Arbitrary Power over the Lives, Fortunes, and Liberties, of the People. These were the Pretences of Those Times, which ended in the universal Ruine, both of Church, and State; and there is no better to be expected where the *Wolves* are of Council for the *Sheep*.

CLXVIII.

A Peacock and a Swan.

AS a *Peacock* was strutting along the Bank of a Delicate smooth River, and Priding himself in the Beauty of his Plumes, all the *Swans* thereabouts came sailing up towards him, in Admiration at the Majesty of his March, and the Gracefulness of his Person. When they had spoken a World of Fine Things of him, in *Their way*, one of the Company, in the Name of the rest, pronounced him the most Glorious Creature under the Canopy of Heaven. The *Peacock* answer'd vainly enough, that Nature had done her part, but yet upon the Comparison, that a *Peacock* was not to be nam'd the same Day with a *Swan*. Alas! says the *Swan*, if you speak of the Whiteness of our Feathers, there are Hundreds of other Creatures that may vye Beauty with us upon That Account: but for the Curiosity and Enamel of your Colours, 'tis an Excellence Peculiar to your Selves; beside that if you saw us Under Water, as you do Above, I am perswaded you would change your Opinion. At That Word, the *Swan* stept ashore, and shew'd the *Peacock*, an Ill favour'd Pair of Black Leggs, enough to turn his Stomach. The *Peacock*, that was Conscious to himself of the same Blemish, turn'd it off in a Blunt Careless way, that he was as Free to shew his Black Leggs, and his Feet, as his very Train.

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THE MORAL.

WE have all of us a Mixture of Good and Bad, as well in our Manners, as in our Shape, Colours, Conditions, &c. which may serve to keep us from being either Vain, on the One hand, or desponding on the Other. People do naturally think well of themselves, and as naturally desire to be thought well of by others: but still every Man has his Defects, and there is as much Art shew'd in the Exposing of them on some Occasions, as there is in Covering, and Disguising them in others: but in what Cases, and in what Manner, must be left to the Direction of Ordinary Prudence.

CLXIX.

Simonides prefer'd by Providence.

Simonides found a Dead Body upon the way in his Travels, and out of pure Humanity put himself to some Trouble and Cost to give it a Decent Burial. As he was going a while after to put himself aboard a Vessel for a Voyage, This Man appear'd to him in a Vision, and precaution'd him as he lov'd his Life, not to set Foot in such a Certain Boat, which was the Ship that he design'd for his Passage. Upon telling his Dream next Morning, the Company Laugh'd at him, and went on their way, but *Simonides* stay'd behind. The Vessel was scarce clear of the Port, but the Ship was broken all to Pieces by a Terrible Storm, and the Passengers drown'd every Man of them.

THE MORAL.

PROVIDENCE hath so order'd it, for the Well-being and Comfort of Mankind, that all Good Offices are, sooner or later, or in some manner or other, attended with a Reward: so that we are the better several Ways for doing our Duty, provided only that it be done out of a Right end; and without either Vanity, or Hypocrisy, at the Bottom.

CLXX.

A Religious Intrigue.

There was a Haughty High-spirited Dame, and an Honest Wealthy Tradesman, that, as Luck and Friends would have it, came to be Man and Wife. The Woman was Handsom and Agreeable enough, but one that valu'd her self more upon her Family then upon her Beauty. She did vouchsafe however, now and then for Fashion-sake, to keep her Husband Company; but upon such Terms, he might have had a Mistress better Cheap. While This Wambling and Uneasy Humour was upon her, she took a Phancy for a Man that fell in her way by Chance, and rested neither Day nor Night for the Thought of him, but how to come at him was the Question; Letters or Messages, she durst not venture upon, but chose rather to observe his Haunts, and Walks, and so, by Tracing him from place to place, to get some Knowledge of his Wonts, and Acquaintance. While she was upon This Train of Discovery, she found no Man so great with him, as a Certain Capuchin Frier, a well-meaning Creature, and consequently the fitter for her purpose; as a Person, by his very Character, the best qualify'd Agent for a Goer-between. The First Thing she did, was to find him out in his Convent, where she desir'd him to receive her Confession: and after Absolution, she told him, that, with his Leave, she had somewhat further to say.

Sir says she, *there is a Certain Person, such a kind of a Man, and he goes commonly in such and such Clothes,* (marking him so to the Life, that the Frier knew him by the Description.) *This Gentleman, says she, as I understand, comes often to your Reverence. He has the Look, I must confess, of a Sober, Virtuous Man; but I could wish he would leave Dogging me up and down as he does. I cannot so much as stand at my own Door, or Window, or hardly walk the Streets, but he's putting his Tricks upon me. Alas Sir, a Lady's Honour is sooner Lost then Recover'd; and a Modest Woman cannot be too tender of it. I was thinking to have told him my Mind another way, but upon Second Thoughts, one Word of yours, I phancy, will do the Work: at least if you can guess at the*

the Man, as perhaps you may. If he deny the Thing, praye let him know that I am ready to Justify it, and I beseech you Sir, rattle him severely. I have Friends in a Condition, I thank Heaven for it, to acknowledge the Good Office: with That Word, she dropt Two Pieces of Gold into his Hand, and so with the Holy Father's Blessing for That Time, she departed.

It was not long before the Frier had an Opportunity of Schooling the Gentleman upon This Lady's Account, who was so Transported at the Story, that the Frier was forc'd to stop his Mouth, for fear he should lash out into Oaths, and Imprecations. Hold, says the Religious, let us have no denying of Things, for I have it from the Lady her self, who is certainly one of the most excellent Women under the Sun: wherefore Repent in Time for what's past, and mend your Manners for the future. The Cavalier, that saw further into a Millstone then the Religious, put-on a face of Confusion upon This Reproof, and, promising to do so no more, away he went according to the Direction of the Hint, and found the Lady at her Window, waiting for his coming, which was a Circumstance that expounded the Riddle.

Soon after This, away goes the Woman to her Ghostly Father with a Fresh Complaint, that This Wicked Man 'would be the Undoing of her. Alas! Sir, says she, where 'he came once before he comes Thrice now: nay and for a 'further Instance of his Shameless Impudence, This Gallantry '(shewing him a Purse and a Girle) was brought me yesterday by one of his Bawds for a Present. I could have torn 'the Slut's Eyes out. Away you Jade you, said I, do you 'come to me with your Trumpery, go your ways with it back 'again to the Beast that sent it. In This Rage I was just 'about to throw it at the Head of her; but then, said I to 'my self, what if This Carrion should keep it now, and say 'I have accepted of it? So that, upon Second Thoughts, I 'beseech you Sir, give him his Fooleryes again, and praye tell 'him, if you please, that I want for no such Things, and how 'much he is mistaken in his Woman. He'll never leave, till 'he forces me to Complain to my Husband. But I'll do nothing rashly, and therefore praye advise me Sir, what Course 'I am to steer. Daughter, says he, have Patience, and not one Word to any Mortal of This Unlucky Affair; your Honour

nour is in Safe Hands, and pray'e leave it to me to ménage with This Gentleman. The Lady took Heart at This Encouragement, and so flipt *Ten Ducats* more into the Hand of the Holy Man, for a Farewell. He sent immediately upon This, and gave the Gentleman another Scouring.

Why what's all This for? says the *Frier*. Cannot an Honest Woman be Quiet in her own House, but you must be teizing of her with Messages? How long have you been a Dealer in *Purses*, and *Girdles*, I beseech you? The Gentleman not being instructed in This Mystry, was fain to fish it out, with Doubts, and put-offs. As for his Part, he said, he knew nothing of any *Purses* and *Girdles*. Why then, says the *Frier*, in a Passion, False Wretch as thou art; This is the very *Purse*, and This the *Girdle*, shewing him Both. You know your own Trinkets again sure when you see them. The Man took the Matter now by the Right Handle, and looking extremely out of Countenance, own'd the Presents, submitted, and begg'd Pardon, with a Solemn Oath, that he would never Trouble the Lady again in That Kind. The *Frier* took his Word; gave him his Bawbles again, as he call'd them, bad him be Wiser hereafter, and so dismiss'd him for That Bout.

Away goes the Gentleman once again, as before, finds the Lady at her Window, and in his Passage gives her a Sight of the *Purse*, and the *Girdle*, as by Chance, to the Full Satisfaction of them Both.

The Husband of This Persecuted Lady being call'd out of Town about Bus'ness, some Short time after, away goes the *Wife* to the *Frier* again, in a more Forlorn Plight then before. 'Sir says she, This Devil has heard of my Husband's being gone out of Town, and what does He, but over the Garden-wall This Morning by Break of Day, mounts a Tree that leads to my Window, opens the Casement, and had certainly got into my Chamber, if I had not wak'd that very Moment, and threaten'd to call out [*Thieves*] Why there's no living for a Virtuous Woman, at This Lewd rate. Good Dear Daughter, says the Religious, make no more Words of what's past, but leave him yet once again to my-ordering, and if ever he troubles you any more make an Example of him. Well! Father, says she, I am all Obedience, and so she went her way.

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It was not long before the *Frier* gave the Gentleman another Schooling, and he laid it on to some Tune too. Art not Thou a sham'd, says he, thou Beastly Man, that a Woman's Husband cannot be out of the way a little, but thou art presently ramping over the Garden-wall, Climbing of Trees, and creeping in at Windows, like a Common House-breaker. Nay you are discovered, let me tell you, in every Step you set: wherefore out of my Sight once for all, and never look me in the Face again. He might as well have said nothing: for This was the Last Scene of the *Frier's* Part in the Story. So that the Other had no more now to do, but to follow the Instructions, and to go about his Bus'ness.

THE MORAL.

THIS Story points at the Danger of *Unequal Matches*, whether in Respect of *Age*, *Birth*, or *Fortune*: for instead of creating an *Union*, it establishes a *Faction*; that sets People's Heads at work in a Phantastical Emulation how they may Out-Trick one another, under the Countenance and Privilege of that *Holy Masque*. When People find themselves uneasy once, upon This Account, and that what is *once Done* cannot be *Undone*; it is but Natural to try if they can mend themselves *Abroad*, when they find there's no Quiet to be had at *Home*.

In the Manage of *Constance* with the *Frier*, is excellently well set forth, the *Mercurial Humour* of a *Witty Woman*, when that wandering *Maggot* has once taken Possession of her Brain. And it was then Another Piece of Art, to pitch upon a *Religious* to go between, and assist in the Good Office: for there's no such *Pimp*, as a *Reverend Fool*, where That which is arrant *Bawdery* on the one side, is pure Matter of *Conscience* on the other.

In one Word more; This *Romantick* way of *Shuffling and Cutting*, has *Two Handles* to't: for it both *Teaches* Villany, and *Corrects* it, and at the same time, serves both for a *Caution*, and a *Lesson*.

CLXXI.

The Love of Riccardo and Catharina.

Catharina, according to *Boccace*, was a Beautifull Young Lady; the Hope and Comfort of her Aged-Parents, and as Good as she was Handsome. *Riccardo* was a Cavalier of Honour on the other hand, and had so fair a Reputation with the Father and Mother of This Lady, that he was as Free in the Houle with them as a Child of the Family. They were

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were Both well descended, and by the Frequency of Visits and Interviews, had contracted such an Agreement of Inclinations and Manners, that they thought they could not place their Affections better than mutually One upon the Other. It was very rarely, that they could get a Private Word together, and their Time was so short too, that their Talk was rather *Hint*, then *Discourse*. Such an Occasion Presenting it self to *Ricciardo*, Well! Madam, says he, in a soft Whisper as he pass'd by her; *I am Dead if you do not Love me*. And That's my Case too, says she, in the same way of Mystery: but how shall we meet? *Do but you get leave*, says he, *to Lodge in the Garden-Gallery, and let me alone for the Rest*. And there the Dialogue brake off.

Catharina took Occasion next Day to tell her Mother that her Chamber did not agree with her; she was Hot in't, and out of Order, for want of Rest. Now the Gallery-Chamber, she said, was Open and Airy, and the very Chirping of the Birds would be some sort of Relief to her, when she could not sleep. They Reason'd the Matter a while, till her Mother promis'd to move her Father about it, and so she did, but the Old Man was so Froward, and Crossgrain'd, that there was no enduring of him. Here's a Stir indeed with a Phantastical Fop, says he, as if the Girl could not sleep without a Fiddle.

The Peevishness of This Reply kept *Catharina* waking the Next Night, in Good Earnest: and she fell so ill upon't, that the Mother press'd her Husband yet once more about it. Why what are you a doing, my Dear, says she? We have but One Poor Child in the World, you see, and That's to be cast away, it seems. What is it to us, I prethee, whether the Girl lyes in one Chamber or in Another? At This rate she lay Teizing of him, till at last, all in a Fret, *Well!* says he, *Young Lasses are like Watermen, they Look one way, and Row another*. But if nothing else will serve, let but mee have the Locking of her up a Nights, and letting her out again next Morning, and you may e'en lodge her where you have a mind to't.

Ricciardo, understanding that his Mistress had gain'd her Point, mounted the Garden-Wall That Night, and so got up to the Chamber-Window, where he posted himself upon Duty till toward Break of Day, and then drew-off again.

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This went forward, Night after Night, till at length, having quite overwatch'd themselves they fell fast asleep, Hand in Hand, at the Window.

While they were in This Posture, in comes the Master of the House, before any of the Family were stirring, with the Tidings to his Wife, that *his Daughter was turn'd Birdcatcher, and had caught a Nightingale*. Pray'e says he, come along with me now, and tell me if the Girl was not much in the Right to take the Gallery Chamber for the Better Sleeping-Room. This put the Mother into such a Freak, that the whole Town should have rung of the Story, if her Husband had not given a Timely stop to't. Come come says the Old Man, *some Wisser then some*. In such a Case as This, the less Noise the better. Here's an Innocent Love carry'd on, without either Fraud, or Dishonour; the Attempt indeed is Capital to the Poor Fellow, but by my Faith, I should be loth to take the Forfeiture. I see no Exception at all to the Young Man, either in matter of Years, Blood, or Fortune; and for the rest, what have we more to do, then to call a Priest immediately, and make a Match on't. The Wife was of the Husband's Opinion. And the Resolution was no sooner taken, but the Young People awak'd in the greatest Confusion imaginable. There pass'd however some Necessary Decencies of Supplication and Submission, to the Father and Mother, and all was afterwards made up by the Solemnity of a Formal Marriage, to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

The MORAL.

WE have here the *Rise*, the *Progress*, and the *Conduct* of a *Virtuous, Faultless Love*: without any Substantial Exception, either to the *Parties*, or the *Manage*. The Plot was Innocent, and carry'd on within the Bounds of *Modesty*, and *Good Manners*: and after some pretty Harmless Turns in the Course of the Relation, here was a *Match Consummated* at last, to the Honour of the Proceeding, by the Voluntary Consent of *Parents*. So that the *Romance* in the *Fiction*, may pass nevertheless for a *President* in the *Embleme*, and an *Exemplary Recommendation*; upon the main, to others to Govern themselves according to the *Innuendo* of This Story.

CLXXII.

A Mole and Spectacles

A Poor Short-sighted *Mole*, that had try'd Surgeons, Oculists, and Receits innumerable for the helping of Weak Eyes, and never the better; came at length to make Tryal of Glasses, and provided the most Artificial Spectacles were to be gotten; but when all was done, that which was a Help to a *Man*, did no Good at all to a *Mole*.

The MORAL.

Art may Cover, or Disguise Natural Defects, but it can never Supply them; for the Works of Nature are all Perfect in their Kind, and who ever goes about to Mend them, makes them Worse: beside that it is a Folly, and a Presumption, unpardonable, to pretend to the Curing of Those Eyes, that in the very Forming of them were created Blind.

CLXXIII.

A Lyon, an Ass, and a Wolfe.

A *Lyon* that had been hard press'd by a Faction among the Beasts, came at last to have all his Enemies under his Feet. This *Lyon* was too Generous, not to do some sort of Honourable Right to his Friends and Allyes that stood by him in the Action: and so thought it reasonable, for Those that had born a part in the Hazzard, to have their Share likewise in the Glory. Upon This Consideration, he invited his Fellow-adventurers to a Collation with him in a Wood near at hand there, where he provided an Entertainment of all Varieties answerable to the Occasion: as *Bread* for the *Elephants*; *Oats* for the *Horses*; *Hay* for the *Oxen*; *Soup* for the *Dogs*, *Nuts* for the *Squirrels*, *Apples* for the *Monkeys*, and the like: The Guests were all highly pleas'd with the Treat, only a *Wolfe* and an *Ass* took it in Dudgeon, that there was neither *Carrion*, nor *Thistles*.

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The MORAL.

UNDER This *Apologue* of the *Wolfe* and the *Ass*, is fairly represented to us a Division of the Captious Part of the World, into Men, that want either Honesty, or Brains: for there are no People so Peevish and Capricious, as they that have the least in them of Worth or Good Manners: who in truth are never to be pleas'd without disobliging all Reasonable Creatures beside. The People I speak of, are Men of Singular and Deprav'd Appetites, that Relish nothing but in Opposition to the Sober Part of Mankind. That which is other People's Nourishment, is their Poyson, and soon the Contrary: for they take Delight in the Mortifications of other Men, and yet These are the Male-contents that complain the most of hard Measure Themselves.

CLXXIV.

One Quitted the World upon Reading the Fifth of Genesis.

It is written in the Fifth of Genesis, that all the Days that *Adam* liv'd, were *Nine Hundred and Thirty Years*, and he DY'D: and all the Days of *Seth* were *Nine Hundred and Twelve Years*, and he DY'D: the Days of *Enos* were *Nine Hundred and Five Years*, and he DY'D. The Days of *Mesufalem* were *Nine Hundred and Sixty Nine Years*, and HE DY'D. One *Guericus*, upon the bare hearing of This Chapter read; quitted the World, and Retir'd.

The MORAL.

THERE needs no more then the History of Life and Death, to make a Man Sick of the World; upon the very Satiety of doing the same Thing over and over again: as Eating and Drinking, Sleeping and Waking by Turns, &c. And what's the whole Story at last, but a Scene of Vanity, which a body can hardly think of without a Glut; beside the Blessed Prospect of a New and a better Life after This.

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CLXXV.

CLXXV.

A Penitent that gave his Confession in Writing.

There was a Formal, *Outside-Christian*, that under Pretence of an Ill Memory, kept a Diary of his Sins in Writing: and when he had fill'd a Large Roll with the History, he went to his Ghostly Father with it for *Absolution* by Content. The Holy Man found it was like to be a Tedious Business, and so for Brevity-sake *Absolv'd* him by the Lump: enjoying him, for his Penance, to read that Catalogue over thrice a Day for Six Months to come from the Date of his *Absolution*.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE do with their Sins, as Unthrifs do with their Debts; they never think of them till they grow Heavy and Dangerous, and then they blunder up an Account in General, and so make Even indifferently with God and Man, upon the Grofs: as if a *Formal Confession, at the Last Gasps*, were a Sufficient Composition, for the Corruptions, and Miscarriages, of a Long Life.

CLXXVI.

Daphitas and the Oracle.

There was one *Daphitas*, a Foul-Mouth'd Ill-natur'd Fellow, and of so Ungovernable a Tongue, that he never spar'd any Thing Sacred or Prophane that came in his way: no not *Crowned Heads Themselves*; as he fell upon the King of *Pergamus* for One; nay and his Insolence went yet higher.

He pretended an Errand one time to consult the Oracle about a Horse he had lost: and the Answer he received was This: that he should find his Horse very sodainly. Upon This Answer, he put it presently about, that the Oracles were a Pack of Cheats: for he had lost no Horse, he said, neither had he any Horse to Lose. Upon his return he was taken up by the Order of *Attalus*, and cast down a Precipice that was call'd the Horse. This convinc'd him in the End, that the

the Oracle was so far in the Right. And it may serve for a Caution to us all, how we Trifle with the Divine Power, under what Form or Disguise soever.

The MORAL.

THERE must be no Bantering, or Buffoning, with Holy Things: neither is Religion it self ever the less Sacred for being expos'd in a Superstitious, or an Idolatrous Dress: provided we do but preserve a Veneration for the One, without partaking in the Corruptions of the Other. But be it as it will; This Lewd Phantastical Wretch would be trying Experiments, and he lost his Life for a Conceit.

CLXXVII.

A Huntsman and an Old Bitch.

A Famous Dog-master, as he was abroad one Day upon his Sport, happen'd to cast his Eye upon an Old Decrepit Bitch, that lay Languishing, and Three-quarters starv'd by the Way-side upon a Dung-Hill. This Miserable Creature had been once his Servant, but so alter'd, by Age, Neglect, and Hard Usage, that she was hardly to be known: The Gentleman however stood so long musing, and bethinking himself, that the Bitch gave him to understand, by the Licking of her Lips, the Wagging of her Tayle, and her Creeping to him upon her Belly, what she would have said if she could have spoken. The Master was so delighted with the Good Nature and Tenderness of the Creature, that he took every Thing by the Right Handle, and put her some Questions, to which in her way she return'd This Answer.

Sir says she, I had once the Honour to eat of your Bread, but betwixt my Present Condition of Want and Misery, and a Broken Leg over and above, I may well be out of your Memory; unless I should presume to mind you of an Old Servant, by This Notable Token; that at the Fall of a Mighty Stag, (much spoken of in those Dayes) I had Forty Teizers in the Field, that came out of my own Loins, and the Picture of them all is at This Day to be seen in the Prince's Gallery. The Gentleman had so great a Kindness for the whole Strain, that he immediately order'd the Bitch to be Wash'd

Wash'd and Clean'd, taken into the House, and provided for from his own Table. The Prefident of This Bounty to a Try'd Servant, encourag'd another to put in for the like Provision; but the Master march'd off, and adjourn'd the Second Cause till Another time.

The MORAL.

Old Friends, and Old Services, are never to be forgotten, and it is the Interest, as well as the Duty of all Men of Honour and Humanity, to Live, and Act, according to That Principle: for Gratitude is not only the Recognition, or the Requital of a Good Office, but it Creates, and Strengthens Friendship over and above.

Here is likewise recommended to us an Instance of a Generous Justice, under the Direction of a Distinguishing Bounty, which does yet more enhance the Value of the Favour; for the Refusal of the same Thing to One, which is Granted to Another, makes it a work, not of Facility, but Choyce. It would be well all This while, if Men would Live as they Prescribe, and Govern themselves by Just and Grateful Measures.

CLXXVIII.

A Gardner and a Dog.

A Widow-Woman, that had nothing to live upon but the Profit of her Orchards and Garden-stuff, was fore'd abroad once, and mightily at a Loss whom to entrust, with the Care of her Fruits and Plants in her Absence. She had in the House, a Tame Fox, a Hog, an Ape, and a Goat; and they all offer'd their Services to look to the Yards, and keep all Safe when she was away.

For my Part, says the Ape, there can be no Danger of Mee; for a Handfull of Nuts, and an Apple a Day, is enough to do my Business. And then for my Particular, says the Hog, I am no Climber of Trees, but a little Rotten Fruit, and a Few Wind-falls will serve my Turn. Well! says the Fox, and no body will Tax me, I am sure; for a Ravener of Roots, and Apples. No nor me neither, says the Goat, I am no Costard-monger; I rob no Orchards; but a Handful of Herbs is as good to me as a Feast.

The Widow thank'd them all for their Good Will, but says she to the Fox, you'll be too Crafty I fear, for a Poor Country-

Country-Wench; beside that you are so False and Sly, there is no Trusting of you: and then for the Ape, says she, he'll be too Lavish and Expensive; the Goat, I must confess, is no Pippin-Merchant; but then he'll do more Hurt with Knabbing, and spoiling the Trees, than he could do otherwise with Eating the Apples; but now in the last place, the Hog is utterly Intolerable, for he shall Rub more Plants to Death in one Day, than a whole Herd of Swine is worth. So that I must e'en leave the Care of all to my Dog: for he is no Guttler of Fruit, He kills no Plants, but keeps Thieves at a Distance, and finally for his Honesty, the whole Earth is not able to Corrupt him.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no Danger in trusting a Servant that lies under the Double Tye of Honesty and Interest, to be True to his Master: that is to say, when a Justice of Inclination is supported and encouraged by the Advantage he reaps from the doing his Duty, and nothing to be gotten on the other hand, by abusing his Patron. Take Notice further, that the Woman's All was at stake here, and she did well to deliberate, before she came to a Resolution.

CLXXIX.

An Athenian and a Spartan.

AN Athenian put Five Questions to a Spartan, and receiv'd Five Answers to them.

- Q. 1. What Walls do you like Best?
 A. Those that will Defend Themselves.
- Q. 2. Why did Lycurgus give no Written Laws at all?
 A. Because Good Manners needs no Laws.
- Q. 3. Why do you make use of such Heavy Mony?
 A. Because Men should be the sooner weary of it.
- Q. 4. Why do you wear such short Daggers?
 A. To be so much nearer the Enemy.
- Q. 5. And why such Short Speeches?
 A. To bring one another sooner to the Point.

The MORAL.

We may learn from hence, the Grace, the Force, and the Advantage of Brevity, and Resolution. It surprizes an Adversary; whereas a tedious Story draws out at Length, and in Flowing, tells a Man where you will be at Last. Half an Hour before you come at it; and gives an Enemy time to think on't, and to prepare for a Reply.

CLXXX.

A New Convert.

IN the Long Inter regnum betwixt Forty Two and Sixty; there was a Pleasant Drift of a New Convert to the Church of Rome, that went very gravely to a Particular Friend of his with These Words in his Mouth, *al am why says he, within These Three or Four Days, that thou art come over to be one of us, please deal clearly with me now. Art thou a Dam'd Hereticus, or a Popish Dog?*

The MORAL.

THERE is a Spirit of Contradiction, that turns Religion into a Faction, and makes Christians no better than Assassins: a People that reckon upon the Killing a Man of another Religion, as the nearest way to Paradise. These Men lay more Strefs, in fine, upon the Opposition, then they do upon the Truth, as if it were a Mark of Grace to be violent, and Bitter. We tear one another to Pieces, under a Pretence of Zeal, and better Information; contrary to Good Manners, as well as Good Nature, and in Defiance of a Profession, that hath Charity it self for the Foundation of it.

CLXXXI.

CLXXXI.

A Phancy'd himself Dead.

THERE was a Man in a Desperate Fit of the Spleen, that Phancy'd himself Dead: There was no Eating or Drinking in the Other World, he said, and so nothing of Meat or Drink would go down with him. The Phancy was so Strong upon him, that he was in a fair way to have starv'd himself, if his Friends had not brought him off by a Trick. Come come, says one, let us lay the Dead People together: and so they put him to Bed to a Man that was to act the Part of a Corps, and a Sheet thrown over them. When they had been a while in Bed together, in comes a Servant, and very formally Covers a Table in the same Room, and sets Meat upon it. Upon This, up rises the Counterfeit, goes his way to the Table, and falls to Eating: Why sure This Man is Mad, says his Bedfellow, Dead People do not Eat I hope. Do not you Deceive your self, says the Impostor, for the Dead have their way of Eating and Drinking as well as the Living. Do but you try a little your self, and you'll find it so. That's more, I must confess, then I was aware of; and so up he gets to his Companion, and they Two together made a very Good meal on't. This Collation did the Work, and the Spenetick Man never heard more of his Vapours.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing Wonderful in This Story, to any Man that duly considers the Force of Imagination, and the Authority we have for the Credit of a World of These Phantastical Reports. One Man phancies himself a Merchant; and His Head runs altogether upon Shipping, and Accounts. Another, with Lucian's Cobler, sets up for a Prince, and takes State upon him accordingly. A Third conceits himself to be made of Butter; a Fourth, of Glass, and the One is afraid of Melting, and the other of Breaking. Now These Whimsys 'tis true, are within one Degree of Madnes; but as they are Phantastical Diseases, they must be cur'd with Phantastical Remedies: that is to say, one Freak must be cur'd by Another, and when a Man is once Fool'd into a Fit of the Spleen, there's no remedy in Nature like Fooling him Out on't again. This do I take to be the Hint of This Fable; as we find it upon Experience, to be the very Truth of the Case.

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CLXXXI.

CLXXXII.

Democritus and Heraclitus.

There were Two Famous Philosophers, *Democritus*, and *Heraclitus*, that gave themselves wholly up to the Thought of the Vanities, and the Miseries of Humane Life. The One was perpetually *Laughing*, and the Other *Crying*, and People would be asking them one after another the Reason of it. *It makes me Mad, says Heraclitus, to think of the Deplorable Condition of Mankind. We value our selves, 'tis true, upon the Prerogative of our Reason, and yet compar'd with other Animals, the veryer Brutes of the Two: Slaves to our Passions and Appetites; Blind and Deaf to the Ways and Means of Happyness, and most Unfortunate in the very Enjoyment of our own Wishes. Nay the very Gods of This World, the Princes, I mean, do they not Hear with other Men's Ears? See with other Men's Eyes? Walk, and Work, with the Hands and Feet of other Men? Are they not Govern'd by other Men's Understandings? Led by Parasites and Buffons? And finally, how do they maintain themselves in all This Pomp and Greatness, but either upon the Borrow, or upon the Spoil? And now, says he, would not This Foolery make any Man Loath the World, that has but the least Grain of Sense in him? Well, says Democritus, and This Wretched Stuff makes me Laugh as fast as my Brother Cries. As for Example.*

Can any Thing be more Ridiculous, then for a Man not to know when he is well; and at the same time to set-up his Rest upon Contingences, without any Certainty at all? Nay and without taking any Warning too, from the Case of one Misfortune, to the Avoiding of Another. The Merchant, and the Seaman, are no sooner cast ashore out of One Wrack, but they are presently refusing for Another. The Maim'd Souldier has no sooner dress'd one Wound, but he's ready for Another. The Drunkard has no sooner eas'd his Stomach of one Debauche, and slept out the Qualm, but the First Thing he does the next Morning is, in the Good-fellow's Language, to call for a Hair of the same Dog, to set him Right again. Whoever heard of a Losing Gamester that gave over Play: or of a Man, after the Death of one Shrew, that was not ready for Another, even before the Former was Cold in her Grave.

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The MORAL.

THIS Phancy is no other, in effect, then a Compendious Division of the World into *Fools* and *Knaves*; under the Cover of a *Philosophical Reading* upon the *Miseries*, and *Weaknesses of Humane Life*: in order to the bringing of People to a *True Knowledge*, and a *Right Sense*, of their *Condition* and *Duty*. It tells us over again in the Words of the *Wise-Man*, that *All Things under the Sun are Vanity and Vexation of Spirit*; and that *Divine Authority*, as well as *Natural Reason* have pronounced them so to be.

CLXXXIII.

Wine is an Universal Medicin.

IN the Freedom of Cups and Company, we are apt to mistake the Drowning of Cares, for the Allaying of them. Now Two or Three Glasses does the one, but it will take as many Bottles perhaps, to do the other. There's a Great Difference betwixt the Right Use of Wine, and the Abuse of it: and it is with This Remedy, as it is with all others, we are to keep within the *Dosse*: There are Those, 'tis true, that cannot Sleep sober, and upon any Pinch, either of Fortune, or of Conscience, the *Good-fellow* flies as naturally to his *Fuddle*, as the *Quack* does to his *Universal Medicin*. It was a Pleasant Put-off, of a Droll when one told him he had gotten a very Plain Woman to his Wife. *Yes yes, says he, I know I have, but I am now drinking to make her Handsom.*

The MORAL.

IN some Cafes we use *Wine* as a *Cordial*; in others, as an *Opiate*: If it cannot Remove the Trouble, it will at least *Stupify*, and *Doze* it: which is, in some Measure, the Work of Philosophy and Virtue, only it is Another way of doing it.

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CLXXXIV.

CLXXXIV.

Water a Greater God than Fire.

There was a Time, in the Days of almost an Universal *Paganism*, when every Particular Nation had its Particular Gods: It was Then put to the Question, which of These Gods should have the Preeminence. And, for Quietness-sake, they came to an Agreement among themselves, that he that master'd all the Rest should have the Preference. Upon This Resolution, the *Chaldeans*, that worship'd the *Fire*, carry'd their God about with them from place to place, to make Tryal of his Power; and gave quickly to understand, that the Gods of Mettle, Wood, Stone, and such Materials, were not able to stand before him. This put the *Chaldeans* in such a Huff, for the Advantage they had obtain'd, that an *Egyptian Prince* set his Brain upon the Rack, how to take them down in the very Transport of their Vanity and Glory.

They had a sort of Earthen Vessels, with a World of Little Holes in them, that they made use of, for *Percolation*; that is to say, for *dreyning Water* thorough them, so as to leave the Sediment behind. The Priest took one of These Pieces, stop't the Holes with Wax, Painting it over with Curious Colours, and when it was Thus Dress'd up, he fill'd it with Water; Clapt an Antick Head upon't, and so put it up for a God. The *Chaldeans* brought the Point quickly to an Issue, by setting Fire to't, and upon the melting of the Wax, the Water dripp'd thorough the Holes, and put out the Fire; which decided the Controversy, and the *Egyptian* God carry'd it.

The MORAL.

WHEN People are divided about their Gods, 'tis no Wonder to see Religion, and Religious Worship managed with Craft and Imposture, and the Cause maintain'd by Trick. The Strefs of This Fable, seems to have somewhat in it of the Contest betwixt *Moses* and the *Magicians*, though the One but in Favour of an *Idol*, and the Other in Proof of the *True God*. The *Devil* has his *Mock-Priests*, his *Altars* and his *Sacrifices*, in a Counterfeit Imitation of the *Almighty Himself*; and never so Dangerous as in the Shape of an Angel of Light. The Doctrine will be
This.

This. Men should have a Care, of being so far impos'd upon by *False Simblances*, as to take one for 't'other.

CLXXXV.

A Lyon and an Ape.

A Certain *Lyon*, when the Good Humour was upon him, sent for an *Ape* to entertain him with a Lecture of *Morals*; and the First Point he read upon, was the Subject of *Self-Love*: which, says he, is the Root of all Evil: and neither Prince nor Peasant can acquit himself of his Duty, either Publique, or Private, till he has master'd This Weakness. But it must be the Work of Time, for *Rome was not Built in a Day*. The Advantage of it will be This, that whoever is once in Possession of This Habit, he shall never do any Thing afterwards, that is Ridiculous, or Unjust. And now, says the *Ape* again, for a further Explanation; what is it that makes any Creature Ridiculous, but Unreasonable Actions, and False Opinions! which arise effectually, from no other Ground then a natural Propension to the indulging of our own Infirmities and Errours? And what is it again, but the same Vanity, that transports us to the Approving of Those Failings in others, which we Practice, and allow of in our Selves? When at the same time, we reckon all People to be little better then Fools, that do not Act, and Think, just as we do? At This rate, we are link'd into a kind of Confederacy against Sobriety, Truth, and Virtue: out of an over-weening Partiality in Favour of our own Imperfections and Mistakes. One Fool, in fine, crys up Another, only for what he finds, and values in Himself: as there's no *Musick* in the Ear of *One Ass* like the *Braying* of *Another*. What is it, in fine, but *Self-Love*, that has been the Foundation of all the Iniquities that ever were committed? Whether out of Ambition, Cruelty, Pride, Malice, Revenge, Avarice; or in short out of any other Affection whatsoever? For it comes all to a Case, when we Sacrifice a Virtue for the Gratifying of a Lust. This Reasoning of the *Ape* brought him off with a whole Skin at last; for it imprinted in the very
Lyon

Lyon Himself, a kind of Reverence for the Morality of the Discourse.

The MORAL.

THIS is not the First Prince that has ask'd Counsel of an *Ape*; but This is the First *Ape* perhaps that ever gave his Master any Advice he was the Better for. Not but that *Balaam's Ass*, in some Extraordinary Cases may be allowed to Rebuke the Prophet. But be it as it will, we may gather This Doctrine from what is before us: *there is nothing so Ridiculous in Nature, but a Good use may be made on't: for Truth and Reason carry an Awe with them under what Shape soever they appear, and from what Hand soever they come.*

CLXXXVI.

A Traveller alights to kill Grass-hoppers.

BOccalini's Traveller was so Disorder'd in the Heat of the Dog-Days with the Noise of *Grass-hoppers* in his Ears, that he alighted from his Horse in great Wrath to kill them all. Now This, says the Author, was only playing the Fool to no Manner of Purpose: for if he had but kept on, his Way, without minding them, they would e'en have gone Sputtering-on till they Burst, and the Man never the Worse for't.

The MORAL.

THIS is to shew us how small a Matter puts us beside our Business and our Duty. For what is Humane Life but a Passage toward Eternity, and all we have to do in This World, is only to lay a Foundation for the Blessings we hope for in the next, without either Wandering, or Loytring, upon the way. We meet with This *Horse-man*, and These *Grass-hoppers*, more or less in all Conditions of Life. Every Trifle diverts us from the Offices of the Great Work; and when we should be attending the Duties of our Reasonable Being, we are carry'd away by Vanities and Pleasures, like Spaniels that run out at Check, after *Dances*, and *Crowes*, without ever heeding their Game.

CXXXVII.

CLXXXVII.

A Dog and a Crocodile.

THe *Doggs*, they say, about the River *Nile*, are fain to Drink running, and to take here and there a Lap, for fear of the *Crocodiles*. A Certain *Crocodile*, taking notice of a *Dog* that kept himself upon That Guard, gave him a Rebuke for't. Had not you better, says the *Crocodile*, take a Hearty Soup once for all, then run squiring up and down Thus, as if you were afraid somebody would do you a Mischief? Why truly, says the *Dog*, I had rather go That way to work, but that I am not willing to venture my Carcass for a Mornings-Draught.

The MORAL.

WE should do by the *World*, in some respects, as the *Dog* does by the *River*; that is to say, we should content our selves with a Taste of sensual Refreshments, without making a Meal of them; and so to use them for a Relish, not for a Diet. *Too much* of the World, and dwelling too long upon it, are Both Equally Dangerous, and nothing but a Mad Man, will venture Body and Soul, for the Gratifying of a Liquorish Palate, *Flesh and Bloud*, says the very same Thing to a *Man*, that the *Crocodile* does to the *Dog*; and in Cases too, of the most Desperate Extremities. [*What are you afraid off? Here's nothing will Hurt you*] This Fable, upon the Main, preaches Temperance, in the Gratifying of our Appetites: and it strikes also at the Unsteady, Curfory Humour of Tasting Things, and then leaving them: and so Skipping from This to That, without suffering any Thing to Digest.

CLXXXVIII.

Crates's Will.

CRates deposited Money for his Children in the Hands of a Trustee: *If they prove Fools*, says he, *let them have the Estate*, but *if Philosophers*, *let it be given to the Poor.*

The

The MORAL.

THIS Conceit looks a little Phantastical, and yet, he that considers the General Practice of the World, will find most Estates dispos'd of according to *Crates's Will*. This is not to be understood, as if Philosophers were to live upon the Air, like *Cameleons*; but it preaches *Temperance and Good Government*, in the Hint, that Nature contents it self with a little, and that the Endowments of the Mind are much above the Goods of Fortune, and a Poor Philosopher much more valuable then a Wealthy Idiot.

CLXXXIX.

The Fig Tree and the Olive.

THEre are Natural Aversions among Trees and Plants, as well as among Men and Beasts: and This was it that engag'd a *Pomgranate* once, as the Embleme of Union and Agreement, to try what might be done toward the Reconciling of the *Fig* and the *Olive*; Two Plants that will hardly live in the same Air. The *Pomgranate* fell to reasoning the Matter, from the Practice of Other Trees, the Scandal of the Example, and the like: but when he saw there was nothing to be done That way, he charg'd the *Fig-Tree* with downright Crossness, and ill Nature. The *Fig-Tree* excus'd himself, that the *Antipathy* was none of his Fault, but a Fatal, and an Incurable Opposition, betwixt the Two Families. It ever had been so, and ever would be so, and there was no Remedy.

Now whoever considers but the very Leaves of These Two Trees; the Shape, the Colour, the Fruit, the Taste, or the Size, the Trunk, the Bark, and the Root, &c. he will find that no Two Things can be more Contrary then the One of These is to the Other: so that the only way to preserve them, is to keep them asunder, and He that brings them together is an Enemy to Both.

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The MORAL.

HE that contends with *Natural Aversions*, does the same Thing as if he undertook to Cure *Incurable Diseases*: There is no Forcing of Nature against the Bias, and Those that by the Virtue of This *Inbred Antipathy*, were *Born Enemies*, are never to be made *Friends*.

CXC.

A Sea-man well Provided for.

A Poor *Terpawlin*, that was taken up for a Long Voyage, left a Bonny Young Wife behind him, but in a Miserable Cottage, with nothing in This Earthly World but Bare Walls, not so much as a Cross in her Pocket to keep the Devil out, and scarce a Rag to cover her Nakedness. After a Matter of Five Years Absence, the Sea-faring Man comes back again; finds his Habitation in Excellent Order, and Furnished from Top to Bottom, with a Brave Boy of some Three Year Old into the Bargain. The Master of the Dwelling was wonderfully pleas'd at the Sight of such an Employment; only the Thought of a Child stumbled him a little. Upon This, he fell to shrifting his Wife from Point to Point; how This, and That, and t'other came about. Why my Dear, says she, This is all by *Providence*. What? Child and all? says the Husband. Yes indeed, Child and all, says the Woman. Well! says the Good Man, what *must be must be*, but yet by your Favour Wife, when *Providence* had furnish'd my Houle for me, I should have been well enough content to have been the Father of my own Children.

This was much such Another *Providence*, as That of the Good Woman's Great Belly in *London*, in the Revolution of *Forty one*, when her Husband had been Three Years in *Plymouth*. 'Tis true, says she, my Husband has been Three Years away, but *I have had very Comfortable Letters from him*.

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The MORAL.

PROVIDENCE, and Religion are made use of as a *Common Plea*, or at least, a *Cover* for all manner of Wickedness, as well in the Contrivance, as in the Execution of it. Thus it was in the Troubles of *King Charles the First*, when our Days of Humiliation, and Thanksgiving, ran directly contrary to the True Reason of the Case. But we are not now so much upon the Text of Hypocrisy as upon the Subject of Humane Frailty: and there's no need either of Argument, or of Embleme, to convince us of the Infirmities of Flesh and Blood.

CXCI.

Books Sold by the Foot.

A Country Gentleman, with more Money than Brains, that had a mind to be taken for a Man of Letters, built himself a Fair Spacious Room for a Library: and when he had shelv'd and fitted it up for his Turn, he contracted with a Bookfeller to furnish it with Books, from Top to Bottom, at so much a Foot; the Books to be Bound, Guilt, and Letter'd after the Best Fashion, and the Choyce of them left to the Stationers Honesty and Discretion.

The MORAL.

He that Buys Books by the Foot, may as well pretend to purchase Learning by the Pound, but he that's Master of a Fair Study of Books, values himself upon being Master also of all that's Good in't. This Freak has somewhat in it of the Humour of Another Person that I knew. (For This is all *History*) He had a Great Mind to get himself the Reputation of a Hard Student, and so kept a Candle burning in his Study all Night still, and He himself fast a sleep in his Bed all the while.

This Whimsy, of Vanity, and Ostentation, is no more than what we meet with every Day of our Lives, in all Shapes, and Places. In one Word for all, 'tis but the same Thing over and over again in a Thousand other Instances; and the whole Business of our Lives is Semblance and Disguise.

CXCI

CXCII.

A Sexton and a Spider.

IT blew a Dreadful Tempest once of Thunder and Lightning, and there was a Drunken Blasphemous Sexton, that would needs philosophize himself, upon That Occasion, into a Defiance of any Thing that look'd like Danger in it: for what's This Hideous Up-roar in the Air, says he, but a natural Collection, and Discharge of Vapours? And what, says he again, is the Terrible Flash, more than a Fire Struck by the ordinary way of *Collision*? Now the Clouds being form'd of Air, and the Body of That Air mov'd by the least Breath; the Stronger Impulse must of necessity drive the weaker before it: so that for the Laying of This Tempest, 'tis but setting my Bells a-going, and the Work is done.

This brought a Silly Spider out of her Hole in the Belfry, to give the Impious Wretch a Rebuke for the Insolence of his Audacious Expostulation. How dare you, says she, take upon you to chop Logick with the Powers and Methods of an Almighty Providence, and to talk of breaking the Force of Thunder with a Peale of Bells. This has been my Habitation here for a Matter of Two Year now, and all your Clattering, and Jangling, has not been able to Discompose the Least Thrid in any one of my Copwebs.

The MORAL.

THERE must be no Quibling upon the Ways and Operations of Almighty God. For the Question is not, whether Divine Providence works by the Mediation of natural Causes, and Effects or not. Neither is it about the *How*, or the *Manner* of working: but how far the Supreme Governour and Disposer of all Things is pleas'd to make use of Ordinary Means for the bringing of his Glorious Ends about.

It is to be noted likewise, that after all This Pedantick Vanity, and Pretence; This Huffing Sexton is at last *Non-pluss'd*, and put to Silence, out of the Mouth of a Silly Insect.

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CXCIII.

CXCIII.

A Rat retires into a Holland Cheese.

A Rat that had been at Rack and Manger upon his Neighbours Cheese and Bacon, till he could live no longer upon the Spoil, took up a Fit of Mortification; renounc'd the Vanities of the World, said his Prayers, and so retir'd into a Holland Cheese, that serv'd him both for a Cell, and a Castle; and supply'd him with Necessaries for Back and Belly, all in one. He was no sooner in his New Hermitage, but up comes a Troop of Bagging-Deputies to him, in the Name of his Distressed Brethren, for a Charity, let it be never so small. They were so pester'd, they said, with Cats, and Trapps, that they were e'en perishing for want of Sustenance. Alas for you! says the Recluse, My Business is of Another World you see; but give them my Prayers however, and my Blessing; and with That word, he shut the Door upon the Commissioners, and left the Brotherhood to stave for Themselves.

The MORAL.

'TIS a Common Thing for People, when they are Old, and Uneasy, to turn Religious; and then call it a Forsaking of the World, when they are past the Gusto, and the Pleasures of it. But they have commonly the Wit at the same time to provide Necessaries, without troubling their Heads about Things Superfluous. Let This be understood with all Due Reverence, to the Right use, or Intent of a Mortify'd, and a Monastique Life: and with This, that Christian Charity is as much a Duty on the one Side of the Gate, as it is on the other; and that the bare Benediction will do little in such a Case as This, without the Relief.

CXCIV.

CXCIV.

A Fox and a Lyon.

THE Fox is an Animal qualify'd by Nature for a *Sharper* and a *Parasite*: And one of the Fullest, and Smoothest of the Kind perhaps, made his Court to a *Lyon* with a Design to supplant some of the most useful and necessary of his Friends, and Servants that he had about him. He began with him upon the Ordinary Method of a *Court-Flattery*: as the Charms of his Person, the Majesty of his Countenance, and Motion; the Transcendent Excellencies of his Mind, and the Generosity that is so Inseparable from his Family, and Extraction: But then Sir, says the Fox, Your Authority-Royal is above all the rest, as is seen in the Extent of your Empire; for all Living Creatures are your Subjects, and it is at your Choyce whether they shall Live or Dye. Nay there are some Cases wherein you cannot assert your Prerogative, but with your People's Necks and Liberties under your Feet. The *Lyon* was too Brave to encourage so Fullsome a Discourse, and told him, with Indignation enough, that in the making of his People Slaves, he must be sure to lose their Hearts, and that he could not seize their Estates, without a most Intolerable Injustice. But in the Case, says he, of a False, and a Fawning Minister, that lays snares for Honest Men, and creates misunderstandings betwixt a King and his Subjects, nothing can be more Reasonable then to sacrifice such an Instrument to the Well being of the Publique; and in That Moment he struck the Fox Dead at his Feet.

The MORAL.

CRAFT, or *Cunning*, is that which *Sir Francis Bacon* calls a *Sinister*, or *Crooked Wisdom*: which is all made up of *Trick*, and *Self-Interest*, without either *Faith*, or *Judgment*.

The Fox, here in the *Woods*, does the Part of an *Evil Minister* in a Post of *State*. That is to say; he gives Advice for *By-Ends*, without any Regard to the Honour of his Master, or to the Common Good of King and People.

This Fable here sets before us the Danger of taking *Court-Foxes* into the Favour of the *Government*, for Princes must of Necessity either clear their Hands of Corrupt Ministers, or run the Hazzard of being Undone

Undone Themselves. But This is enough said to keep Both Sides upon their Guard, the One not to Attempt such an Insolence, and the Other not to Suffer it.

CXC.V.

The Moderation of Epaminondas.

E Epaminondas had a Summ of Mony sent him for a *Present*: (the *Court-Word* for a *Bribe*:) He excus'd himself; as to the Mony, but invited the Commissioners that brought it, to Dinner with him. The Entertainment was a Choyce Collection of the Courtest, and the worst-order'd Meats and Drinks that could be got. So soon as the Meal was over, the Master of the Feast bluntly desir'd the Deputies to let him know their Business; but they were so surpris'd at their Disappointment in This Treat, that they had not one word to say: Well! my Masters, says Epaminondas. If This be all, you had e'en best go back again to him that sent you: and praye carry your Bill of Fare along with you; which will give him to understand, that Epaminondas is not to be Corrupted.

The MORAL.

VIRTUE is all of a Piece, and true to it self in all the Parts of it: so that Temperance is no longer a Virtue, then while it stands good against all Appetites, and Temptations whatsoever. Upon This Ground it is, that Epaminondas draws an Inference from the Plain Simplicity of his Meats and Drinks, upon the Account of That sort of Moderation, to the Contempt of Mony, &c. beside the further Illustration of the Matter, by the Grace of an *Embleme*.

CXC.VI.

The Contempt of Death.

TIS to no purpose to *Fear*, what it is impossible to *Avoid*: beside that upon the whole Matter, *Death* is the very same Thing still, whether we *dread* it or *not*. There goes a Story of a Brave Man, that was threaten'd with an Infamous, a Lingring, and a Tormenting Death, unless he would sub-

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mit to the doing of a Base thing, below the Dignity of a Man of Honour, and Justice. *You shall do well*, says he, to frighten your Courtiers with These Bugbears: for Death is but Death at last, and for the Manner of it, 'tis the same Thing to me, whether I Rot in the Earth, or upon a Gibbet.

The MORAL.

No Man was ever yet so Mad, as to think he should never Die; or perhaps so unreasonable, as but so much as secretly to *Wish* it, or to *Hope* for it, in Contradiction to the manifest Decrees of *Providence*, and the unalterable *Fate* of all *Created Beings*. So that if the *Mortality* be *Certain*, and the *Period* of Life *Uncertain*, what have we more to do, then to make every Hour of our Lives a Preparatory toward That Inevitable End! especially considering, that when we have once master'd *That Terror*, we have nothing left us in This World to *Fear*.

But we are now to Distinguish betwixt the *Resolution* of a *Hero*, and the *Resignation* of a *Christian*: or, I might have said, betwixt the *Motions* of *Philosophy*, and the *Impulses* of *Religion*; for That's the Point in Question; betwixt the *Morality* of the *Case*, and the *Christian Prospect* of a *Future State*.

CXC.VII.

The Church Complaining of the Church Doors.

A Church that was Robb'd, brought an Action against the *Doors*, for betraying their Trust, and letting in the Thieves. The *Doors* held it out, they said; till they were broken all to Pieces and Thrown off the Hinges: so that They, on the other hand, laid the Blame upon the *Church*, for receiving them, and letting them make such Havock when they were got In. And then, why were they suffer'd at last, they cry'd, to go out again?

The MORAL.

'TIS a Common Saying in the World, when a Mischief is done, that *no body did it*; and when we have shuffled the Blame off from one to another, as far as it will go; we betake our selves in the Conclusion to the illnatur'd Satisfaction of Comforting our Selves that *others are as Guilty as we are*: as if it were some sort of Mitigation, either of the Crime, or of the Calamity, to go to the Devil with Company.

CXC.VII.

CXCVIII.

Asses to Jupiter

AS Jupiter was upon the Bench hearing of Causes, up comes a Troup of Representative Asses to him, in the Name of their Companions, with a Long Story of their Grievances. They set forth in their Petition, that the World had taken up a Lewd Custom, whenever People had a mind to mark any one for an Egregious Coxcomb, This, or That Block-head, they'd say, was a very Ass, and so cast a Scandal upon the whole Arcadian Brotherhood. Why might not an Oxe, or a Hog have done every jot as well as an Ass? Not that they pretended to set-up for Philosophers neither; but they took it ill to be branded with a particular Reproche, when the Common Appellation of a Beast would have done as well. Jupiter took the Matter into Consideration, and gave the Deputies This Answer. *Gentlemen-Commissioners, says he, you come to me for Redress, and I do not find you have any Wrong done you: but it sticks in your Stomach, I perceive, that the Rest of your Fellow-Brutes, are not Branded for Company.*

The MORAL.

'Tis a Common Thing for Men to Complain without a Cause, and to find themselves uneasy in what Condition soever they are: without understanding, either what they Would have, or what they Aile. Now what's the Grievance all This while here! but the Asses takes it ill to be call'd by their Name, and to be distinguish'd by their Nature? It is no Crime, or Shame, for any thing to Be, what Providence hath Made it, or consequently to be Rated, or Understood, for what it Is. But the Asses here in the Fable, have a mind to Cover their Ears under the Foxe's Skin, and to Appear Wiser, and Better, than, in Truth they Are. *Why should not all Beasts fare alike they cry?* Now That's not so much an Argument, as the Caprice of an Ill natur'd Envy and Recrimination, as if we were ever the Better for being in Ill Company.

CXCIX.

CXCIX.

Sylla and his Generous Host.

UPON the taking of *Preneffe* by Assault, *Sylla* gave a Peremptory Order to put every Creature to the Sword in't, *his Host only excepted*, who had done him some Good Offices which he was willing to acknowledge. This Brave Citizen, being given to understand what a Resolution *Sylla* had taken in his Favour, put himself in a Disguise, and went out of his House into the Crowd, to Perish for Company; chusing rather, as he said, to fall in a Common Ruine, than to become a Debtor for his Life to the Destroyer of his Country.

The MORAL.

THIS Example of *Sylla*, may pass for an Instructive Lecture upon the Duties of Honour, Humanity and Gratitude; even to an Enemy. If any Man would set before him a Consummated Act of Bravery, This of *Sylla's Host* should be the President; whether in respect of the Justice of the Cause, the Firmness, and Temper of the Resolution, or the Manner of doing it. The very Intention of it was Honourable, and Sincere, without any Mixture of Vanity and Passion. We have heard of Several that have Disguis'd themselves to Save their Lives; but for a Man to put on a Disguise, on purpose to Expose his Life; This is certainly a New way of Gallantry: not but that there is more in it at last of the Hero, than of the Philosopher.

CC.

The Phoenix chosen King.

THE Government of the Birds was in Old Time an Elective Monarchy, and there happen'd in a *Sede vacante* once, a Notable Debate among their Representatives, about the Choyce of a New King. They put up in the First place, the *Eagles, Vultures, Goshawks, Falcons*; and in short, all the Birds of Prey, as the Party that stood fairest for the Election: for a Prince, they cry'd, must be Martial, Strong, and Resolute; he can never Govern as he should do else. It was then Objected on the Other Side, that no true Lover of his Country's

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try's Liberty would give his Vote for a Ruler that liv'd upon *Rapine*, and the very Hearts-Blood of his People. This single Stroke quite dash'd the First Motion.

The Next that pretended were the *Estriches*, the *Jays*, the *Peacocks*, and other Birds that value themselves upon a *Sparkish Outside*, and the *Beauty* of their *Plumes*. But *Kings*, they said, were not for *Shew*, but *Business*; and that it is not the Feather in the Cap, without Brains in the Head of a Man, that qualifies him for Government: so that the Second Candidates succeeded no better then the Former.

There came on in the Third Place, the *Parrots*, and the *Starlings*, and the rest of That Phantastical Crew, that value themselves upon the Faculty of Excellent ready Speakers: but they were answer'd with the Sentence of the Wise Man: [*In many Words there is much Folly.*] And it was then resolv'd upon the Question, that *to have the Tongue run before the Wit*, is the Quality of a *Buffon*, not of a *Governour*: so that these Blades came off not one jot better then their Fellows.

The Fourth that stood in nomination, was the *Crow*, a Bird in high Reputation for *Wisdom*, *Experience*, and *Fore-sight*. His Friends in the Council stuck so close to him that he was within a Hair's breadth of carrying it; but yet after a long Tug, the Vote past against him. His very Adversaries could not in truth deny him to be so qualify'd as his Friends render'd him: but then his Wisdom they said, was a Wisdom of Interest, and a Sagacity that only led him to his Prey, and to the Gratifying of a Deprav'd Appetite; for Carrion was his Dayly Food: but it was Unlucky still, and Ill-boding, and his Experience serv'd only to subminister to his Corruption.

With That, up stood an Eminent Member at the Board, and mov'd for the *Phoenix*. If you'll have a *King*, says he, beyond *Exception*; a *King* to your very *Wish* and *Liking*, apply your selves to the *Phoenix*: a Creature, that, for a Generous Bravery of Mind, a Gracious Person, a Charming Elocution, a Consummated Wisdom, and Insight into the Darkest Secrets and Intrigues of Reason of State; is as much beyond all the rest of the Competitors, as an Angelical Perfection is beyond the Common Frailties of Flesh and Blood; he has neither *Wife*, nor *Children*, to divert him from attending his Charge;

Charge; no Passions to transport him, but you may live easily under him, without the Burden, either of *Laws*, or *Taxes*.

As the Member was going on, the Assembly interrupted him in the Middle of his *Harangue*, crying out a *PHOENIX*, a *PHOENIX*, with a *Nemine Contradicente*, and Couriers were immediately dispatch'd away thorough all Quarters of the Earth to try to find him out, and to give him an Invitation, in the Name of the Free-born Subjects of the Woods, to take Possession of his New Government. In one Word, when they had search'd every Corner of the World without getting any Tidings of him, they return'd a *non est Inventus*, and came back again just as wise as they set out.

THE MORAL.

NOTHING will serve us but that which is not to be had, and if we cannot have That, we will have nothing at all. This Restless Disposition holds in our Appetites, as well as in our Governments: There is nothing Perfect under the Sun, and if nothing Imperfect will content us, we must never be satisfy'd. This World, in fine, is no Resting-Place. All Men have their Failings, and all their Works have their Imperfections too. We depart from the ways of Providence, and then Phancy to our selves Inventions of our own, and when we have spent our whole Lives in Quest of Those Phantastical Satisfactions, we come at last to be convinc'd that in This State of Mortality there is no true Peace and Happiness to be found.

When One Government fails, another must support it, or all falls to Pieces. But it is easier to find the *want* of a Governour, then to agree upon the *Person*. Power is Necessary, but the Bounds and Manage of That Power are the Nice Point. Let a Prince have Power to Govern, they say, but not to Oppress: which is all one with saying let the Prince have a Conditional Power over the Subject, and the Subject an Absolute Power over the Prince. Now all Mortals are agreed upon the Necessity and Providence of Order and Power, but then when it comes to the Limits, the Qualifications and the Extent of That Power, and who shall Execute it, so many Men, so many Minds. One's too Rapacious, Another too Formal and Fincal, a Third too Talkative; a Fourth too Foreboding and Morose: so that there's no pleasing of all Parties but by setting up an Impracticable Project in the *Chimera* of a *Phoenix*. This is the Result of all Popular Politicks, when Men will be Refining upon the ways of God and Nature. In One Word; let him that *Made* the World Govern it.

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Three Rings in Allusion to Three Religions.

Boccace tells us of a Question started upon the Subject of Religion, betwixt This That and t'other, which of the Three was the *Right*. It was agreed at all hands, that the *Eldest* was the *Best*; but which was the *Eldest* was then the Point: where either the several Parties were to be Judges in their own Case, or some *One* of the *Three* to give Laws to the *other Two*. These Difficulties made it morally Impracticable to bring the Cause to an Issue without a Squabble: And This Dispute led to the Telling of a Story, by way of Allusion to the Matter in Hand; the Substance whereof was This.

There was a Ring of an Inestimable Value in the Possession of a Mighty Prince; who, for the Quiet of his People in Time to come, and for the preventing of all indirect Claims and Pretences, pass'd an Edict, that *what Male soever of the Family should have That Ring in his Hands at the Death of any Succeeding King; That Person should be reputed and obey'd as the undoubted Heir of the Crown*. The Power and the Administration succeeded regularly enough for a while, till it came to the Case at last of a Prince that had Three Sons who were all equally worthy of Royal Dignity, and as yet equally entitled to the Expectation of it: over and above, that the Father's Inclinations were as equally Divided among his Children. The King was now in Years, and his Sons, one after another, lay pressing of him for This Ring. He could not find how to oblige any one of them without excluding the other Two; and it went to the Heart of him to think of such a Partiality where he lov'd them all alike. But to Compound the Nicety as well as he could, he bethought himself of a Plausible Contrivance to put them all Three in Hopes of the Prize.

Being now upon his Death-Bed, he order'd a Goldsmith to make him *Two other Rings*, in Imitation of the Original; and to be sure to match them so exactly, for Size, Weight, and Mettle, that there should be no knowing the one from the

the Other. The Father Dies, and leaves his Three Sons *Three Rings*. They had the *Right* most certainly among them, and yet every *One* of them severally sets up for it apart. But to conclude; after the Lord knows how many Tryals, by Dint of *Law*, and *Equity*; the Mediation of *Friends*, nay and by Force of *Arms* too; the Contest is kept up to this very Day and Hour, as Warm and as Positive as ever it was.

This was all the Answer could be gotten to the Questions about the *Three Religions*.

THE MORAL.

THIS is no more then to say, that *several Men* may be very Good *Christians*, in *several Religious Persuasions*. (I say in *Several*, (not in *All*) And that *Christian Charity*, in These Nice Cases, attones in some Measure for the *Infirmity*. Where it is impossible for all People to be of a Mind, it is certainly Venial to *Differ*, where we cannot Agree; saving always, the *Duty*, and *Respect* we owe to *Publique Order*, and the *Civil Peace*.

CCII.

A Christian and a Jew.

There was a Mighty League of Friendship struck up betwixt Two Marchants, *Jehannot*, and *Abraham*, the *Former*, a *Christian*, and the *Other* a *Jew*; and a Couple of Moral Fair-dealing Men they were. The *Christian* press'd so Hard upon the *Jew* to make him a *Proselyte*, that he brought him at last to This Medium. I'll go to *Rome*, says *Abraham*, and if I find the Court of *Rome*, the *Pope* and the *Cardinals*, such People as you tell me they are, I'll come over to your Church without any more ado; but otherwise, I'll e'en stick where I am. Nay then, says *Jehannot* to Himself, *farewel Convert*; for let the *Faith* be never so *Orthodox*, he will find such Work with the *Boys*, and the *Wenches* there, and so many Profligate Examples of Luxury and Lewdness, that the Spectacle would sooner make a *Jew* of a *Christian*, then a *Christian* of a *Jew*. But prethee tell me now, says *Jehannot* (with This Conceit in his Crown) why shouldst thou put thy

thy self to the Charge, the Risque, or the Trouble, of a Dangerous, and a Tedious Journey, for a Thing that may be as well done here upon the Place? Come, says *Abraham*, to be short with thee, I am absolutely resolv'd to go. Nay if the Thing be resolv'd, says *Jehannot*, there's no more to be said; but otherwise, if you would but have stay'd till the next *Jubilee*, I'd have gone with you my Self.

Upon This Resolution, *Abraham* immediately took Horse, and away Post to *Rome*: where he found Men and Matters miserably out of Order, just as the Other phancy'd them: with *Corruption*, *Simony*, and *Avarice*, to the Highest Degree, over and above.

The *Jew* had quickly enough of his Experiment, and made as much haste back again *From Rome*, as he had done *Thither*. He was no sooner got Home again, but his Friend was presently at him for an Account of his Voyage, and how Things and Things went where he had been. The Story he gave of the Place, the People, and their Manners, was so Dismal a Hearing to *Jehannot*, that his Heart went *pit-a-pat* all the while he was telling it.

But all This, says he at last, is so far yet from Discouraging Me to turn *Christian*, that on the Contrary, I am fully Convin'd by it, that if the Religion of *Rome* were not Right, the Earth would swallow up the Place, for the Immorality of the People.

THE MORAL.

THIS way of Inferring the Truth of the Religion of the Place, from the Immoralities of the People; where they go on in their Wickedness without Controll, is a Better Argument for a *Turk* than for a *Christian*: and it has somewhat in it of a Phancy that was made use of against a Certain *Irish Physician* in the Time of the *Papish Plot*. He was charg'd with Writing a *Treasonous Libel*, but deny'd the Thing, and appeal'd to the unlikeliness of the Characters. It was agreed, they said, there was no Resemblance at all in the Hands. But the Doctor had *Two Hands*; his *Physick-Hand*, and his *Plot-Hand*; and the one not one jot like the other. Now This was the Doctors *Plot-Hand*: and they insist'd upon it, because it was not Like his Hand, that therefore it *Was* his Hand. Now This is all *Maggot*, and suitable to the Levity of the Figure. But to bring it to a Sober Point. People should have a Care how they Judge, either to Approve, or to Condemn, by Success. Religion is inseparable from Good Manners: though there are a sort of Men that think the very Name of a *Christian Profession* sufficient to atone for the want of Good Works.

CCIII.

CCIII.

A Miller and his Master.

A Miller that was Try'd and Condemn'd for Coufening his Master, thought it very hard he said, for a Man to suffer for what he did in the Exercise of his Calling. As he was mounting the Ladder, his Master whisper'd him to recommend some Honest Miller to him, that might be trusted when he was gone. The Poor Man took it upon his Death, that he did not know so much as One Man of the Trade that he could fairly put into his Hand. Nay then, says his Master, I had e'en as good keep to a Knave I am acquainted with, as go further and fare Worse; and so in the Conclusion he gave the Silly Wretch his Pardon, and Leave to Couzen him over again.

THE MORAL.

THE Case of the Miller might have been the Case of any other Trade under the Sun, for Humane Society it self is but an Overgrown Corporation of Cheats; only under some certain Regulations, as to the Ways, and Means of bringing Matters about. So that Laws, in the Common Latitude of Provisional Penalties, are effectually little better than implicit Licences, for doing the same Thing Another Way. The Miller, we see, forgave his Man, and took him into his Service again, upon This Unanswerable Inducement of Equity and Reason. And he might as well have laid down This for a Maxim: first, that there's no Faith to depend upon in Mankind: and secondly that upon That Supposition, *Knavery, betwixt Man and Man*, is as good for One as for t'other, and breaks no Squares.

CCIV.

Of Births and Burials.

A Civilian of *Padoua* order'd his next Heir, upon a Severe Penalty, to see him Bury'd according to his Appointment: and not to suffer any Thing that look'd like Sorrow or Mourning, at the Ceremony: but on the contrary, to accompany the Corps with Instruments and Musicians of all Sorts,

Sorts, to the Number of Fifty Persons; one Half to go before the Body, and the other Half to follow it; with a Salary to be allow'd them for the Service. He order'd also Twelve Maidens in Green to Walk under the *Biere*, as Gay and Jolly as they could make themselves.

This way of inverting the Common Practice of the World, has somewhat in it of the *Thracian* Humour, who account it a kind of Contradiction to the Nature and Reason of the Thing, to *Lament* at the *End* of their Miseryes, and to *Rejoyce* at the *Beginning* of them.

The MORAL.

THERE must be no Trifling with the Ashes of the Dead; no Dressing up of Funeral Solemnities with the Levities of the *Stage*. The Occasion is too Grave for so Phantastical a Provision: but if the Civilian had stopt short at the Vanity, and Ostentation of his Conceit; the Phancy would have yielded a very *useful Moral*: that is to say; the *Moral* of a *Caution* to us, not to *Cry* when we should *Laugh*, or to *Laugh* when we should *Cry*, but to do every Thing in the Proper Place and Season.

CCV.

A Milk-Maid and a Milking-Payle.

A Bonny Lass, with a Payle upon her Head, as she was carrying her Milk to the Market, fell to casting of it up all the way she went, what a pretty Account That Stock of hers might come to in a short time, with a little Good Hufwifery. *This Milk*, says she, will bring me so much *Ready Money*. That *Money* will buy me so many *Eggs*: *Those Eggs*, so much *Poultry*; and, with the Foxe's Leave, *That Poultry* will make me Mistress of a *Pig*; which *Pig* may be improv'd into a *Fat Hog*; and *That Hog* will be as good as so much *Money* in my Purse. Now with *That Silver* I shall quickly strike into a *Cow* and a *Calf*: and Then, says she, comes a *Sweet-Heart*, &c. Upon the Transport of That Thought, down comes the Payle of *Milk*, which put an end to the whole Story of the *Eggs*, the *Poultry*, the *Pig*, the *Hog*, the *Cow*, the *Calf*, and all the Whimys that went along with it.

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The MORAL.

THIS is it that we call *building Castles in the Air*; and a natural Train of Idle Imaginations one upon the Heel of another. The Poor Wretch phancy'd her self in the Turn of a Hand, from a Payle of Milk to a *Cow* and a *Calf*: and Then, in an Unlucky Hour, the Phancy of a *Sweet-heart*, takes her in the Crown, and spoils the whole Manage: which gives us to understand the Force of a Capricious Love.

CCVI.

An Eagle and Other Birds.

A Company of Birds were got chattering together in a Congregation, and every one of them severally setting up for it self, and its own Kind, some in one way, and some in another. The *Hawk* valu'd her self upon a *Rank Wing*; the *Crow* put in for her Skill in *Augury*; the *Nightingale*, for a delicate *Mellow Pipe*; the *Peacock* for a *Beauty*, the *Partridge* for *Craft*; the *Wren* for his *Mettle*; the *Duck* for her Faculty in *Paddling*; and the *Heron* for the Credit of being reputed *Weather-wise*. Well! says the *Eagle*, and what is all This now to a *Sharp Piercing Eye*; which, without Vanity, is my Talent in Perfection: or if any of you make a Doubt on't, let but me carry him up into the Air and he shall see the Experiment.

The *Wren*, upon This, Mounts the *Eagle*, and the *Eagle* with the *Wren* upon her Back, works her self up to her Pitch; and when she was now at Lessening, she call'd to the *Wren* to look down and tell her what she saw Below? Alas! says the *Wren*, I have much ado to discern the very Earth, at This Distance: but yet at the same time, says the *Eagle*, do I see a *Black Sheep* yonder without a *Tayle*, and you shall see me immediately make a *Stoop* at it, and Seize it. And what was This *Black Sheep* at last, but a *Fowler's Bait* for some Bird of Prey. The *Eagle* push'd at it, and fell into the Snare her self. Ah! says the *Wren*, if you had been but as *Quick-sighted* to Discover the Danger, as you were to spy out the *Quarry*, you would much more easily have found out the Man with his *Birding-Tackle*, on the one side, then the *Sheep* without a *Tayle*, on the Other.

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The MORAL.

CHRISTIANITY bids us *love our Neighbours as our Selves*, but *Nature*, at the same time, whips us to *begin our Charity at Home*; and that *every Man is his own Next Neighbour*. [This is the Case in Common Practice, and the Instinct works more upon us yet than the Precept: We are all Partial to our Selves; and there is no Creature so Despicable, but it has somewhat or other to value it self upon. The *Common People* of the *Birds* set up for *Sharers* in the *Government*, which is no more than the same Thing in the *Woods*, that we find in the Common Course of *Humane Life*.

Perspicacity, or *Clearness of Sight*, is a Necessary Qualification, 'tis true, for *Rulers*; as it enables them to see thorough Men, and Things: But let them have a Care however of being misled by their Affections, and Hamper'd in *Vain Imaginations*: for in These Cases we are apt to mistake *Slavery* for *Liberty*, *Judgments*, for *Blessings*, and *Death* for *Life*; as the *Eagle* here was so intent upon the *Prey*, that she never dreamt of the *Snare*. But This is the Fate of *Inconsiderate Actions*, when Men give themselves up to *Phancies*, and *Prepossessions*, without looking into *Consequences*, and *Events*.

CCVII.

A Cat and a Rat.

A *Cat*, a *Rat*, an *Owle*, and a *Weazle*, took up their Quarters apart in a Hollow Tree. *Puss*, being an Early Riser, went Abroad one Morning upon the Hunt before she could well see her way, and fell unluckily into a Snare, where she lay crying out for Help, till at length, a *Rat* came in as to her Rescue. *Oh my Dear Friend*, says the *Cat*, *what a Providence is This to fall into the Hands of the Creature of the whole World I have the Greatest Kindness for! prethee do but ease me a little*. Well! says the *Rat*, (in the Language of the World) and what shall I have, for my Pains? *An Everlasting Friendship*, says *Puss*, and *a Sett of Teeth and Claws, eternally at thy Service*: besides that for the *Owle*, and the *Weazle*, thy Two Mortal Enemies, let me alone to secure thee from any Mischief That way. *Oh your Servant Puss!* says the *Rat*; I shall have a Blessed Time on't, when I deliver up my self to your Protection; and so away he scour'd; But in his Passage Homeward, there did he spy the *Weazle* watching him

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at his Hole: and as he was taking a Tree to avoid the *Weazle Below*, he discover'd an *Owle* waiting for him *Above*. He was now upon a *For'd-Putt*; and of Two Evils chose rather to go back again and set the *Cat* at Liberty. This was no sooner done, but up comes the Master of the Grounds, and the Two New Allies immediately parted upon't. Some short time after This, the *Cat* happen'd to see her Old Friend the *Rat* again, but so curiously Shy, and Suspicious, that *Puss* took it extremely Ill, and Rebuk'd him for it. Why, says she, *Canst Thou imagine that I can ever be so Base, as to forget the Obligation I have to the Preserver of my Life?* No no, says the *Rat*, I am Confident you will never forget the *Kindness*; but then I am afraid on the other hand, you will never forget your *Nature* neither.

The MORAL.

THE Case of the *Cat* and the *Rat*, is a Common Case in the World; and it holds out *This Moral* to us, that *Interest* takes off the Edge of the Rankest Aversions: and make even *Mortal Enemies* not only Necessary, but in some sort, and upon some Occasions, *Friendly* one to another: that is to say, when an *Alliance*, or a *Conjunction* for a Common Defence requires it: as in This Instance of the *Rats* setting the *Cat* at Liberty, for fear of the *Owle* and the *Weazle*. But when all is done, there's no Trusting to *False* and *Faithless* Creatures; for no Obligation will change the Nature of them; but *Cats and Rats will be Cats and Rats still*.

CCVIII.

A Wolfe and Hail-Shot.

Boccalini's Wood-Man made a Shot at an over-grown *Wolfe*, but being only *Hail-Shot*, the Beast turn'd upon the Man, and worry'd him almost to Death. The Government it seems took notice of it, and made a Strict Enquiry into the Matter, and treated the *Wood-man* worse then he had done the very Beast Himself; that is to say, they punish'd him for the Attempt, to the Amazement of all People, to see it made a Crime to Assault a *Wolfe*. But Answer was made, that the Man did not suffer as a *Criminal*, but as a *Fool*, for he should either have made sure work on't, or e'en have done nothing at all.

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The MORAL.

BOCCALINI, in his *Great Wolves*, strikes at *Great Men*, and it is not the Violence, but the Imprudence of the Action that is here condemn'd; and his playing the Child with *Small-Shot* when a *Musket-Ball* would have done the Bus'ness. The Doctrine is This. *Strike sure, or not at all*, that is to say, within the Compass of Honesty, and Honour: or if you see you cannot gain your Point, off with your Cap, after the Court-way; and cry *Your Humble Servant*.

CCIX.

Paradise, or Heaven-Gates Open.

There was a Comedy exhibited under the Title of *Paradise, or Heaven-Gates open*; and *St. Peter* at the Door to answer all pretenders. The *First Three* that presented themselves to crave Entrance, were *Two Emperours of Germany, and a King of Spain*; but they were all repuls'd; for want of *Necessary Qualifications*. After Them, came *Another Prince* upon the same Brand, and in the Person of *Harry the Fourth of France*, (who was then *Incognito* upon the Place) and desir'd Admittance. *St. Peter* treated him like a Man of Honour, but told him however upon the Main, that *Heaven was not a Place for Whoremasters*. Well! says *Harry* to himself, we shall see by and by whom it is a Place for, and so he withdrew to make his Observation.

The next that offer'd himself was a *Poor Forlorn Creature*, with hardly a Rag to cover his Nakedness, or a Penny, or a Friend in the whole World to trust to. No sooner had *St. Peter* got This miserable Wretch in his Eye, but he caus'd *Heaven-Gates* immediately to be thrown open, with This Declaration, that *Heaven was prepared from all Eternity for such as he was*. Say'st thou so Old Boy, says the *Jolly Prince*, Happy are my Subjects then; for by all that is Good, I'll send them every Man of them to Heaven for That Trick, for I'll make them all as Poor as That Rogue.

The

The MORAL.

This Comical Conceit was never design'd for a *Moral*, but it will naturally enough bear one, without any Violence to the Text. The Repulse of so many *Princes* and *Potentates*, and the *Gates flying open* to a *Poor, Friendless Creature*, gives us to understand that the Poms and Vanities of This World are not the way to *Paradise*; and it may likewise serve for a Check to the Arrogance of the one, and for an Encouragement to the Hopes of the Other. This must not be perverted however, either to the *Dishonour of Crowned Heads*, as if it were a *Crime* to be Great, or to the *Advantage of Beggary*, as if it were a *Virtue* to be Poor. But we lie expos'd to a Thousand Temptations in the One Condition, that we are free from in the Other. To wrap up all in one Word, the Authority of Governours is undoubtedly Sacred, and the Innocent Simplicity of the Needy shall not go without a Reward, for *God is no respecter of Persons*. Now as to the last whim of the King's sending all his Subjects to Heaven, &c. it is only a Satyrical Stroke upon Oppression, in the Exercise of an Absolute Power.

CCX.

Xerxes's Way of Dumbing the Babylonians.

The *Babylonians* were a Stubborn People, and *Xerxes* could find no better way for the taking down of their Stomachs, then by indulging them in their Appetites and Pleasures: as Wine for the purpose, Women, and other sensual Liberties, debarring them at the same time the use of Arms, and all Military Exercises.

The MORAL.

The same Method that keeps down one Government, will serve to bring down Another: that is to say, the Dissolution of Order and Good Manners. Ill Habits are sooner Contracted then Discharg'd, beside that it is Morally Impossible, for a Nation to be, at the same time, both *Martial*, and *Effeminate*.

CCXI.

CCXI.

A Murder strangely Discover'd.

PLutarch has a Remarkable Story of one *Bessur*, that Murder'd his own Father, and kept it a long while Secret: but being one time in Company with some Friends at supper, he spy'd a Swallow's Nest, and starting immediately upon it, struck it down with his Lance, and so destroy'd the whole Brood. This was so ill-natur'd a Thing that every Body cry'd shame on't. Well then! says *Bessur*, why should These Birds Bely me, and say that I murder'd my Father? This Surprize created such a Suspicion, that upon sifting the Matter, it was discover'd to be so indeed, and the Parricide was brought to Justice for it.

The MORAL.

INNOCENT Blood cries aloud for Vengeance, and the Blood of a Father is yet a further Aggravation of the Crime. This is the Short of the Case. And it tells us moreover, that in Cafes of This Quality, a Guilty Conscience seldom fails to cooperate with Divine Justice, in the Punishing of the Criminal!

CCXII.

The Great Rogues hang-up the Little ones.

THERE was a Huge Crowd of People got together, with Guards and Officers about them, and every Body enquiring what might be the Bus'ness. Some said one Thing, some another, till one of the Company at last bad them have but a Little Patience and He'd tell them. Yonder says he, has been a Squabble, it seems, about a *Cheat*, or a *Robbery* as we call it: the *Great Rogues* have gotten the better on't, and are carrying the *Little Rogues* to the Gallows. Or if you would have it in a Few Words, they are going to do Justice upon Half a Dozen Poor Fellows for robbing the Treasury.

The

The MORAL.

THERE was a Time in the Memory of Man, when it was True, according to the very *Letter*, that the *Great Rogues* hang'd up the *Little ones*. And it was moreover True, according to the *Moral*, that the Bench deserv'd the Gibbet better than the Prisoner. And This is no more then a Common Case, where Iniquity takes upon it self, both the Name, and the Administration of Justice.

CCXIII.

A Criminating Deceitlike.

IN the Warr betwixt *Anthony* and *Augustus*, a *Mechanick* had the Providence to secure a saving After-Game on't; and his Project was This. He taught a Couple of *Parrots* their *Lesson*; the one was to cry [*Long Live Antonius*] and the Other, [*Long Live Augustus* :] so that whether soever got the better on't, one of the Birds would be sure to be on the Stronger Side.

The MORAL.

THE Wisdom of This World is the Skill of Tracing Causes into their Effects, and at the same time making such use of the Present, as may render it subservient to the Advantages of an After-Game. It is, in fine, an Honest, and a Prudential way of providing against all Chances, and making a Friend of the Stronger Party. Not but that there may be Hypocrisy also, in *Signs and Tokens*, as well as in *Words at length*, if they be not kept within their Just Bounds and Measures.

CCXIV.

Fire and an Earthen Pot.

AN *Earthen Pot*, that had been along while Burning and Baking in a Sharp and Lingring Pain, made earnest Suit to the *Fire* to be dash'd all to Pieces, and put out of its Misery: for then says the Pot I shall be thrown aside and lye Quiet and forgotten, among the Rubbish. This was hard press'd, and no Argument wanting in fine; that might
move

move Compassion. Well! says the *Fire*, And what if you should be Ground to Pieces now, you'll be never the more at Ease for't: but People will be still Beating and Ramming of you into Floors and Pavements, and doing you some Mischief or other, in fine, to the Worlds end.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no Thought of Living in This World, but upon the Common Conditions of Humane Life. That is to say, effectually, in a Contin'd Transition from one Misery to another, from the Cradle to the Grave. When the *Fire* leaves us, the *Rammer* Begins; which is no more in the *Moral*, then that one Uneasiness makes way for Another, and go goes on in a Train of Succession, till we have finish'd our Course.

CCXV.

P. Æmilus and the King of Persia.

A King of *Persia*, that was overthrown by *Paulus Æmilus*, and taken Prisoner, cast himself at the Conquerour's Feet, and Beg'd his Life. *Out of my Sight*, says *Æmilus*, *thou Scandal of my Victory! I flatter'd my self that I had overcome a Great Prince, and when all comes to all, 'tis only a Pityful wretch it seems, that has not the Soul of a Woman in him.*

The MORAL.

VICTORY is but the Chance of Warr, and a Battle may be Lost without any Dishonour to him that is overcome: but for a Prince then, to fall down upon his Knees to his Master; and beg his Life; the Spectacle is so Lothsome that it makes the Victor Himself ashamed of his Conquest.

CCXVI.

CCXVI.

Alexander and Xenocrates.

Alexander would needs bestow a Bounty of *Fifty Talents* upon the Philosopher *Xenocrates*, but the Good Man made a Scruple of Receiving it: for he said, he had no need of it. Well! says *Alexander*, but some Friends of yours may have Occasion perhaps for such a Summ. Alas! says the Philosopher, I have so many Friends it would not be every Man a Mouthful, and at the same time, the *Great Alexander* has not Friends enow so much as to Receive it.

The MORAL.

IF the Philosopher had been a *Courtier*, he would not have Dealt so bluntly with his Great Patron: but his Profession may pass for an Excuse, upon the Points of Interest, and Good Manners. But the Strefs of the *Innuendo* lies upon This, that *Sovereign Princes have few Friends*, and it is not so much a Flourish, as a Demonstrative Truth; for there can be no Friendship but betwixt Equals.

CCXVII.

A Plague among the Beasts.

IN the Time of a Terrible *Plague* among the *Beasts*, the *Lyon* laid the Affliction to Heart and consulted the History of Past Times for Precedents, and a Light how to Govern himself in the like Case. Upon a Diligent Enquiry into This Matter, he found several Instances of national Calamities that were pour'd down upon the World still in the Lewdest of Times; and that the usual Method for the Removing of Those Judgments, was for the People to examine themselves one by one, and the most Guilty to be made a Sacrifice for the Common Safety. The *Lyon*, upon This Consideration, calls a Council, and proposes a Scrutiny, and for Example-sake, offers to lead the way himself.

I do confess, says he, my Intemperate Love of Mutton, and that I have devour'd a Multitude of Poor Innocent Sheep; nay Shepherds and

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and all sometimes, without any Provocation or Offence. This I am heartily sorry for, and if you shall think fit to lay the Judgment at my Door, for This Iniquity, I am here ready to offer up my self for the Devote.

Alas! Sir, says the Fox, you are too Nice and Scrupulous to think of Sacrificing a Prince to a Rascally Scabb'd Sheep, and then to talk of a Tenderness for Shepherds too! Why These Shepherds are MEN, and our Profess'd Enemies; a sort of Tyrants that set up for our Masters, and to Lord it over the whole Creation. The Glavering Courtiers went all to the same Tune: and so for the Bears, the Wolves and the Tygers, and all other Beasts of Force and Prey, to the very Hounds, and Mastiffs, they all pald muster I warrant ye, for Petty Saints. But it came in the end to the Ass's Turn to Speak, and it was much to This purpose.

It was my Hap says the Ass, to be extremely sharp set once in a Delicate fine Meadow, belonging to a Religious House, where the Grass was Tender and in Great Plenty: but my Worthy Friends, says the Ass, the Temptation was Strong, and the Opportunity Fair, so that without mincing the Matter, I must confess that I cropt a Mouthful of That Grass, though my Conscience told me at the same time, I had no Right to it. As he was going forward, the whole Herd interrupted him by Consent. Enough, enough, they cry'd, for That Sacrilege is the Crime that has brought This Judgment upon us, and we shall never need to look further for a Sacrifice.

THE MORAL.

THIS Fable looks much better in the Morality of the Application, then it does in the Original Dress, and my Exception is to the confounding of Holy Matters with Prophane. The Doctrine however is true upon the main, that we are Punish'd for our Iniquities, and that Crying Sins seldom fail of being follow'd with Exemplary Judgments.

We are likewise to observe, that as all the Beasts, from the Lyon to the Ass are Parties to the Provocation, so the Case holds in the same Proportion from the Sovereign to the Slave. The Beasts of Force, and Prey, come all well enough off, for the most Notorious Cruelties, and Oppressions; and the Ass only left at Stake to Expiate for all the rest. And what is This more at last then the very Practice of the World, where the Weak and the Innocent are deliver'd up to atone for the Sins of the Mighty.

CCXVIII.

CCXVIII.

A Fig-Tree and Thunder.

There was a Fig-Tree that stood upon a Rising Ground, with a Pretty Rivolet running at the Foot of it. The Situation was so Pleasant, the Fruit so Delicious, and Inviting; the Boughs and Leaves so Large, Thick, and Interwoven, for the Advantage of a Refreshing Shade, that it became a Common Receptacle, and Rendezvous for all sorts of Birds. There fell one Day, after a Violent Heat, so Dreadful a Tempest of Thunder and Lightning, that the Birds were forc'd to look out for Sanctuary elsewhere. They had no sooner quitted the Tree, but it took Fire, and the Fruit, and the Leaves were all consum'd in a Moment. But after some Half an Hour, the Storm blew over, and several of the Birds return'd to their Former Station, though so strangely alter'd, that they scarce knew it again when they saw it. In the Conclusion, the Turtles, and some other Generous-Spirited Birds, came and Perch'd there once more, without taking any Disgust at the Sulphurous Vapour, that the Thunder had left behind it. The Vultures, Kites and other Birds of Prey, stood in Admiration at their Courage, and would fain have drawn them off to a Green Oak at hand there, where they might be Safe and Easy: but for staying there any Longer, in Defiance of such a Judgment, they did not see any Colour of Duty, they said, Honour, Satisfaction, or Security, in the Adventure, but the Turtles and Their Companions were of another Opinion however, and so Sensible of the Obligations they had to That Fig-tree, that Living or Dying, Happy or Miserable, they were resolv'd to Stand or Fall together.

THE MORAL.

THIS Fable is a Lively Figure of the Course of the World. In Prosperity we live Sociably enough one with another, like the Birds at their Common Rendezvous. In Adversity, the Birds of Prey, like Men of Interest, and Time-fervers, play a Game of their own apart, in contradiction to all the Rules and Methods of Honour and Virtue.

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Finally, we are told in the Generous, and Fearless Return of the *Turtles* to their Former Station, that an Honest and a Grateful Man will be True to his Friend, in all Fortunes and Extremes.

CCXIX.

A Lyon and a Beare.

There was an Outrageous *Beare*, so Fierce and Malicious, that no Creature scap'd him, that was not either too Nimble, or too Strong for him. He went on Dominating a pretty while, before his Master, the *Lyon*, knew any thing of the Matter, and consequently before any Order could be taken about it: but so soon as ever the Story came to the *Lyon's* Ear, he presently call'd his People together, and put himself in a Condition to Ferret him out of his Hold; sending him an Express Command by the *Fox* over and above, to return to his Duty. The *Beare* had so little Regard, either to the Commissioner, or to the Commission it self, that the Messenger had much ado to get off with a whole Skin. Upon This Insolence, the *Lyon* march'd immediately and begirt the Wood where he was. But the *Beare* was Strong, and Bold, and Depended much upon the Huffs of his Party, and what Wonders they would do for him; whenever it came to a Push. But when the Beasts were made sensible of the Danger, and that the *Lyon* Himself was at the Head on't, there was no longer any Faith or Courage to be heard of in the whole Party: but every Creature shifted for it self, some one way, some another: One takes a Tree, Another creeps into a Hole, or the Crag of a Rock, till at last, the *Beare* was left Single and Naked, and abandon'd to the Brunt of the Main Shock.

In This Distress, the *Beare* was once in the mind to sell his Life as Dear as he could, but upon Second Thoughts, considering the Desperate State of his Condition, and that he had a Generous Enemy to deal withal, he chose rather to cast himself at the *Lyon's* Feet, and Submit. So soon as the *Lyon* had him in Sight, he fell to lashing of himself with his Tayle, and grinding his Teeth at him with all the Fire and Rage in his Eyes imaginable; but when he saw him upon his nearer

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Approche, Trayling his Belly upon the Ground, in the Posture of a Supplicant and a Penitent, he layd aside all the Signs of Fierceness and Indignation, and advanc'd fairly toward him with the Countenance of a Disposition to pardon him. There were those about him that pres'd violently against it. *Can you imagine*, they cry'd, *if This Bear should ever come to have You at His Mercy, as you have Him at Yours, that you are to expect the same Quarter?* No Matter says the *Lyon*, let Him do like a *Bear*, it'll do like a *Lyon*.

The MORAL.

THERE is no Tyranny so Outragious and Insupportable as that of a Corrupt Minister under a Credulous and an Easy Master, and the Insolence advances by Degrees to the very Defiance and Contempt of the Governour: especially when supported by the Clamours of an Impetuous Rabble; (as we find it represented in the Copy here before us.) And encouraged by the Heedlessness of a Careless Prince.

The Sequel of This Fable gives us further to understand the Danger of *Rousing a Sleeping Lyon*, and that there is no Trust at last to the Faith and Courage of a Brutal Multitude: for the *Lyon* no sooner shews his Head, but all his Enemies fly before him. It may be likewise observ'd, that this is well nigh the Fate of all Tumultuary Com-motions, where the Sovereign is not wanting to himself.

We are told again, that Victory is but one half of the Work, if it be not managed with Honour and Moderation: and that there will never want officious Incendiaries in such Cases to put Princes upon Extremes. But it is not for the Dignity of the Royal Character to consult Common Measures.

CCXX.

An Eagle and her Young.

There was a Cast of *Eagles* in an Ayery, and the Fledger of the Two was still pressing the Damm to let her take her Liberty in the World, as other *Eagles* did. The Old one told her, that she had neither Wings, Strength, nor Practice, for such an Adventure; and that she was too young to be trusted Abroad upon the Ramble. The *Damm* went on in This Discouraging way, till she found that she would take no Denial, and so took her at last into a Gentle Flowery Medow where she might fall Soft in Case of any Mis-

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Miscarriage; and there, for Quiet-sake, she gave her leave to make her First Experiment. She was no sooner upon Wing, but down she came Fluttering into the Grass, crying out all the way she fell, that no body should ever take her at that Sport again, till her Feathers were better grown; but yet within a Few Days she was at her Mother again, only to lead the way and give her leave to follow. The Damm put her off for the present, and went out a Forraging, charging the Eagle upon her Blessing not to stir abroad till she return'd.

In This Interval, up comes a *Kite* to the *Young Eagle*, and sets her so desperately agog upon Roving, that without any more ado, she springs into the Air, and after a Short Struggle with an Insuperable Difficulty, down she drops screaming upon the Sand. The Old Eagle posts away to her upon the Cry, and finding the *Kite* with her that had debauch'd her; she tore him to Pieces upon the place, and carry'd the Young one away to her Nest.

The MORAL.

THE World will be at a fine Pass when Children shall take upon them to be wiser than their Parents, or Subjects than their Governours: but as it is one Fault in Youth (though in truth a Natural Infirmity) to be Rash, Pressing and Importune; so it is no less an Oversight, in the Superiour, to Gratify an Unreasonable Request out of a Mistaken Tenderness, and Facility of Good Nature. The Best Remedy either for the Curing, or Preventing Disorders of This Quality, will be for all People to act in their Proper Stations, without breaking in upon one anothers Province. The giving way, in fine, to one Importunity, implies a kind of Right to the Liberty of another, and when they have gain'd one Point by Force of Suit and Supplication, they'll take the rest without Asking: especially with a *Kite* in the Ear of the *Eagle*, by the way of a Privy Councellour.

CXCVII.

CCXXI.

Promises are either Broken or Kept.

THE Old Saying, that *Promises are either Broken or Kept*; has more in it perhaps than every Body is aware of: for they must be Warrantable, both in the Matter of them, and in the Circumstance, to make them Binding. If it be *Just*, says *Agesilaus* I promis'd it, if *Unjust* I only said it: and That's the Condition of the Obligation in all such Cases.

The MORAL.

GOOD Faith is the Pillar, and the Ciment of *Humane Society*; which first Makes us all of a Piece, and then when we are Incorporated, Keeps us together. It highly concerns us to Promise nothing but what lawfully we may, and what we intend, honestly to Perform. So that *Agesilaus* was much in the Right, in his Opinion, that *no Promise can be Binding that is not Just*: For every such Contract is a Void Act in the Institution, unless we can find out a way to reconcile the Two Contradictions of Good and Evil.

CCXXII.

Life is but a Game at Chess.

THE whole History of Mankind is but a Game at Chess; where several Orders of Men, have their several Walks and Stations assign'd them, and when the Game is out, they are all Jumbled one with another into the same Bag.

The MORAL.

THIS Allusion does naturally mind us of the Condition and Bus'ness of Mankind. So long as the *Game* is a *Playing*; the *World* is in *Action*, and all sorts of Men, from the Prince to the Peasant, have their Parts in't; but so soon as the Game of Life is over, we are all huddled promiscuously into the Grave together: *Kings*, *Noblemen*, and *Peasants*, without any Distinction of *Age*, *Sex*, or *Degree*.

CCXXIII.

CCXXIII.

A Panther and a Lyon.

A Panther, that had been a long time Master of a Considerable Forrest, laid it heavily to Heart to find that the Lyon had put an Elephant over his Head, in Possession of it. The Panther storm'd at the Affront, and at the Lyon Himself, and enter'd immediately into a Plot upon the New Governour, with a Resolution, to destroy Lyon, Beasts, Forrests and all. The Practice was so Notorious that there could be no doubt of the Conspiracy, and the Resolution taken was This.

There was a Toyle to be set for the Lyon, and only the most Daring of the Beasts to be taken into the Party. But the attempt carry'd so many Difficulties along with it, that the Confederates themselves slip't their Necks out of the Collar, and one after another, fell to Rebuking the Panther. Some Blam'd him for his Cruelty : others for his Rashness, and some again for his Arrogance, and Overweening. This Wrought so far upon the Lyon, that he resolv'd to pardon all the Accomplices, and only to make the Principal an Example; resolv'g likewise to see the doing of the Execution Himself. When he had wait'd a Good Half Hour, with Gall and Revenge in his Thought, up comes at last the Panther, advancing toward him, with such a Gravity of March, and Countenance, and with a Coat so Curiously Powder'd, that the Lyon's Heart would not serve him to go thorough with his Work. No no, says he in a Passion, *it shall never be said of me, that I took away the Life of so Beautiful a Creature, wherefore let him live : but with a Chain about his Neck, that I may have it in my Power, if ever he should relaps, to take him up again.*

The MORAL.

THE Story here of the Panther and the Lyon, is just the Case of many a Prince and a Subject: the Former puts the Latter out of Commission, and the Other enters into a Conspiracy upon't against his Master: which is but according to the Common Practice of the World, where Men are as Mercenary as this Beast, and do their Duty more for Profit than Conscience.

The Lyon's Generous Behaviour toward the Panther, when he had him at Mercy, for the Bravery of his Conduct, and the Gracefulness of his Person, shews us the Force of a Glorious Resolution, and Address, upon the Spirit of a Gallant Enemy: but we are to take This Prudential Caution along with it, *not to save a Thief from the Gallows to cut our own Throats*: that is to say; a Good and a Wise Man, will be as Merciful and Tender as is possible, without Hazzarding the Main Chance.

CCXXIV.

Thyrsis and Amarante.

WELL well! says Thyrsis to Amarante, *I am surely a Miserable Creature, and yet if you your self were but in my Condition, you would not change That Misery for all the Glory under the Sun. But praye let me tell you my Story, and take it upon my Credit for the Truth of it, for you shall be the Last Woman in This World that I tell a False Thing to.* Out with it and welcome then, says Amarante, and tell me frankly what it is that troubles you.

Why, says Thyrsis, it passes in the World by the Name of Love. That's a Gay Word, says Amarante, but how shall I know that same Love when I see it? Praye how do you find your self when the Fit's upon you? *Why it makes me Sick, says Thyrsis, but at such a rate, that I would not for the whole World be well again. It makes me do, I know not what, I know not why, and puts all other Things out of my Thought, to make way for One. It makes me fly all Company, and yet I cannot endure to be alone; for wherever I go, I am still haunted with One and the same Image; It makes me Blind, Deaf, and insensible to every Thing else, and I cannot forbear Blushing and Sighing, at the very Name of it. It is, in fine, what I cannot live without, and yet, I dread to think on't.* Amarante started at That Word, and cry'd out all on a Sudden, *Ah Thyrsis, Thyrsis! says she, this is no News to me all This while, for Thy Grief and Mine are the very same.* That obliging Hint put the Youth quite out of his Wits with Joy, till with one word more she spoil'd all. *This This, says she, is my very Case with Clidamur.*

The MORAL.

WE have here before us the Lively Symptoms of a Wayward, Uneasy Love: a Passion that will never let us be well, *Full nor Fasting*: but makes us equally Miserable both Ways; and then leaves us Comfortless, without, not only the *Hope*, but so much as the very *Desire* of a *Cure*. We neither know what we ayle, nor what we would be at, but a *Phantastical Disease must have a Phantastical Remedy*.

CCXXV.

A Sheep a Goat and a Pig.

A Country-fellow took a *Sheep* a *Goat* and a *Pig* in his Cart to Market with him. The *Pig* scream'd, as if Twenty Daggers had been at the Heart of him: and the other Two as Quiet all the way as if they had been asleep. But the *Pig*, in short, was so Troublesome and Vexatious, that the Cartter gave him a Rebuke for it. *Hark ye Sirrah*, says he, *here are your Betters, the Sheep and the Goat, that make none of these Outcries; and what do you lie bawling at?* Yes yes, says the *Pig*; the *Sheep*, and the *Goat*, are well enough for they have *Wool* and *Milk* to Compound for; but the Poor *Pig* is sure to go to *Por*, as a Creature that's Good for nothing in This World but to be Eaten.

The MORAL.

IT may pass for a Note upon This Text that all unreasonable Creatures are Subjected by Providence to the Use and Service of Man; some for our Necessities, other for our Convenience. It may serve likewise for Another Hint, that These very Creatures themselves, how Irrational soever we may pronounce them, have yet some Distinguishing Notices of the State of their Condition. As the *Sheep* and the *Goat*, that have *Milk* and *Wool* to compound for their Lives withal, are nothing so Sollicitous as the Squealing *Pig*, that's good for nothing till he be Dead.

CCXXVI.

CCXXVI.

An Old Woman and a Flagon.

THEre was an Empty *Flagon*, that had still the Flavour of the Noble Wine that had been last in it. An *Old Woman* took it up to her Head, and when she had snuff'd heartily at it; *Oh thou Divine Spirit!* says she, *if there be such a Fragrancy in thy very Lees, and Reliques, how Precious a Cordial wert thou in thy Primitive State and Vigour!*

The MORAL.

A Good Name is a Sweet Ojment: and *Phædrus*, in his Age, applies the Hint of This Moral to his own Case, both as his Glory and as his Excuse. It points at the Difference betwixt the Force of Youth, and Spirit, and the Failings of Old Age; intimating at the same time, that the Memory of an Honourable and a Virtuous Life, ought to be kept Sacred: and not without Allowances for Natural Decays; for the Bare Good Will is Sufficient, when the Ability is gone, and the very Love and Savour of Goodness is the Virtue of That Season.

CCXXVII.

A Notable Scripture.

A Man that made a Conscience, both of an *Oath*, and of a *Law-suit*, had the Wit yet to make a Greater Conscience of Losing an Estate for want of *Suing*, and *Swearing*, to Defend it; so that upon consulting the Chapter of Dispensations, he compounded the Matter: with certain *Salvos*, and *Reserves*. *Thou talkest* (says he to a Friend of his) *of Suing, and Swearing. Why for the one, it is my Attorney's Ueth: and then for the Other, what signifies the Kissing of the Book with a Calves-Skin-Cover and a Fast bord Sciffing betwixt a Man's Lips and the Text?*

The MORAL.

AT This rate it is that we go on Trifling with God and Man. We are not Free to do *This*, nor Free to do *That*; but we are yet Free enough at last to do the self same Thing the Wrong way. We Create Scruples,

not so much out of a Conscience for the Thing, as from an Aversion to the Authority of the Action in the Manner of doing it. Government, how necessary soever in the Constitution, is yet made Tyranny in the Exercise, and in the Order of it: but be it what it will, One way, we are sure that an Universal Liberty is a most Diabolical State of Confusion the Other; for it crosses the very Decrees and Resolutions of Heaven it self. Now This way of playing *Fast and Loose* with Casuistical Phanacies, may do well enough out of the Mouth of the Puritan in the *Alephymist*: i. e. that CASTING of *Dollars* may be Lawful, though not QUOINING: but there's no Room for This way of Foolery and Affectation in the Sobriety of a Religious Discourse. The Consequence will be This, in fine; that all People shall be in the Right, where every Man takes upon him to be the Judge in his own Case, and to Absolve Himself.

CCXXVIII.

A Fox and a Mole.

THE Beasts call'd a Chapter for the Choice of a *President*, and the *Fox* put in for a Pretender as a Master in all the Faculties of Art and Legerdemain. The Court was so possess'd in Favour of his Sagacity and Conduct, that he had certainly carry'd his Point, if a Puzling *Mole* had not thrown a Rub in his way. A NOTABLE Proof indeed, says the *Mole*, of his Sagacity and Conduct, to build a House without either a Back-Door, or a Chimney: to't; and there lie choaking to Death for want of Air. When was it heard of, that a Poor Mole, Blind and Contemptible as we are, was ever Guilty of such a Blunder?

The MORAL.

THERE is as much Difference betwixt *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, as betwixt the Talent of a *Buffon*, and of a *Statesman*: and yet it is no New Thing in the Ordinary Course of the World, for the one to pass for the other. As the *Fox* had carry'd it in This Case from all the other Competitors, if the Silly *Mole* had not made it appear to the Bord, that *Reynard's* Talent was only *Whimsy*, and *Quirk*, without either *Foresight*, or *Judgment*. And it is further to be observ'd, for the Aggravation of the Reproche, how judicially the Crafty are Confounded, out of the Mouths of the Simple.

CCXXIX.

CCXXXIX.

An Extravagant Dream.

A Loose Prodigal Fellow dreamt he had lost all his Money at Play, and in the Heat of that Phancy got out of Bed in his Sleep and Hang'd Himself. A Miserable Penurious Wretch had much such Another Dream, and when he was going to rife, with a Full Resolution to lay Violent Hands upon himself too, his Heart would not serve him to be at the Charge of a Halter.

The MORAL.

THE Love of *Money* works all manner of Ways. One Man Hangs himself for the Loss of it, Another Man forbears Hanging himself, to Save it. To say nothing of the Risques that People incur for the Gathering and Gaining of it. It is to be noted that This was but in a Dream neither, to shew the Force of Mockery and Illusion, and that Men are Govern'd by the same Affections, Sleeping and Waking.

CCXXX.

A Nonconforming Minister.

THERE was a Minister turn'd out of his Living for not Conforming. Well! says he, If they go on at This rate, it shall cost Five Hundred Men's Lives before I have done with them. The Poor Man was taken up by a Warrant, and carry'd before the Council, where he was strictly examin'd, and call'd upon to explain himself. Why my Lords, says he, I have a Wife and a Family to maintain, and if I may not be allow'd to Preach for a Livelihood, I must Practise Physick to keep Life and Soul together; and there may be more Danger perhaps in a Pill, than in a Text.

The MORAL.

THIS Point will bear a Descant more ways than one: for not only Body and Soul are at Stake, with a Respect to particular Persons, but Publicque Order, over and above. The Com-off however is Aity and Pleasant

Pleasant enough, and within a very little of a *True Jest*: for it may be a Question at last, whether the *Empyrick* or the *Schismatick* is the more Dangerous Instrument in a State. But there must be no Playing Tricks with Holy Things, and Quibbling upon the Sacredness of Authority.

CCXXXI.

The Mountebanks Treat.

A *Mountebank*, that was just about to change his *Quarter*, gave Notice of it to his Customers and Benefactors: that so many of them as would be pleas'd to take their leave of him the Next Morning, he would make them a *Present of Eighteen-Pence a piece, for a Parting Acknowledgment*. The Company met at the appointed Time, and Place: and immediately out comes the *Doctor*, with a *Glass* in his Hand. *Look ye my Worthy Friends*, says he, *I am now about to be as good as my Word. This Glass is my Never-failing-Cordial: you paid me Half a Crown a Bottle for it before, and you shall have it now, for a Shilling, so that there's the Eighteen Pence a piece I promis'd you.*

The MORAL.

TAKE the whole Body of Mankind, one Man with Another; and we are as Arrant *Quacks*, in the Vanity of our Dealings, and Pretences in the World, as This *Mountebank* is upon the Stage. What is Humane Society it self, (with Reverence be it Spoken) but a Corporation of *Rooks* and *Sharpers*, that Couzen one another more or less by a kind of Agreement and Consent? For all manner of Cheating, but what the Law lays hold of, goes for nothing. And This holds, from *Philosophers*, and *State-Menders*, to the very *Jackpudding*: and *Tumblers* at a *Bartholomew-Fair*. We do all deal, in fine, more or less, upon the Juggle, but not without Plausible Commissions for what we do; neither are we without Great Examples of Men in Authority, that make a Trade and a Lively-hood of putting other People's Monys in their Own Pockets for the Publique Good.

CCXXXII.

CCXXXII.

A Prince and his Valet de Chambre.

A Prince's *Valet de Chambre* fell desperately in love with his Master's Lady; There was no Corrupting her, and the very Attempt would have been certain Death. This Difficulty did not hinder him however from setting his Brains at work how to Compas his end, which he found was not to be done at last, but in the Person of his Master.

The Prince was a Man of Business, and indefatigable in attending the Functions of his Office. He would be early and late at Council, and so lodg'd sometimes in a Chamber apart from his Lady, upon those Unseasonable Occasions, though not without giving her a Visit sometimes, and so back again to his own Bed. This Practice of his ran mightily in his Servants Head, and so did his passing in That Manner from one Bed to the other. He went commonly in such a *Dressing-Gown*, with a *White Wand* in one hand, and a *Dark-Lantern* in the other. Upon *Two Knocks at the Door*, the *Waiting-Woman* was ready within hearing to let him in, and then waited in the *Anti-Chamber*, with the *Lantern*, and the *Wand*, for his coming out again: for in the *Bed-Chamber* there was no *Light at all*.

The Prince had been late up one Night, and what did me This Spark, but take his Master's *Gown, Wand, and Lantern*, counterfeit the same Knock; and away to Bed to his Lady, flashing the Light still going and coming, in the Eyes of the *Waiting-Woman*. One time when he had laid his Implements down where he found them, away goes he to his own Bed again, and upon This very Nick of Time, it came into the Prince's Head to give his Lady a Visit. The *Wench*, and the *Princess* were both a little surpris'd at his coming again so soon, and the Prince himself took Notice of it, but without making any Words on't at present. He gather'd from his Lady's Discourse that some body had been there before him, and knowing that there were no Strangers in the House, he concluded that This Impostor must be one of his Family: and so from Bed to Bed he went to try what Discovery he could

could make among his Servants. He found them all fast asleep and their Pulses in Excellent Order, saving only one of them that Beat very Quick and Unequal. This Disorder gave him so Strong a Suspicion of the Man that he took a Pair of Scissers and cut-off the Right Lock of the Fellow's Hair, and so left him. The Man had his Wits about him, it seems, and so soon as ever the Master was gone, away goes he, and cuts off the Right Lock of all his Fellow-Servants too. The Prince, early next Morning, commanded all his People to attend him; and finding them all in the same Cur, and Cropt alike: Well! says he, let the Man I look for mend his Manners, and there's an end on't for This Bout.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no setting Barrs or Bounds to the Licence of a Raging Lust. Dangers and Difficulties serve only to set the Invention at work ant to enflame the Spirits into a Resolution. When the Wit is once in Motion, and the Point brought to a Question which shall carry it of the Two; it breaks through all the Scruples of Honour, Duty and Confidence; and Surmounts all Opposition. Now such a Prefence of Mind will never fail of encountering One Trick with Another: as it fell out in the *Valet de Chambre's* Counterpart of the Lock here. But to conclude, the Princes Moderation upon the Result, is so far Instructive, that as there are more *Cuckolds* in the World then *Phœnixes*, so there are some Cafes wherein it may be great Prudence for a Man to put his Horns in his Pocket.

CCXXIII.

A Sheep and a Shearer.

A Sheep made an Escape out of the Hands of the Shearer, and so away he scour'd with a Dog at the Breech of him, toward the Next Thicket. The Thorns and Brambles were so Troublesome in his Passage, that by the Time he was gone half way up to the Woods, he had left his Fleece behind him in the Bushes: besides the Harrassing of his Carcass, and the Tearing of the Flesh from the Ribs over and above. And This was not all neither, for to complete his Misery, the Shepherd's Dog was now come up, and taking him by the Throat carry'd him back to his Master.

The

The MORAL.

THIS may pass for a Lesson to Those that do not know when they are well, and take the most necessary Rules and Methods of Order, and Discipline, for a Persecution: never considering that their Services are only a Tribute to their Governours for their Pastoral Cares; without which, the *Wolves* would be worse to them, then either the *Dogs*; or the *Brambles*: but the Law, and the Ministers of the Law, will be too Hard for them at last.

CCXXXIV.

A Silly Top.

AS a Parcel of Gambolling Young Fellows were together trying Feats of Activity, up stands one of the Company with a Challenge. Look ye my Masters, says he, you shall see me stand upon one Leg now, a whole Hour together; and I defy any Man of the Club to do it after me. Nay, says one of the Gang, there's none of This Company will pretend to't sure, but I'll shew you a Goofe that can.

The MORAL.

IT is natural enough for Children to Speak, and to Do Childish Things; and it is but Congruous to have it so. But People should have a Care how they Trayn up Youth to the Practice and Liking of Those Fooleryes, for if they be not set Right in time, they are Lost for ever. He that values himself upon the Facultyes of a Goofe, is in the ready Way to live and dye a Goofe: for ill Habits are Incurable Diseases.

CCXXXV.

A Tub of Ratts.

A Company of Ratts that had victual'd themselves upon the Spoil, with Cheese and Bacon, liv'd quietly and comfortably together so long as their Provision lasted: but so soon as ever the Common Stock was spent, they fell into Confusion among themselves every one for himself, and Wor'y'd one another.

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The

The MORAL.

We have no more to do, then to look back to the History of King Charles the First, and to the Methods of That Sedition, for the Embleme of This Figure. The Faction Began very orderly, with the King and his Party, and so soon as That Interest was run down, and no more Plunder to be got upon a Common Enemy, they divided among themselves, and fell to devouring one another.

CCXXXVI.

Socrates and Alcibiades.

Alcibiades was a Man of Excellent Reasoning and Discourse, in Private Conversation; and of a Ready Wit enough, betwixt Man and Man: but whenever he came to speak in Public, he was so over-sollicitous what to say, that he could hardly speak at all. These Surprizes put him into such a Confusion, that Socrates took him to Task for't. Alcibiades, says he, what do you find in a Taylor, or a Shoemaker, that should make you stand in Awe of him? Why nothing at all says he. Or in the Cryer of a Court, says Socrates again? Every jot as little, says the Other. Or what's your Opinion, I beseech you, of a Tent-maker, and Twenty other Trades that I could name? In truth, says Alcibiades, I think of Them, just as I do of the Rest. Very Good, says Socrates, And praye take Notice now, that This is the Composition of the People you have to do withal. How comes it to pass then, that Those Men that were so Despicable one by one, should be so Considerable Together?

The MORAL.

NATURAL Infirmities, and Aversions, are insuperable; and Arguments signify little or nothing against the Force of Nature: as in This Instance of Socrates and Alcibiades, where the Question is not so much how Matters Are, as how they Ought to be; and how far 'tis possible to reconcile the Practices of one Man to the Speculations of Another.

Judgment, and Elocution, are Two Things, and there's no drawing Conclusions from a Ready Presence of Wit, to the Talent of a Formal Speaker: A Man may be a Great Philosopher in his Study, and yet but a Fumbler in the Chaire. Socrates's Question to Alcibiades was Plausible enough: Why should you, says he, that despise so many Coxcombs, apart stand in Awe of them Altogether? Now This Objection is easily answered:

swer'd: for though they may be Fools, one by one, they are quite another Thing, when they come to be Incorporated into a Body: and let the Manage be never so Ridiculous, there is a Face yet of Gravity, and Wisdom, in the final Result upon the whole.

CCXXXVII.

A Sumpter-Horse and a Spanish Jennet.

A Cavalier that was bound by his Office and Profession, to serve his Prince on Horseback every Campagna, had a Spanish Jennet for his own Saddle, and a Good Stubbed, Drudging Jade, for his Man, and his Luggage. The Sumpter was to be made ready once by Peep of Day, and fell into such Freaks, that if his Master had not come in the very Nick, there would have been no getting the Horse to take his Burden. The same Humour of Kicking and Flinging at the Servant, took him again next Morning. No no: he'd carry no Cloak-Bags, he said; his Master had abus'd him, and he'd bear it no longer. The Master, upon This, fell to expostulate the Matter with the Sumpter. Hark ye, says he, what's all This Noise and Bluster for? Why, says the other, I have serv'd you Ten Years now, for the Preferment, only of an Ass, to carry your Burdens; and here's an Upstart, of a Matter of Three Years standing, set apart for the Particular Service of your Person. Now why may not we Two carry the Master and the Vallise by Turns? Alas alas! says the Master, thou wer't never cut out for a Horse of Manage, nor my Finical Spaniard for a Sumpter; so that to do as you would have me do, would be the Ruine of you Both.

The MORAL.

THERE are some certain Ends, Offices and Services, peculiarly assign'd by Providence to such and such Creatures; and the World is never so well in Order, as when every Part of the Creation keeps firm to its Proper Post and Business; for in so doing, it contributes to the Harmony and Agreement of the Whole. And yet such is the Peevish Crossness of Flesh and Blood, that not One Man of a Thousand finds himself Easy in the Station where the Divine Willdorn hath placed him: but he must be Lashing-out into Intemperate Appetites, and encroaching upon some Province or other he was never made for. The Sumpter would be a Horse of Manage; and the Subject, in a Contradiction to the very English of his Name, writes himself Free-Born, and so every Scoundrel

drel sets up for a Man of Dignity. The *Unmarr'd Man* cannot live without a *Wife*, and the *Marry'd Man* has one too much. At This rate of Levity, and Disgust, we run skipping, and shuffling, from one Thing to another; and in the conclusion, break the Peace of our Lives to gratify our Inconsiderate Longings.

CCXXXVIII.

A Cobler and a Parrot.

A Prating Mimmick of a *Parrot*, that had run thorough the Course of his Studies under the Discipline of a *Cobler*, came at last to be advanced for a Summ of Money, from his Masters *Stall* to the Service of a Great Man at *Court*; who laid a Strict Charge upon his MAJOR DOMO, to see that the Poor Bird should want for nothing. The *Steward* turn'd him over to the *Valet de Chambre*, and so they hand-ed him from one to another, with the Best Words in the World wherever he went. He was, in short, so great a Favourite, that Court was made to him on all hands to joy him of his Promotion. *Yes yes*, says the *Parrot*; *I have gotten a Gay House over my Head*, 'tis true; but *well fare my Good Old Master the Cobler still for my Money*. *There was no turning me over from Post to Pillar in Those Days*; but *my Master took Care of me himself*, without jumbling me up and down from one Place to another, till I am ready to starve at last for want of Meat and Drink.

THE MORAL.

HEE that does not know when he is well, seldom betters himself by the Change of his Condition. Witness the miserable Difference betwixt This Bird here, in a *Coblers Stall*, and his Cafe afterward, upon his Remove to a *Palace*: that is to say; betwixt the *Good Faith*, the *Cave*, and the *Tenderness* that he met withal in the *Former*, and the *Restless*, *Starving Difficulties* and *Necessities* of the *Other*. The Application of it may be This, that there's no *rustling to the Gaudy Vanities of a Court-Life*; no depending upon *Gay Words*, and *Fair Promises*, but a *Cap and a Cringe*, is all, we see, that *Poor Pall* got, to keep himself from *Starving*.

CCXXXIX.

CCXXXIX.

Storks and a Kite.

A Barn happen'd to take Fire, where a *Stork* and her Young ones were Nest'd in the Straw; the Father and the Mother lodging all together in the same Roof. The First Thing the *Cock* and the *Hen* did, was to carry off their Parents, and as they were returning for another Burden, a *Kite* twitted the *Dainm* for an *Unnatural Mother*; to leave her *Little ones* to the Flames, for a Couple of *Old Dry Carcasses* that were not worth the Saving. The *Storks* Answer was no more then This. *I Love my Children very well, but I love my Parents better*. It may please Providence to send me more *Children* when These are gone, but I am sure I can never have any more *Fathers* or *Mothers*.

THE MORAL.

IN the Cafe of such a Competition as This is, betwixt the Duty of a *Child* to a *Parent*, and that of a *Parent* to a *Child*; which of the Two is to have the Preference, where one of them is inevitably to be destroy'd, the *Stork*, as the *Embleme of Piety*, gives it for the *Parent*: and the Reason of it is Strong and Clear. For the *Tenderness* of a *Mother* to a *Child*, arises principally from the Impulse of a *Natural Affection*: whereas we are indebted to our *Parents*, for our very *Being*; beside the *Veneration* and *Obediense* that we owe them, and the same *Natural Affection*, over and above. Now in all these Cafes, we may take it for a General Rule, that some Duties are more Binding then others; and where any Two fall in Competition, the *Inferiour Obligation* must give way to the *Superiour*.

CCXL.

The Fool makes the Musick.

THERE was an *Innocent* in a *Musical Family*, that valu'd himself mightily upon a *Notable Stroke* he had in all their *Consorts*. And what was the *Fool's* Part now, but the Drawing of the *Organ-Bellow*, which, as he thought, made all the *Musick*. He took his Opportunity one time, when the *Organist* was out of the way, and invited the *Young Fellows* of the *Parish* to a *Dish of Musick*. This *Idiot* betook himself

to

to his Old Post; *Drew the Bellow, Burst the Conveyances,* and *spoil'd the Instrument.*

THE MORAL.

THERE'S hardly any great Thing done in This World, but some Fool or other Challenges the Largest Share in it: and This holds in *Councils, Treaties, Military Actions,* and likewise in all other Matters, even of the Highest Importance, from the *Minister of State,* to the *Bellow-Blower* here in the Story, as well as in *Vanities,* and *Fiddles.*

To give one Instance for all. What a deal of *History* and *Osentation* was there, among This sort of Pretenders, upon the *Restoration of King Charles the Second; who brought in the King?* when almost every body laid a *Claim* to't, but Those that *Did* it. And there went little more, in fine, to the *Credit* of the Title, than a *Fulsome, Tedious* Relation, with a [*Then said I*] at the end on't, for the Burden of the Song. And a Man can hardly put his Head into the World, even at This Day, without *Cases* in Abundance to answer the Intent of This *Embleme*: That is to say, there's hardly any Thing well done, but some Fool or other had the doing of it.

CCXLI.

A Wonderful Antipathy.

AS a Club of *Virtuosi* were Philosphizing upon the Subject of *Occult Qualities,* one of the Company took the Hint, and told a Story of a certain Lady that had undoubtedly been choak'd with a Piece of an *Apple-Tart,* if her next Neighbour at the Table, had not very dextrously got it out of her Throat. *Well well!* they cry'd, *but what's This* to *Occult Qualities?* Oh very much, says the Reporter, for the Woman was a Tender-Conscienc'd Creature, and the *Tart,* it seems, was Bottom'd with a Piece of the *Apocrypha,* and the *Antipathy* she had to That kind of Trade, would have been as much as her Life was worth, if she had not been seasonably reliev'd.

THE MORAL.

THIS has more *Jeast* in it, than *Earnest,* but the Levity of the Conceit must not Discourage the Sober use of it. There are some Fooleries must be Laugh'd out of Countenance, whereof This is One; and there's no other way of dealing with them. We make it our Bus'nels to Cre-
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ate Difficulties, where Providence and Nature have made none, and then 'tis but *Palming* Those Phancies upon the World, under the Blind of *Occult Qualities,* and the work is done: that is to say, in *Plain English, Occult Qualities* are, *we know not what.* Now This may pass well enough in the *Schools;* but we have our *Aversions* in *Religion* too; as the *Sign of the Cross* is a Greater Scandal to some People, than a *Whipping-Post* or a *Pilory,* and the *Holy Offices* of the Church, are look'd upon by others, as the *Worship of Spells;* and the *One Aversion* is just as extravagant as the *Other.*

There goes a Credible Story of a *Formal Zealot,* that, upon bringing Candles into the Room, made his Reverence, after the *Old Christian-Way,* and with a *Benediction* after it, *Lord,* says he, *send us the Light of Heaven;* but upon *Second Thoughts,* and for fear of the *Worship,* he follow'd it with This *Proviso* [*If it be not POPERY.*]

There is nothing to be said against the Christianity of This Practice: the Hint is Natural, the *Ejaculation* Pious, and the Office Short and Easy: but the Exception, at last, is certainly Impious to the Highest Degree, as if Heaven were no longer Heaven in Popish Company. Now, here's an *Antipathy* with *AVENGEANCE.*

CCXLII.

A Doctor and a Quattan Ague.

A Famous Doctor of *Physick* had a Terrible Dream one Night of a *Quattan Ague.* The Vision was so Haggish, and Ghastly, that it frighted him at first; but upon a little better Acquaintance, the *Physician* took Heart, and accosted the *Apparition* after This Manner.

Madam; says he, *I think it would be much for your Good, and for the Credit of us Both, if you and I could come to a Better Understanding one of another. You have a Faculty 'tis true, of making People look like Walking Ghosts; but then when you have drawn a Body down to a Skeleton, you commonly stop there, and leave it to the Physicians to finish the Work, and make a Carcass of it; insomuch that Thousands of your Patients come off at last, for One of Ours. And then it looks illfavour'dly, methinks, that when you have once taken Possession of a Body, 'tis a Good Two-years-Work to get you out again; to the Scandal of your Obstinacy, or of our Ignorance; not but that we can allow you to Mortify People for a While, provided you would but be gone again when we speak the Word. Mr. Doctor, says the Apparition, 'tis your Interest to Prolong Diseases, not to Shorten them, for whether the Patient Lives or Dies your Visits are all Paid for.* The

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The

The MORAL.

HERE'S a Propofal of a Better Understanding betwixt a *Quack*, and a *Quartan Ague*, with an Invidious Reflexion upon the *Doctor*, as the more Dangerous Enemy of the Two: for the Disease makes but the *Skeleton*, and then comes the *Empyrick* and makes a *Carcafs* of it. This is but too much the Practice of the World, and the Truth of the Cafe; for he that Cures his Patient, lays Violent Hands upon Himfelf, and acts againft his own Intereft. There were *Two Doctors* upon a Confultation about a Sick Man, one faid he would *Live*, t'other that he would *Dye*, and in *This Interim*, the *Patient* marches off, and leaves both his *Physicians* in the Right. *I knew what it would come to*, fays the one, and *I could have prevented it*, fays the other. As if *Life* and *Death* were no more then a *Chance at Crofs* or *Pile*; and *Phyſick* only a dealing by *Guess*.

CCXLIII.

Lobe Stung with a Bee.

AS *Cupid* was entertaining himfelf among the *Flowers* and the *Rofes*, a *Bee* got him by the *Finger*, and away goes he with a *Lamentable Story* to his *Mother* of a *Serpent* that had Stung him. Alas! for thee, Poor fimple *Wretch*! crys the *Mother*, to make fuch a *Busnefs* of a *Prickt Finger*, and at the fame time to be fo infenfible of the *Anguiſh* of fo many wounded *Hearts*.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Common but a very Natural Infirmity, for Men to be *Tender* in their own Cafe, and *Hard-hearted* in their *Neighbours*; to fay nothing of the *Injuſtice* of it. And it is remarkable again, that none are fo *Unmerciful* to other People, as *Thoſe* that are moſt *partially indulgent* to themſelves: but we have no better *Rule* to govern our ſelves by, upon *This Subject*, then to *do as we would be done by*, and to make our *Neighbours Cafe* our own.

CCXLIV.

CCXLIV.

An Honest Good-fellow.

A Certain Officer (to the Days of *Cavalier* and *Round-head*) that had been up all Night playing the *Good-fellow*, had the *Fortune*, betwixt *Ten* and *Eleven* the next Morning, as he was staggering homeward, to encounter the *Lord Mayor of London* and his *Brethren*, upon their March to *White-Hall*. The *Gentleman* was *Hot-headed*, and taking the *City-Troup* for a *Party of Round-heads*, he drew, like a *Man of Honour*, and advanc'd up to the *Body*. *You that are a Hoſte-back* fays he, *ſave your ſelves by Flight*; but for the *Foot*, *Yare all DEAD-MEN*, every *Mother's Son* of ye.

There goes Another Story much to the ſame Purpose; of *Two Topping Companions*, that, when they had been *Guzzling* till their *Heads* ran round, phancy'd themſelves in a *Storm at Sea*: threw the *Chairs* and *Stools* overboard, that is to ſay, out of the *Window*, to ſave the *Veſſel*.

The MORAL.

THERE is not any Thing fo *Trivial* but ſome *Good uſe* or other may be made of it, and the *Moral Application* of Things Said or Done is the *Art of Life*. As in the Cafe of *Theſe Two Extravagants*, for the purpose: nothing can be more *Phantaſtically Ridiculous* then the *Foolery* of the Story, and yet at the ſame time a *Wiſeman* may be the better for't: that is to ſay, we may gather from hence, that after all the *Diſorderly Fumes* and *Viſions* of *Wine*, and *Phancy*, we are ſtill *Accountable* for the *Exerciſe* of our *Reaſon*; as the *Hot-headed Soldier* did the very ſame Thing upon *This Imaginary Encounter*, that he would have done otherwiſe, if he had been *actually upon Duty*: ſo that at *This rate*, the *Underſtanding* and the *Will* work in our *Sleeps*, and render us *Answerable* for the *Immorality* of our very *Dreams*.

G g

CCXLV.

CCXLV.

A Scolding Wife.

A Poor Man had so Bitter a Cross-grain'd Shrew to his Wife, that she would never be Quiet, Full nor Fast-ing: but let him Work or Play, Drink or not Drink, or in fine do what he would, she never wanted somewhat or other to Quarrel at. When This Wretched Man had try'd all Manner of Ways and Means, Fair and Foul, and found that neither Council nor Correction would do any Good upon her, he betook himself at last to a Phancy of Encountring her, in her own Way. The Man got himself a *Cat-Pipe*; and still as the Evil Spirit came upon the Wife, the Husband put in with his Pipe, to make one in the Consort: This Humour of setting up one Squeal against another, made her so bloody-ly Mad, that she dash'd the Instrument out of his Hand, and rag'd more then ever. But the Man presently took it up again, and went soberly on with his Work, till the Woman's Patience was quite worn out. In That Fit away she flung with a Hellish Oath betwixt her Teeth, that she would be severely reveng'd of that Insupportable Villain. This part tolerably well for the present, and the next Day they had the Second Part to the same Tune. But the Woman however in the Conclusion was glad to come to Articles; She, to give over Scolding, and the Husband, Piping. Upon These Con-ditions they liv'd together like Man and Wife for ever after: and how That was, Men and their Wives are the Best Judges.

The MORAL.

He that has a *Shrew* to his *Wife*, labours under Two Incurable Dis-eases; *Noise*, and *Matrimony*, and the Doctors of the College are all agreed upon't, that there's no Remedy in This Case but Patience. The Intent of This Whimsical Conceit, is, to set forth the Impossibi-lity of Pleasing a Restless Woman, and the Vanity of attempting it: for how should any other body please a Creature that cannot please it Self? But the Poor Man did all that was to be done, however, toward making the Best of a Bad Game; and after the Tryal of all Fair, and Sober Experiments, he brought the Quarrel at last to a Composition, by setting up one *Cat-Pipe* against another: that is to say; the *held it*

one

out till she could Talk no longer, and then she gave over. This is the Condition I fear of many a Marry'd Couple that may Read This Tri-*flic*: They Brawl themselves a Weary, and then lie down to Rest: which is much the Case of the World, we Wrangle as long as we can, and then try if we can Sleep upon't.

CCXLVI.

An Eagle and Young Ravens.

IT was observ'd by an Old Experienc'd *Eagle*, that, for se-*veral* Years last past, her very Race was degenerated, and that hardly one Bird in an Age came up to the Dignity of the Kind. Upon This Remark, she put so many Raven's Eggs to her own and Hatch'd them all into one Brood, for an Ex-*periment*, to try if she could mend the Strein. The First Disclosure put her in some hopes of Gaining her Point, but she took Notice yet that one of the Little ones would be still Jobbing and Jolling his Companions, and that he would for-*sake* Sweet and Fresh Meat for Carrion. When the young ones came to be Fledge, she put them to the Eagle's Test, both for their Eyes and Mettle; and so discharg'd them the Ayry. Two of the Ravens, with one Eagle, mounted directly into the Face of the Sun, but for the rest they perish'd in the At-*tempt*: crying out to the Damm all the way they fell, to consider that she was their Mother. No no says the Old one. I could save you if I would, but I am no longer your Mother, then while you behave your selves as my Children.

The MORAL.

IT is with *Men*, in This Particular, as it is with *Birds*; and the same Thing again, with *Dogs*, and *Horses*, that it is with *Men*. They are all subject to degenerate from the Virtue and Dignity of the Race; and when they are once fallen off, there's no Thought of setting Matters Right again, but, according to the Methods here in This Fable, by *crossing the Streyn*. And if That Experiment shall happen to fall short upon the main, it will teach us however to distinguish betwixt a *Gene-*rous**, and a *Bastard Brood*; and give us moreover to understand, by the Figure of an Instructive Allusion, that *Princes*, as well as *Eagles*, must stand all Tests of Honour, and Bravery, to make them *Worthy* of the *Crowns* they wear.

CCXLVII.

A Lamb and his Companions.

THIS with Sheep as it is with Men; he that has most Flesh upon his Back, shall be most made of. This Phancy ran in the Head of a Certain Lamb that had a mind to set up for a Favourite. His Project was This. He went Begging and Bleating to his Companions one after another, only for one Soup of Milk to keep him from Starving. By This False and Scandalous Practice, (fitter indeed for a Fox or a Wolfe, than for a Sheep) he gain'd so far upon the Charity and Good Nature of the Rest of his Companions, that they left themselves as lean as Rakes, to fill to others Belly. While Matters were at This pass, up came the Butchers to Buy their Provisions, and not one Sheep of the whole Flock would serve their Turn save only That Dissembler, and Him they took off at a Considerable Price: but for the Remainder, they were all bewitch'd, they said, and one with another, not worth Three Halfpence a Score.

The MORAL.

By This Fat Sheep here in the Fold, may be understood a Rich Man in the World; and little do they think, either of them, while they lie wallowing in their Prosperity, and Plenty, that they are Both fitting up for the Shambles, and that Destruction, in the end, is the Fate that commonly attends all gotten Estates. The very same Thing that This Lamb does for Milk, Men do for Money; they Juggle, they Flatter, they Counterfeit, and all This, as Artificially, as if they had been Train'd-up at the Fountain of Fraud it self. (And where's That you'll say) But Wealth in fine, is a Snare, Men in Power are the Butchers, and the whole World is their Market.

CCXLVIII.

CCXLVIII.

Members Complaining.

WHILE a Mad Man was asleep, his Senses and his Members were all at Liberty to Lament their Misfortune. His Eyes complain'd that they were only treated either with Odious Vanities, or with Wanton Spectacles. His Hands, exercising Rapine and Violence; his Ears, entertain'd with Obscene and Blasphemous Words, and Ungrateful Sounds; his Tongue, accusom'd only to Errour, Falshy and Detraction; or somewhat else to be Repented of; his Stomach, Nauseated with Surfeits: his Head only stood Mute all this while, and he gave This Reason for't, that the Grievances of the Rest were only Particular, but the Head felt All.

The MORAL.

It was somewhat an Extravagant Thought, to phancy how a Mad Man, Waking, should be so Sober in his Sleep, as to pass so true a Judgment upon the Vices and Vanities, of This World and the Miseries of Humane Life. Now This, upon the whole Matter, is but an Appeal, from our Senses to our Consciences. 'Tis the Brutal Part of us that Complains, but it is the Reasoning Part that Suffers, in the Miscarriages of the Whole.

CCXLIX.

A Jop makes a tedious Visit to a Philosopher.

AN Insipid Impertinent Coxcomb made a whole Afternoon's Visit to a certain Eminent Philosopher, and at Night, when the Persecution was over, he brought himself off with This Flourish. Sir, says he, I should not leave you so soon, but that I am afraid I may be Troublesome: No no Sir, says the Good Man, not in the least, for I have not so much as Thought of you ever since you came In.

The

The MORAL.

If the First Inventors of Pains, and Tortures, for the most Execrable of Malefactors, had but a little better bethought themselves, they would never have condemn'd any Criminal with one Grain of Sense in him, to the Rack, the Boor, the Gibbet, or any other Corporal Punishment: but rather to the Mortification of a *Tedious, Talking Fool*, as the more In-supportable Plague of the Two: for the *One* only affects the *Body*, but the *Other* Wounds the very *Soul*.

CCL.

A Crow and an Augur.

Those that we call *Fortunetellers*, were in Old Time call'd *Augurs*: a sort of People that make a Judgment of Things to come; partly by the Flight of *Birds*, and partly otherwise, and they were Men of Great Credit in the World for their pretended *Forefight*.

As one of These *Prognosticators* was abroad a *Stargazing*; up comes a *Wizzard* of a *Crow* to him, and accosts him after This Manner. *Sir*, says the *Crow*, with Honour to your Profession; what may be the Reason, I beseech you, that we Crows are look'd upon as *Birds* of an Evil Omen? I do not know that ever we did any *Creature* Harm. Well! says the *Cunning Man*, but it is generally observ'd, that you are still hovering about *Churchyards*, *Lay-halls*, and Places of Execution; and that your *Haunts* are much among *Carcasses*, and your *Wonts*, in Time of *Warr*, and *Plagues*, look'd upon as *Fore-bodings*. Very Good! says the *Crow*, but yet for all your *Wisdom*, We are not the *Animals* that you take us for. We do not eat *Carrion* for the Love of *Horseflesh*, or for the *Dead Body-fake*, but for want of *Better Commons*.

The MORAL.

THERE is is no Judgment to be made of a Man that acts more out of *Necessity*, than *Choice*, and lies under a Force, perhaps, that carries him contrary to his Inclination. Now People are apt to make the worst of Things in These *Doubtful Cases*, as it fell out here with the *Conjuror*, and the *Crow*. The *Bird*, it seems, lay under an *Ill Name*, for keeping *Beastly Haunts*, and *Lewd Company*; when there was no more in it at last, than a *Sharper Springing* for a *Dinner*; not for the Love of the *Carrion*, but

but as the *Cafe stood*, the *Crow* had only *Hobfow's Choice* before him; *That, or Nothing*.

CCLI.

A Young Lobster and her Mother.

Alas! my Dear Mother, says a *Young Lobster* to the *Old* one, praye do but see what a *Natty Pickle* your *Poor Child* is in, with *Sluttery* and *Beastlyness* all over! But yonder are my *Sisters*, I warrant ye, *Gossiping* and *Junketing* together, I know not how many of them, and sparkling in their *Bravery* and *Scarlet*, as *Glorious* as the *Sun*. Now a *Body* would think, that we that are all of the *same Brood*, should be all in the *same Livery*. Well-a-day! says the *Mother*; thou *Poor*, *Silly Wretch*! Their *Finery* makes *Thee Uneasy*; and yet at the same time, those very *Sisters* of thine, would give the whole *World* if they had it, to be but as *Plain*, and as *Homely* as thou art, without *Fooling* away their *Lives* for a *Gay Coat*.

The MORAL.

'Tis better, they say, to be *Envy'd*, than *Pity'd*: that is to say, 'tis better to be in a *Good Condition* than in a *Bad*, provided always that we distinguish aright betwixt the *One* and the *Other*, and that we do not *Envy* where we should *Pity*, nor *Pity* on the other hand, in the *Wrong Place*. For there are, that set their *Hearts* upon the *Vanities* and the *Glories* of This *World*, as the *Badges* of it; to the *Degree* even of taking *Life* for *Death*, and *Death* for *Life*: as in the Instance of a *Nice Foolish Lobster* here, that, by a miserable *Mistake*, chose rather to be *Dead*, than *Dirty*.

CCLII.

Two Brothers sent for a Surgeon and a Midwife.

There were *Two Brothers* sent out in all haste; the one for a *Surgeon*, and the other for a *Midwife*, but they stood gaping at a *Mountebank*, so long by the way, that in This *Interim* their *Father* was *Dead* of a *Plurisy*, and their *Mother*, of a *Miscarriage*, for want of a *Timely Assistance*.

The

The MORAL.

JUST at This Boyish rate do we trifle away our Precious Minutes, in the great Exigencies of *Life and Death*: every *Foolery* diverts us from our *Duty*, though we know, at the same time, that the Comforts of *Soul and Body*, and of a *Blessed Eternity* it self, depend upon the Right Application and Improvement of those very *Moments*. We are to gather from hence, that every Thing is to be done in the Right *Place* and *Season*; and that *Lost Opportunities* are never to be recover'd. *Delays* are *Dangerous*.

CCLIII.

Rome taken by a strange accident.

AS the Emperour *Armolphus* was Marching up to *Rome* with a *Mighty Army*, and his *Troops* posted in a *Readyness* to give the *Assault*; up starts a *Hare* in the Middle of the Field, and such a *Clamour* and *Confusion* upon That *Accident*, that the *Garison* took a *Panick Fright* upon't, under an *Apprehension* that the *Enemy* was just falling on upon the *Town*. In This *Consternation*, they quitted the *Walls*, and the *Imperialists*, taking *Advantage* of That *Mistake*, enter'd the *City*.

The MORAL.

HERE'S a Short *Lecture* upon the Force of *Imagination*, and the *Instability* of *Humane Affairs*; where the most *Timorous* of *Creatures* does the Office of a *Mighty Army*, and more, perhaps, than the *Power* and *Politicks* of an *Emperour*, in the Head of a *Hundred Thousand Men*, could have done without it. A *Man* might bring *Infances* innumerable of These *Impressions*, by *Fear*, *Phancy*, and *Panick Terrors*. But it may serve, once for all, to tell us, that in *Matters* even of the *Greatest* moment, the *World* is govern'd rather by *Imagination*, than by *Reason*; and we *Live* but by *Guess*.

CCLIV.

CCLIV.

An Elephant and a Rhinoceros

HERE pass'd a Challenge betwixt an *Elephant* and a *Rhinoceros*; *Time* and *Place* appointed, and both ready for the encounter. How come you, says the *Rhinoceros*; that are a *Beast*, to take upon you the handling of a *Sword*, which is a *Weapon Peculiar* to *Man*? And then again, how come you to consult the *Starrs* about the *Succession* of *Empires*, and to write down the *Resolution* in *Magical Letters* upon the *Sand*? Well! says the *Elephant*; the *Skill* of managing a *Sword*, is no *Crime* I hope, unless it be one to defend my *Country*. And then for my looking up to *Heaven*, 'tis no more then we all do, *Morning* and *Evening*, in *Acknowledgment* of the *Benefits* we receive from above. And so for my writing with my *Trunk* upon the *Sand*, it may serve to inform you, that we are *Capable* of *Discharging* even the *Nicest* of *Humane Offices*. This is not either to *Decline*, or *Delay* the *Combat*; and so they Both stood to their *Arms*; the One advancing his *Trunk*, and the Other his *Horn*. While they were now coming to the very *Push*, they found themselves surpriz'd, upon the *Sight* of a *Frog* and a *Moufe*, that stood *drawn*, hard by there, and ready to engage. Praye soft a little, says the *Rhinoceros*; and before we go any further, let us understand the meaning of This *Quarrel* here. Now the *Subject* of the *Dispute*, it seems, was only which was the most *Beautiful Creature* of the *Two*; the *Frog*, or the *Moufe*. Now the *Cafe* was so *Ridiculous*, and the *Example* so *Scandalous*, that the very *Shame* of *Playing* the *Fool* after such a *Copy*, made them *Friends* again.

The MORAL.

IT was a *Thousand Pittyes* that the *Frog* and the *Moufe* did not put in for *Seconds* to the *Two Champions*, the *Elephant* and the *Rhinoceros*, which would have made the *Figure* yet more *Ridiculous*, and consequently more *suirable* to the *End* it was intended for. Here are *Two Quarrels* started in This *Apologue*, One of them betwixt a *Brace* of *Beasts*, upon a *Dispute* which was the *Greater Philosopher*, or *Statesman* of the *Two*: and the *Other*, betwixt a *Frog* and a *Moufe* upon the *Question*

H h

which

which of the Two was the *Greater Beauty*: Just at This Solemn rate of Fooling, People manage in This World, till the very Shame of Playing the Pops, in Mean and Scandalous Company, without the least Touch of *Honour*, and *Conscience*, brings them to their Senses again.

CCLV.

A *Lyoness* and a *Mule*.

UPON the Tidings of a *Lyoness* being deliver'd of an *Issue Male*, the Beasts of the Forrest came all thronging to Court, to joy her of her Son and Heir; and a *Mule* sent in his Compliment among the Rest; but she was so busy in a Lecture to her Son, upon the *Gracefulness* of his *Meen*, *March*, and *Fashion*, that she was not to be spoken with at that time.

The *Mule* made Another Attempt a while after, and she was then so taken up in a *Lesson* to him upon the Dignity of his *Bloud*, *Family*, and *Function*, that no Mortal was to come at her till that was over.

The *Mule*, after This, came once again, but she was then so intent upon the Topique of the *Duty*, and the *Mystery* of *Government*, and the Royal Arts of keeping the People in *Obedience*, by a Political Temperament of *Love* and *Fear* in the Administration of *Justice*, that there was no coming at her Then neither.

These Repulses put the *Mule* out of all Patience. *Here's a pretty Business indeed*, says the *Mule*, *to make such a Clutter, for one Beast to get the Sight of Another!* The *Lyoness* overheard This Grumbling, and call'd out to him. *Hark ye*, says she, the *Institution* of a *Prince* is never the less a Matter of *Importance*, because a *Mule* does not understand it.

The MORAL.

WE may imagine This Forrest to be a *Court*, the *Lyoness* to be a *Princess*, and the Repeated Gratulations of *Joy* for the Blessing of a *Young Prince*, to be in a Great Measure, matter of Course; and the Dutiful Office of Good Subjects upon such an occasion. The *Mule* may pass for an Impertinent, unmannerly Intruder, that presses into Privacies of State, without any Pretence of *Business*; and without any Sense, either of *Honour*, or of *Conscience*. His *Expofulations* against his *Superior*,

our, are but the very *Counterpart* of *Popular Expofulations* against their *Governours*. A *Lyoness* is but a *Beast* no more than a *Mule*, cries One, and *Princes* are but *Men*, no more than their *Subjects* says the *Other*. Now This is a *Lewd Liberty* at any Time; but when it breaks in to undermine the *Foundations* of *Government*, in Blasting the Hope of a *Royal Institution*, it is altogether *Intolerable*.

CCLVI.

A *Maid* and a *Needle*.

A *Maid* pick't a Quarrel with her *Needle*, for pricking her Fingers. *Nay*, says the *Needle*, it was none of my Fault, neither was it any Act of mine, for you forc'd me to do what I did, and I could not help it.

The MORAL.

NOTHING can properly be said to be an *Injury*, or an *Obligation*, that does not carry *Will*, and *Consent* along with it: *Nay*, Beasts themselves will distinguish betwixt Actions of *Malice*, and of *Chance*: and Separate the *Author* from the *Instrument*. The Phancy of the *Maid* and the *Needle* here, is a Common Case, we lay the *Blame* upon *Others*, when we hurt our *Selves*: as you shall see a *Losing Gamester*, break the *Boxes*, and throw the *Dice* in the Fire for an *Ill Cast*.

CCLVII.

A *Cavalier* and an *Ape*.

THIS is a Strange Thing, the *Likings*, and *Inclinations* of some People, and how they will chop and change at the same time, from one *Vanity* to another, and yet keep true upon the main, to *Impertinence*, and *Folly*. As for Example.

There was a Man of Wit and Quality, mightily of This Humour; and so confounded a Mixture in him of the *Buffon*, that his whole Life was a *Banter*, and never any Thing pleas'd him that was *Serious*. He had about him all sorts of *Drolls*, and *Mimicks*, as *Foxes*, *Puppy-Dogs*, *Kittens*, *Squirrels*, &c. And so for *Birds*, he had his *Parrots*, *Jack-dawes*, *Pyes*,
H h 2 *Jayes*,

Jays, and Starlings; but his *Beloved Foolery*, above all the rest, was a Gamefome *Ape* he kept.

This *Ape* took his Master upon the Easy Pin once, and got a Deputation from him to do whatever he had a mind to, in his Masters Jurisdiction, for the Space of one whole Day. He began the Freak among the *Pages*, and the *Lacquayes*. His next Step was to the *Women's Dresses*, and so by Degrees he went higher and higher, till he came to Dip in the same Plate with his *Master*. From This Liberty, he advanc'd to *Kissing* and *Coakesing* of him, *Riding* upon his *Shoulders*, and playing *Munkey-Tricks* upon his very *Head*; and his Master wonderfully pleas'd all This while with the Frolique. In the Confidence of This Freedom, the *Ape* told him that the Barber had left Three or Four Haires out of Order in his Beard, which with his leave he could set right, he thought. His Master bad him do't and wellcome, and in that Instant he pluckt off one of his *Mustaches*. He was turn'd out of the House for't, with Shame, and Indignation, but the Mischief was done first.

The MORAL.

THERE is no Government so Scandalous and Wretched, as where *Drolls*, and *Buffons* fill the Places of *Ministers of State*. It makes the Administration look like a Farce; and where These *Political Libertines* are encouraged, they stop at nothing till they get the Government under their Feet. Some People have vitiated Palates, and their Mouths are out of Taste to any thing that is *Salutary*, and *Comfortably Pleasant*. This is directly the Humour of the *Cavalier* here, he takes an *Ape* for his *Favourite*, and at next Word the *Buffon* Rides his *Master*.

CCLVIII.

A Blessing that Frogs have no Teeth.

THERE was a *Thanksgiving Day* appointed by *Boccalini's Virtuosi*, for the Blessed Providence of creating *Frogs* without *Teeth*: for there would be no living otherwise without *Buckins*; for a Defence against Those *Bawling Animals*, that are made up of *Mouth*, and *Noise*.

The

The MORAL.

WE have a Common Saying among us, that *Heaven sends Curst Cows Short Horns*; which carries the very same *Immuendo* with This Fable. Where there is Most *Noise*, there is commonly Least *Danger*. But it is the Practice of *Poltrons* however, to supply the Want of *Courage*, with *Ribaldry* and *Clamour*; and there is no way of encountering These Unmannerly Importunities, but by *saying nothing*, and *Despising* them.

CCLIX.

A Plot to make a Cow Calve.

THERE was a *Cavalier* taken up in the Late Times for *Treasonous Practices* against the State. The Officer that had him in Custody, bad him for *shame give over* Plotting against the Government. *Plotting* against the Government? says the Prisoner; why when did you ever hear of any Man that *Plotted* to make a *Cow Calve*? Now That's the Short of the Case. *The Cow is half way thorough her Reckning* already; and when her *Time is out*, she'll *Calve* in spite of all your *Hearts*. And now make your best of the *Parable*.

The MORAL.

THIS Allusion was most unluckily adapted to the Present Occasion; when every Thing was working toward a *Change*: as appear'd afterward by the Event. The Application will be This. That *Disorderly Governments* do as naturally breed *Plots* and *Factions*, as *Cows* do *Calves*; especially when the *Two Supporters* of all *Political Societies* are *subverted*; that is to say; *Reward*, and *Punishment*.

CCLX.

A Short Rule of Life.

IT is the Part of a *Wise*, and a *Good Man*, neither to *Say*, nor to *Do*, any Thing that he may be the *Worse*, and *Cannot* be the *Better* for.

The

The MORAL.

THIS Short Lesson will do a Great deal toward the Regulation of our Words and Actions, and we can never fail of finding a Place for the Practice of it in the whole Course of Humane Life. It secures us against the Intemperances of Inconsiderate Passions; the Temptations of Dangerous Curiosities; and it keeps us, upon the main, within the Compass of Virtue and Discretion. How do we trouble our Heads with *Metaphysical Speculations*, and *School-subtleties*, which might be Honestly and safely *let alone*, and are yet Dangerous to the highest Degree to be *Mistaken* in. But not to Clog the Morality of This Precept with needless Instances to uphold it; every Step we set, and every Breath we draw, furnishes Matter to work upon. And it is but applying the *Rule* to the *Example*, to make good the Assertion.

F I N I S.

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